

Heaven (Feat. Kelly Price) [Prod. Kanye West]

Scarface

I know tomorrow ain't a promise
That's why I live one day at a time
So when it's my turn, there be no crime
I'm aware that when my number's called I'm punchin' the clock
No need for screamin' at me momma, I'm out
And plus I wasn't really happy here to start with, let that be told
My own homeboy was robbin' me, and that's 3 cold
I said '3', It's all intentional, cause 2 don't count
When your own blood is bitter and your homeboys bounce
Who the fuck is you gonna trust when your road dog is schemin'?
And every other corner, you're passin' a different demon
And now the clouds is open, I'm rememberin' this
Your families your backbone, your friends ain't shit
Now I believe it when Rhonda was sayin' "Back in the days"
When our homeboys left, she the only ones stayed
For that very reason, I'm a try and give her the world
Found heaven in the form of a girl, everybody's sayin' My angel
My sunshine
That's the day that I found heaven in the form of a girl
My best friend
My good time
That's the day that I found heaven in the form of a girl Listen to different scriptures, they teach on God
And if you ain't never met him, don't speak on God
I'm serious about religion, just ain't no song
I'm hearin' niggas makin' up scriptures, and playin' along
Probably sayin' I'm the hypocrit, for judgin' these folks
But you can tell he ain't a Christian, by the way that he spoke
I pray for everbody, hopin' that they hear that voice
The one that paralyzes you from head down, boy
When you're aware of your surroundings, yet you still can't move
Water shootin' outta your eyes you hear this dude
And the voice is much louder, than the voice that you
Thought was the voice of the holy spirit
Who changed your life, when you hear it?
And the next morn', you wake up and the world look lighter
The grass greener, and the sun brighter
I know the feelin' first hand, I witnessed the sights
When I allowed the Lord to come in my life
And it was like (heaven, heaven)

But I'm a man, I ain't perfect
That's a poor excuse, that ain't workin'
I asked him for forgiveness, for every sin I commit
Hopefully he gonna let me stay on his list
And tryin' and get to heaven
America the Beautiful, don't be so cold
How do you expectin' our seeds gonna grow?
When you trap us in the ghetto
And show love, to the other muthafuckers
While we right here starvin' at home
I'd cry, if I thought, that me sheddin' a tear might help
Then again, me sheddin' tears don't help
Wanna call up to the President, and see if he know help
Let him know you up shit creek yourself, we all sinners
Facin' the winter, with no socks, and no shoes
In a position, where we all gon' loose
Tell the penitentiaries, we gonna need more schools
Or what the fuck is we gonna do?
Sit around and let the world pass us by?
Waitin' on a message from the reverend
And he ain't but another man, tryin' to get to heaven

Songwriters

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WEST, KANYE OMARI WEST, JESSYCA WILSONPublished by
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