

# Heaven's EP - J. Cole Lyrics

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## "Heaven's EP"

Yeah (and like that)

Gotta have a space, gotta have a space (it's been a pleasure)

Nah mean? (She belongs to the streets)

Freedom, nah mean? (We gone)

Uh (Gangsta Grillz) space to get this shit off

Yeah

Yeah (get this shit off my mind, off my chest)

Yeah (nah mean?)

Yeah

With every record, I be askin' the masses to tune your hearts to me

I represent intelligent niggas that grew up harshly

But lately I've been questionin', second guessin'

Whether or not I've got somethin' to offer since I done eluded poverty

Or has the money watered me down? That truth is hard for me

Like the second time I got cut from the junior varsity

Fightin' back tears, I promised to switch gears

And said to myself, "Whatever you do, you won't do it partially"  
From this day forward, I move with a new ferocity  
Ferrari coupe velocity, a fail proof philosophy  
Success is in the effort, so if a nigga tried his hardest  
I'm at peace knowin' God ain't deal it in this group of cards for me  
Some people say that I'm runnin' third, they threw the bronze at me  
Behind Drake and Dot, yeah, them niggas is superstars to me  
Maybe deep down, I'm afraid of my luminosity  
So when you see me on red carpets, I'm movin' awkwardly  
Posin' all nervous, afraid of the judgement  
And the thought of showin' too much of my day is repugnant  
I be keepin' my kids away from the gaze of the public  
'Cause these days, it feel like hate is they favorite subject  
Fuck it, attitude like a young O'Shea with a AK  
Aimed at your brain, violate, and I bust it  
I don't play when it come to family, that's one thing I refuse  
Pimpin' they kids out for views to just to be in the news  
Could never be me, I piss in the celebrity tea  
God with me on this record, this is Heaven's EP  
The tales official, the best nigga breathin'  
It just failed to hit you  
You couldn't tell 'cause you fell for the bells and whistles  
And that's an area I don't excel

I'm from the 'Ville where young girls talk grown as hell  
That's raw, never saw one person go to Yale  
But every nigga that I know done gone to jail  
At least once, provin' we the ones police hunt  
For the pains, we smoke three blunts the size of tree trunks  
Too much hunger, it's no wonder these niggas can't keep up  
So sayin', "Yes" to a feature just means I'm 'bout to eat lunch, bitch  
I'm goin' for it, no never shall he punt  
I'm the one and you can be sure, speakin' of beachfront  
I'm kickin' my feet up while I write this in somewhere tropical  
Supposed to be relaxin', this passion makes that impossible, mm (Gangsta)  
Supposed to be relaxin', this passion makes that impossible  
Follow the leaders  
Another Gangsta Grillz classic  
Like I never left  
DJ Drama  
Dreamville  
D-Day  
(Gangsta Grillzill)

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