

## Lordz Of Brooklyn "Lake Of Fire"

Visit "[Lake Of Fire](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
As the guitar gently weeps, my Riviera streaks  
Into the night like a bat outta hell  
All the wishes in the well couldn't keep me from my cell  
I'm feeling paranoid, I couldn't trust my clientele  
The Marlboro blows, I blow the smoke through my nose  
You reap what you sow and Lord I know  
I took route 87, upstate New York  
I'm feeling like I sinned so I must be getting soft  
Got an angel on my right, the devil on my left  
Conscious being on my brain for every single death  
I'm seeing ghosts, I'm being haunted like the tell tale  
heart  
I'm on the road alone, headlights in the dark  
I never ever ratted, kept my mouth shut  
Bad karma all around and I'm running out of luck  
Next soldier wants my job, better watch my back  
Or I'll be the one in the trunk getting whacked

Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Flat footer on the street, rookie on the beat  
Looking for the crack spot, trying to hit a jackpot  
Have not, want not, gun shot,  
Dirty cop on the prowl, it's all legal  
Fuck karma chameleon, Irish, Sicilian  
Heritage since birth, sold my soul for what it's worth  
From London to Perth, Tokyo to Paris  
Caught in The Abyss like my name was Ed Harris  
Trying to build this palace, heart's full of malice  
My soul's corrupt, I'm about to erupt  
Internal investigation's got me facing  
Twenty-five to life, I'm thinking kids and wife

They cut me up, rough me up and sweat my connection  
Now they got us all under witness protection

Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly

Before there was a lotto his people took your numbers  
Odds on the game, the point spreads over, unders  
Went to private school educated by nuns  
But like a pagan, lost his faith through the Gods of the  
guns  
A heist like the Briks, he iced ladies like rinks  
From pocket books to the minks, thought they'd never  
see the clink  
Slapped on the wrist, his case was dismissed  
You see money talks, yo, it pays if you're rich pops  
Grease the bulls just to bribe the judge  
Should have scared 'em straight, should of gave 'em  
tough love  
But that's when they hauled him from the jury to the  
warden  
Everybody had a price but this time they can't afford  
'em

Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
Where do gangstas go when they die  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly...

Visit [Lordz Of Brooklyn](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.