

Common, Ghetto Heaven, Part 2

(feat. D'Angelo)

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, cuz 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
Cuz one man fucked 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...