

# Heaven On Earth (feat. The-Dream)

Vic Mensa

The metaphor of the bird is eternal  
As I stood in the bathroom with a 9 millimeter in my mouth  
Empty Henny bottle on the couch  
The mirror in front of me reflected everything I hated in those around me  
I felt like a hypocrite  
I wanted to fly away from it all  
The lies, the betrayal, the rage I felt  
To turn every page I'd ever written into flames and let it burn  
This is what it sounds like  
The streets cry  
When the streets cry  
I'm startin' to think that this is all my fault  
Niggas under them hoodies, we above the law  
How could I think that we wouldn't get judged at all?  
Always in the club when them guns go off  
Layin' under that preacher when he talk that talk  
My mother is thinkin', where did it all go wrong?  
Father thinkin' if he spent more time I coulda played ball  
The pain won't inspire, things we lost in the fire  
Things we lost in the fire  
The things we lost in the fire  
Hope this pain will inspire, the things we lost in the fire (fire)  
Yeah, yeah  
The things we lose in the fire (yeah)  
Oh, oh

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>