

Julian Felipe

"Heaven or 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

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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 tits

And Playgirl's gonna rip, and I'm-a have to rip shit

Ah, go for yours cuz 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

There's good news and bad news, military coups

A rebel with no cause in a pack of fools

I never lived in the slum, never shot a gun

But I'll use one, don't make me use one

CHORUS

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CHORUS (repeat/fade)

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