

Sean Paul F/ Busta Rhymes**"Heaven or Hell"**

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[A-Wax]

And I don't wanna go to hell
But it's better than a cell
And it's better than walkin' in circles
Blind and cursed
I get high 8 days a week, 25 hours a day
25 blunts, 25 bottles a day
Never pray cuz my prayers ain't heard
Raised up out the hot Pitts slash Burg
Blood stains on the curb
Memories of the Mosburg Park
Memories of the P-Town funk
I break em off like chunk
Throw the demons inside
If he fuckin' with Wax
He must be dreamin' to die
Am I dreamin' am I
Really seein' my future
Crystal clear down the barrel
Of a black, fat brooger
If I had one wish
Before I muthafuckin' leave
I wish to know the name of the person
Who fin to kill me
Change my fate
Retaliate for myself
After that I'd be satisfied
Heaven or hell

[Chorus] 4x

Whether heaven or hell
I ain't bout to complain
And my only request
Is you remember my name

[A-Wax]

And I will always have dane
Even if I'm not sane
Say the word real
When you mention my name
Wax real sick

Dawg spoke real shit
Especially liked when he rap and kill shit
I can dig this
Even though I'm really not a rapper
Really just your ordinary tech 9 packer
Bust first, and ask who it was last
And if it means sufferin' hell
Partner oh well
Take it in stride
Apologize to die
Ask him if he blame people born in a mild
I ain't choose this life
And I don't know if I change
And I don't know where I go
When I exit this game

[Chorus] 4 x

[A-Wax]

And I don't wanna be forgotten in a casket partner
Cuz I'm claustrophobic
That's why my gat loaded
I ain't scared of death
But I'm scared of bein' trapped
Underneath a ton of dirt
Just lyin' on my back
Partner fuck that
When I die puncture my heart
With a needle
Naw fuck it you can tear it apart
Say heaven or hell
Cuz a cat don't know
Aw fuck it I know
But I ain't tryin' to say it bro
We gone leave it at that
Twist up a twomp sack
Kick back
Smoke bomb till we all forget that
Dig that
Like a grave dawg
North-Eastbay hog
A-Wax route
Tryin' to holler at you
I ain't grippin' a Bible
I ain't sayin' I'm evil
Just give me a bottle
In a baby desert eagle
Let me do mines
I'm a be alright for real
Whether with or without
A muthafuckin' record deal

Whether heaven or hell
Caged up in a cell
Whether goin' legit
Or pushin' 20's a yale

[Chorus] 4x

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