

Black Heaven (feat. Keyshia Cole & J. Cole)

Boosie Badazz

Black heaven is a place where people like me go
Up there in black heaven, black heaven Know Dr. King still preachin' about togetherness
But probably lookin' down sayin' it's irrelevant
Whitney Houston, she was heaven sent
A song bird proolly smilin' right now listenin' to her own words
Rosa Parks so much heart, she an OG
Know she smilin' lookin' at the blacks in the front seat
Bernie Mack jokin' right now, him and Richard Pryor
Trayvon proolly lookin' down sayin' them niggas wild
I know who givin' knowledge up there, 2Pac
He lookin' down like what happened to this hip hop?
Biggie Smalls proolly swagged out, laid back
Him and Eazy talkin' bout how it was way back
Nate Dogg proolly reminicin' about the A-Trak
Pimp sayin' prayers that Bun and Jay stay strapped
Michael Jackson? He proolly maxin' and relaxin'
Him and Marvin Gaye makin' a classic
I know you smilin' down up there in black heaven
I know you're really proud of me up there in black heaven
I know you smilin' down on me in black heaven
Thinkin' of you til the day we meet again Billie Holiday thinkin' about the old days
Johnny Taylor makin' mixes with the Ojays
Rodney King proolly thinkin' bout his old ways
Thinkin' bout how they burned the city down bout his old case
Malcolm X proolly wishin' he was down here
To take our hoods back from the people who ain't from round here
James Brown still hollin' it's a man's world
But thinkin' damn all these girls takin' man's girl
Know Jackie Neal talkin' bout how people roll
Know Tooki Williams still stickin' to the G code
Wilt probably still saying nobody broke his record
Mac Dre still represent as a bay legend
Know I and Bleek proolly talkin' bout me
Them niggas proolly jam with Big Stone, out the three
DJ Screw lookin' down at the culture that he started
Rest in peace Bob Marley
Where do my niggas go to when they pass?
And why do good niggas never last?
Some get addicted to the fast route
The hand in hand, you know that cash route
I pray to God that we see better days
I caught a record while the record plays

I'm thinkin' Lord don't let 'em carry me
See I know one day when they bury me
I'll go straight to black heaven, black heaven
Yeah I go straight to black heaven, black heaven
Don't let the paranoia get to me
Can't take a trip to penitentiary
I make a flip and take the summer off
A half a brick? Now that's a summer salt
I look to God, it's been along road
I got my braid up, like a cornrow
I've been through hell, one day I'll find my way
If not then maybe I can buy my way to black heaven
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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