

Colleen Power

"Back From Hell"

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[INTRO: Chuck D]

Yo

Once again

From the depths of hell

Run-D.M.C.

Yo, Jam-Master J-J-Jay in the house

And y'all take this

[*Jam-Master Jay cuts up*]

(From the depths of hell)

(Heaven is cool, in hell you burn)

(I cut the head of the devil and I throw it at you)

(Heaven is cool, in hell you burn)

(On a lower level where the devils dwell

Comin from the one..) (where they at?) (..comin back from hell)

[VERSE 1: Run]

I'm comin back from hell, a jail cell tells no tales

The walls, the floors, the blinds, it never fails

To catch a little butt from a inmate's head

So sorry for you sucker, see ya, sissy, you're dead

Another rolled-over casket, tisket, a tasket

This ain't no thanks to the pussy-ass bastard

Easy for another man to laugh at his face

Like I said, his head to bed, another dead inmate

Raw to the bone and killed him for the phone

Mommy's only son, but left his mama alone

The last words he heard "Your time is up", the result

Caught back around, his naked face cut to a pulp

Never knew he'd go to jail doin murder and he fell

(Reporting live from Rikers Island) and comin back from hell

(From the depths of hell)

(Back) (back) (from hell)

(Back from hell)

(Back) (from hell)

(Back) (back) (from hell)

(Back) (back) (back from hell)

(Yeah)

(Back) (back) (back)..

[VERSE 2: Ice Cube]

Back from hell
But I still smell the same old shit
From the lower level
Ice Cube'll beat the shit out the devil
Nothin changed, still down with the P.E., son
But now I'm raising hell with Run
Nearly gettin done from the sawed off shotgun
Pressin they luck, didn't duck, I hauled off and socked
one
Don't laugh, hoes, cause I'm down with The Afros
Ice Cube ain't The Mack, but I have hoes
JMJ drop the hammer
And I kick grammar
That's mackaframalama
Had to ask D.M.C. and the 40oz. Crew
What's it all about on the avenue
He said, "Come see," gave me a swig of Olde E
Then I had to pee upon a tree
A nigga got shot by a dopefiend
Snort down my dick and unbuttoned on my jeans
Then the fuckin Lench Mob had to get mean
Did a drive-by in the middle of Queens
Hot shells hit the ground
People stood around, all the niggas that I clowned
Jumped on a plane cause it never fails
Ice Cube is a muthafucka goin back to hell

(Back) (back) (from the dephts of hell)

(Back) (back) (from the dephts of hell)

[VERSE 3: Chuck D]

Back up - they can never keep a good man down
Of course we don't fuck around
You don't know what I mean?
Don't mistake us for the Tragically Hip
Cause we're born with the trigger lip
Here's a story about the devil
And the rebel in the middle of a battle
With a crew that grew around the avenue
This devil was a federal judge who delivered us justice
Just us, up the river, but
I'm not alone and no one is, his name up against
Cause he's been runnin the hoes and the drug thing
I know he fought and runnin court, pusher of the button
Talkin mo' shit, but sayin nothin now
Cause he's seein the faces he saw sit-packin
Hardcore and all black and
Raw, and you can tell

No matter how loud he yell, he ain't leavin hell

(Back) (back)

(Back) (back)

(Back from helllll)

(Back from hell)

(From the dephts of hell)

(Back) (back from hell)

(Back from hell)

(Back from hell)

(From the dephts of hell)

(Back) (back from hell)

(Back) (back) (back from hell)

(Now a nigga like D starts yellin)

(Yeah)

(Back) (back)

(Now) (now a nigga like D starts yellin)

(Back)

(Now) (now a nigga like D starts yellin)

(Back)

(Now) (now a nigga like D)

[VERSE 4: D.M.C.]

Back from hell, now a nigga like D starts yellin

No sellin out, no tellin who's sellin

Word to the 90s, rebels still rebellin

Cube, Run and Chuck (yo, what the fuck are they yellin?)

Lyrics that I kick might just get me into pee and shit

That I'm not with and critics can get the diddick

Hits comin crazy, trips for the gravy

Played me, paid me, little lady laid me

Dooooowwnnn to the dephts of heeeeelllll

Now here we go, and once again

We're back from hell, so tell a friend

For all of you who thought we're through

I'm a full-fledged member of the Hollis Crew

I bust a nine or a rhyme or two

You know I grew, up on (the avenue)

I'ma sip on some brew with my crew

We was gettin illy

Niggas came through actin silly

One punk starts to yell

2 shots, then his man fell

He didn't know that Hollis Ave. was hell

Don't tell me you ain't with this

You think I fell? Chump, that is ridiculous

You missin lyrics of the microphone king I grip

Figure this, but yo, this is nigga shit

Black I.P.'s, MC's wanna-be's

Macaroni and cheese, only phoney MC's

Play the role and always try to cook up
I got tunes, room that I took up
Oh well, you know I still dwell
Go and tell everybody that I'm back from hell

(Dephts of hell)
(Back) (from the dephts of hell)
(Back)
(Back) (back)
Drop it on em, D
(Back)
(Back) (back)
(Back)
(Back) (back)

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