

Black Cards, Club Called Heaven

See myself in a long black car
With the windows up heads down
And the cops in front of me
With high beams holier than thou
They say that this life is just a lease from God
Yeah I'll start the party if the gates come off

See myself in a long black car
Two red Marys and I'm full of grace
Your cut in the movie is
Wipe that frown right off my face
If life's a beach, bury me in a sandcastle
Ready for the hustle, here we go

And we're dancing, and we're dancing around
And we're dancing, and we're dancing around
In a club called Heaven, halos tripping out
And we're dancing, in a club called Heaven
Never going down

See myself at the pearly gates
Waiting all out for a room with a view
Go away but my tombstone say
How your past catches up with you
Never would I ever trade my blood for oil
I'll leave the game like Michael's Blood on the Dancefloor?

Hell is filled with broken dreams
And I know the doorman personally
Gemini mind all the time
Which satisfied and it hurts for me
Got this thing in my chest dying to get out
Is there a velvet rope up in the clouds?

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Yeah
Welcome to a place called Paradise
They try to gamble on us, they be like a pair of dice
But let's celebrate, and accelerate
To a place where we stable and getting hella cake
Are you tired of the fast lane, Nascar?
No, we in VIP with the Black Cards
Shorty is an angel, Christian her label
Club called Heaven, hope God has saved me a table

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I'll meet you up in heaven way in the back
So we can do what we do now in the black
I'll meet you up in heaven way in the back
So we can do what we do now in the black