

## **Run D.M.C. F/ Chuck D, Ice Cube**

### **"Back From Hell"**

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b

[ 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  
Doooowwnnn to the dephts of heeeellllll  
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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