

# Party in Heaven (feat. Lil Durk)

G Herbo

I ain't have a way, I had to make one  
Jumped off the porch together don't mean yo' ass a day one  
I seen you snake a nigga you love, I seen the hate come  
Seen Larry Hoover in the hood, I mean  
a fake one  
Niggas in Heaven havin' a gangster party (Gangster)  
See, this right here, this a gangster story (Gangster)  
(Oh, oh, a gangster)  
Gangster (Gangster, gangster) My Rollie finally dance, OTF a family plan  
We ain't had no car to slide on opps, I used my family van  
Lost Iris I died, Nuski died, it's like I died again  
Fresh out the feds, can't talk to you, they gon' try to tap me in  
I'ma put my money inside this music 'cause I can't buy a friend  
I tried like three,  
Four times when they got locked, can't try it again  
I choose you over you, I won't decide again  
They having a gangster party in  
Heaven, I wish they'd let us in (Let us in)  
Niggas in Heaven havin' a gangster party (Gangster)  
See, this right here, this a gangster story (Gangster)  
(Oh, oh, a gangster)  
Gangster (Gangster, gangster) I was on a mission with my mans (For real)  
Gunpowdered up now, I'm pissin' on my hands  
We just pickin' up on what them older niggas and them was sayin'  
Sixteen we got fanned down, caught us with our pants down  
I was on the block last, Glock nine, rocks, glass  
Stop signs, hot cars filled with gas, black masks  
If he make it wrap, this is he can't get no rack pass  
Fail, how you think you gon' excel, with yo' black ass?  
Crack baby pops left when it got bad  
Layin' palettes, all your clothes in a black bag  
Almost drove that boy insane, so he got a bag  
Now he hopping off the plane, he got jet lag  
Saw a murder, just a kid, he was traumatized  
Kept his Glock, now he locked for a homicide  
And he ain't trippin' that he's sitting in a box  
'Cause it is what it is, and it's not, what it's not, nigga  
Niggas in Heaven havin' a gangster party (Gangster)  
See, this right here, this a gangster story (Gangster)  
(Oh, oh, a gangster)  
Gangster (Gangster, gangster)  
I was raised around gangsters (Gangsters), fell in love with danger  
Deep up in these streets, might have to fall in love with strangers  
House party, thirty deep, we came strapped, all bangers

It was more than five shooters so we clapped all angles  
Where I'm from, a nigga die, the whole city'll try to claim  
One from your maker, you gotta die to be famous  
My little cuz walkin' with a gun, I wish he stayed with gamin'  
I can't say I'd die for y'all,  
For real, 'cause I see the streets change  
When the worst enemy died on the other side, I ain't feel it  
I don't talk to Master P, just 'cause of Herb I claim no limit  
Then I seen't him with his new girl,  
Text his phone, like,

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