

## Salt N Pepa "Heaven 'n Hell"

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Chorus

Children play, women produce  
Kids killing kids just for the juice  
Now africa is looking for the truth  
But it's gonna take a while to enlighten the youth

In this edition of the story, no need to bore me  
It can't do nothin' for me, even denzel washington  
couldn't find any

Glory

In the overcrowded streets of the city  
I know it's (shitty), but I can do without the pity  
(baby never lived in the ghetto)...or the projects  
But I wear my tim boots and hi-tecs and I wrecks havoc  
And if you try to play me I won't have it  
Trix are for kids, this kid is not a silly rabbit

(well) he's standin' on a corner with his system pumpin'  
loud

Next him goin' off, scream in the crowd  
A whole lot of screams, a lot of broken glass  
Brothers like to wear their pants fallin' off their ass  
Girls today don't wear no bras  
Little john doe got a ho turnin' tricks in the bars  
Grandma carries a can of mace  
And she'll stick a .45 in your face

So come and meet my man brett (yo, what up, brett? )  
He's smokin', but it's not a cigarette (speak on it, pep)  
I wonder how the hell a brother lets himself  
Get into somethin' he can't out of? (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
A lot of my friends are sick and tired (sick of who? )  
The police (word!) rollin' on 'em, pickin' on, holdin' on  
'em  
Hopin' that they got one of 'em  
It was a drug bust, but something's weird  
(well, what's the matter, spinderella? )  
The way half a million disappeared

Chorus

Heaven and hell is on earth

Heaven and hell is on earth

Who gives a damn about me?  
(huh? ) me (what? ), me, yeah, little old me  
Me, myself, and i  
Live or die, laugh or cry  
I'm all that I got, pops, and that's a lot, hops  
I'd rather rot in jail before I ho-hop  
Go 'head, me, tell 'em  
They may be hard of hearing  
So keep yellin' at the top of your lungs  
Now everybody's got guns  
They wanna be hard rocks and not be a fool  
That buys a history book  
Not me, I'll need a clock, not rock to my hits  
And that two-fifth click to my kids  
If nothin's gonna flip then i'm-a have to rip sh...  
Ah, go for yours 'cause you gotta  
In the ghetto you don't get a medal if you settle for the  
drama  
She's a gangster and the other terminal cancer  
Ask too many questions and my smith and wesson will  
answer

Heaven and hell is on earth

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Well everybody be damned, her father's in jail  
Sister's on the corner screamin', "booty for sale"  
Mom spends the night gettin' drunk with her uncle  
Her brother's sellin' radios and toasters by the trunkful  
See, every man she ever messed would wind up dead  
Some might fall in jail, others runnin' from the feds  
(the only thing she ever loved was a piece of lead)  
And that's a double-barrelled pump underneath the  
bed

Some people wanna fill the world with silly love songs  
and looney tunes  
And some got sad songs, mad songs, and moody  
blues  
The good news is god's news, with him you can't lose  
Hell is here on earth, the heaven you can choose  
There's a choice, you got one, son, know where I'm  
comin' from?  
Choose one, you better choose one

Chorus

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