

# 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 prolly 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 prolly 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 prolly swaggered out, laid back  
Him and Eazy talkin' bout how it was way back  
Nate Dogg prolly reminicin' about the A-Trak  
Pimp sayin' prayers that Bun and Jay stay strapped  
Michael Jackson? He prolly 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 prolly thinkin' bout his old ways  
Thinkin' bout how they burned the city down bout his old case  
Malcolm X prolly 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 prolly talkin' bout me  
Them niggas prolly 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>