

Keyshia Cole

"When I Die"

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I left you outside the gates of Heaven,
They wouldn't let me in
I waved goodbye as you stepped within
It's like hell on Earth without you near
I named my daughter after you,
So when she smiles, it's sorta like you still here
It's kinda crazy how the time flies,
25 years since my grandmoms died
But it feels like just yesterday when we was all laughing
together
Those happy memories are so vivid, they'll last
forever
And you're just still here somehow
I still feel your presence
I credit you for my inner strength,
I feel it in my essence
In my soul, in my inner being, in my genetics
I wouldn't exist if you hadn't persisted through the
trenches
I wouldn't have been a lyricist, I owe you every
sentence
Every verse I ever written, your energy is kinetics
Though I'm grown-up, I'm still heartbroken, aching,
and crying
Hoping you're the one holding open those gates when
I die

I left you outside the gates of Heaven,
They wouldn't let me in
I waved goodbye as you stepped within
It's like hell on Earth without you near
I named my label after you,
So when I rhyme, it's sorta like you still here
It's been a year, and still in shock about exactly what
happened
Did you make us all for your were my uncle and I was
just rapping
Need you, just talking to you
I just saw you at my mother's house, I can't believe I
just poured a coffee for you
We always feared that you would die from an overdose

You loved to do drugs, it swallowed you whole
But in the end drugs didn't kill you, cancer did
I look at people die young, I don't know what the
answer is
All I know is I worshiped you as a scrappy kid
Being around you made me feel cooler than rapping
did
And that's pretty f*cking cool, trust me
I was the baddest when you started smoking crack,
honestly it crushed me
Swept in under the rug, started smoking weed and
poppin' acid
But managed to not do the uglier drugs
We grew apart when my grandmother died
Homeless, in-and-out of jail, we stopped relating to
each other's lives
But years later we connected once again
Not as just neWhew and uncle, but as homies, we were
friends
Though I'm grown-up, I'm still heartbroken, aching,
and crying
Hoping you're the one holding open those gates when
I die

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