

## MF GRIMM

### "Head in the Clouds"

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[Verse 1]

The drama started up in Heaven, chilling when the  
phone rang  
It was Saint Peter, he said get the heater  
We have new angels, in their eyes I saw sin  
They came to the gates and I wouldn't let 'em in  
Homeland security's tighter up in Heaven  
Ever since 9/11  
Anyway, back to the phone call Saint Peter said  
Motherfuckers bum rushed me, punched me in the  
head  
Threw up gang signs, couldn't hear what was said  
Took the keys, shot me, left me there for dead  
Still breathing but bleeding, bullets start to sting  
Couldn't fly so I called the hospital of kings  
Choir wanna solo, I will never sing  
They tried to say the doctors had to amputate my wing  
Took a spot, set up shop, selling dust to angels  
We work hard for that, get the guns, it's time to tango

[Chorus]

Hey you get off my cloud  
You don't know me and you don't know my style  
Hey you get off my cloud  
Try to take Heaven but I gotta give you hell  
Hey you get off my cloud  
You don't know me and you don't know my style  
Hey you get off my cloud  
Try to take Heaven but I gotta give you hell

[Verse 2]

Motherfuckers got me filled with anger  
Clouds in Heaven being run by some strangers  
Angels wasn't normal, naughty little devils  
They said fuck everybody, independent rebels  
To prove a point they executed Michael  
In broad daylight, then repeated cycle  
Murdered Gabriel then said the cloud is ours  
You bitches up here, you don't want no war  
That's what one said, he had a wife, he beat her  
It was clear to me that he was the leader

Rocked a platinum halo with diamonds on it  
Pumping a cd, he was rhyming on it  
The beats was hot, could've had better timing on it  
Anyway, I said that to say this  
Selling all that angel dust in Heaven made 'em rich  
High rollers, they heated up and got colder  
Now selling dope, they got it on smash  
Other angels can't cope and they wanna kill they ass  
The higher-ups know they making cash, they on the  
take  
Gotta grease they palms, Heaven is political  
Movement take muscle when getting physical  
Mind over matter on the cloud is getting critical  
(Critical) What we gonna do?  
What we gonna do?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

The leader was arrogant, walked with a swagger  
Even when he flew, he did that snotty too  
Couldn't take no more, flap wings, got the pistol  
Demons think we sloppy, break 'em off proper  
Didn't have a vest, too vain, he didn't need that  
Shot him in his chest, blew the feathers off his back  
That set it off, the war was on  
Thought he was a king but he was only a pawn  
Crew turned to cowards once their leader was gone  
Bullets start to shower, angels start to shiver  
Blood start to drip until it made a river  
No angel police, this was settled on the streets  
Looked the other way, a word they didn't say  
Cause they all knew someone's gonna pay  
Chase the demons outta here, got back our flow  
Keep it moving niggas, we had to let them know

[Chorus]

(Word up)

The bottom line is we got it back  
Back in business  
Something goes down, if a bag is sold I want our cut  
I want a cut  
I want in on everything

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