

Slow V & Retrospect

"Life After Death"

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[Verse 1: Slow V]

I've seen the toughest niggaz shook right, in they hood
life

The woof type, when they think about what Heaven
looks like

At the end of the barrel I seen hearts turn narrow
The hardest niggaz around will shit in they apparel
The shit's concrete when your heart skips a beat
And your life gets viewed before that dark deep sleep
Niggaz get scared to die, that's the only reason
That you hear them screaming when they let the lead
fly

But death is the beginning and we're living the worst
The best is yet to come when we're leaving this earth
Your body ain't nothing, that's why you leave it in dirt
It's only your soul that matters when you leaving this
turf

I wish Heaven's everything that I picture and more
Arrive at them steps and hearing them chords
Everybody dressed in black, black clouds for a floor
Amongst legends and the rest of the people adored
There ain't no money to there ain't no power
Possibilities are only with the stretch of an hour
If you can think it you can do it, no need to construe it
Cause a will is just another way for you to pursue it
Black Jesus and leaders of all types
A place inhabited by races of all likes
A place better than life itself
The only place where you can earn life-less wealth

[Verse 2: Retrospect]

I see me living high without the weed, street rhyming to
a beat

Sweet climate feel the breeze, never time for us to
sleep

That's a human necessity, no food entity
I choose preferably, to amuse, sooth with the melody
I'll ask Louis Armstrong to help me with a solo
Then put it to a beat to make Pac wan to flow mo'
Jam Master Jay will do a cut for the promo
The unborn babies stay close to the grown folks

They'll have fun, cut clouds into pieces
We live amongst stars, rock crowds through the
seasons
It's nicer when freezing, hyper when screaming
The tightest emcees will have a cipher with Jesus
This is what I envision in my after death living
Aaliyah & Biggie Smalls will join me for Thanksgiving
Comedians, some athletes, fuck vanity
We all live together happily as one family
I'll have a jam session with Luther Vandross and Ray
Charles
With me and big pun kicking straight bars
We stay raw his shit is fire
And after that we'll have a comedy hour with Richard
Prior
I don't think I can express with rhymes
I don't even think about the things I've left behind
It's amazing, this is haven, I truly found
As I watch my son through the clouds
Life after Death

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