

# Common Sense, Geto Heaven Part Two

God bless...

(D'Angelo)

hmmmm..., doo doooo, doo doooo, yeah..., yeah..., oooh  
Know I love my baby, My baby loves me  
Layin in some heaven, need a little company  
Let's go into a heaven, time to get some Geto Heaven  
Geto...

(Verse 1)

Searchin for a love, throughout the ghetto  
Young girls is thick, righteousness is narrow  
I got my third, I want the sparrow  
Want my peoples straight and rock sweet apparel  
The mother of my child, we not together  
Baby it's your back, I got forever  
As the weather, talks to us  
Him rockin the Holy Spirit walks through us  
The blunted eyes of the youth search for a guide  
A thug is a lost man in disguise  
The rise and fall, of a nation, even when the buildings tumble  
I still stand tall, I walk through the valley, wit a life preserver  
Feelin at times, that I might just murder  
Yo but that aint what I was sent for  
I want folks to say his life it meant more  
Than ?any ca, any ba ca? any broad  
He found Geto Heaven in himself and God

(D'Angelo)

Geto Heaven...  
Standin in some Geto Heaven  
Geto Heaven...  
Standin in some Geto Heaven  
Geto...

(Verse 2)

Love, your happiness don't begin wit a man  
Strong woman, why should you depend on a man  
I understand you want a man that's resourceful  
If he pay your bills, he feel like he bought you  
Talkin to a friend, about what love is  
Her man didn't love her, 'cause he didn't love his  
Hugged her from afar, said what I felt  
You never find a man, till you find yourself  
Time helps mistakes, you can learn from  
'cause one man f\*\*ked up men you shouldn't turn from  
You want a certain type of guy, gotta reach a certain point too  
At the destination, a king will annoint you

Goin through the storm, many bodies stay warm  
That relationship died, for you to be born, you worth more  
Than anything you could cop in a store  
For you to grow he had to go so what you stoppin him for  
Not even I could ignore bein alone it's hard  
Find heaven in yourself and God

(D'Angelo)

I know I love my baby  
My baby loves me  
I'm layin in some heaven, need a little company, yeah  
It's twenty four seven, time to get some Geto Heaven  
Time to get some Geto Heaven  
Geto Heaven, Geto Heaven

It's time to get some Geto Heaven  
Time to get some Geto Heaven, ohhhhhh...

(Verse 3)

This music is so much bigger than me  
As far as happy, yo it's like a trigger to me  
Dealin with crab rappers, and groupie broads  
Record execs, at times it do be hard  
But to choose words, and be heard across waters  
Doin something you like to support daughters  
Keepin your guys who collectin court orders  
Conveyin messages that the ancestors brought us  
Thought of things to say to become the end thing for the day  
Somehow, that didn't seem the way for me to make it  
Music is a gift that is sacred  
I hope you didn't use it hopin you could grow to it  
Whether servin or a surgeon, you gon go through it  
Can't imagine goin through it, without soul music  
It's like Donnie Hath' helped me see Lonnie's path  
On my behalf, let's take whole steps to Imhotep  
And show depth, as we make people nod  
Find heaven in this music and God  
Find heaven in this music and God  
Find heaven in this music and God

(D'Angelo)

Geto Heaven  
Geto Heaven  
Geto Heaven, yeah, yeah  
Geto Heaven, my baby  
Geto Heaven, my baby  
Geto Heaven, my baby  
Geto Heaven, my baby  
Geto Heaven, my baby...