

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 <https://www.songarea.com/>