

## Annie Lennox

# "Heaven & Hell"

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\* originally featured on the \_Fresh\_ soundtrack

Intro: Raekwon, Ghostface

Yo what what, yo  
Exotic type shit  
Ninety-four, we must go to war fast  
With the pen and the pad  
God damn, shine like gold rims on Pathfinders  
Wu-Tang reclines, lamps, for the nine-squares kid  
Money clothes designer hoes and shows y'all

Lyrics: Raekwon, Ghostface

Yo, yo, wakin up about ten kid  
Jumpin in the shower, peace about to make  
moves and slide like greese  
What? I'm all about Tecs and checks and nuff respect  
you front  
I'm slammin you like the Lex  
So now I'm out in the ninety-five  
Rockin that real nigga don't die  
Guess down  
Drawers Kani!  
But yo I'm makin a pit stop  
Go and buy a box of glocks, til he rolled up and yo  
Whattup Hobbes?  
Yo, remember that kid that we vicked  
He made a half of mil for real  
He brought about fo' bricks  
Yo, so now we connect doors, meet me at the airport  
TELL GOLDEN ARMS MAINTAIN THE FORT  
Get in touch with that West coast Cali crab you stabbed  
And meet me at the bitch lab  
So word up kid, we slid like a fat four to twelve bid and  
shit  
Couldn't even rest, I need the vic  
And when I slept, I dream G's, Son I need some  
Keys roll self, call up Son  
I heard Pook and Tyriq caught a beef over some real  
shit

A fake nigga faked and they killed his click  
Gimme a minute and I'm with it  
Yo niggaz done did it  
Rock your vest  
Keep your whip tinted  
So now we see him up in BoJangles  
Stranglin a forty ounce, with ten G's worth of gold  
bangles  
Diamonds, what, all up in his face  
With his man's mace, medallions the size of dinner  
plates  
Yo, he knew we knew him so we blew him  
Took thirty G's worth of jewels of that nigga  
DO HIM!  
So now I'm lampin in my man's Land  
Streets is hot like sand  
Jesus rollin in my right hand  
Yup, you know the steezo black  
Got to go down like that  
Shallah  
Cigars  
AND BALL HATS

Outro:

Ninety-four, takin niggaz to war, yo, yo

What do you believe in? Heaven or hell?  
You don't beleive in heaven cause we're livin in hell  
(repeat 2X)  
So it's your life  
\*we're livin in hell, we're livin in helllllllll\*  
What a chamber, fuckin with mad strangers  
Yeah, you know how it runs baby, straight up yo  
Money clothes, designer hoes and shows y'all  
That's how it goes  
Whatever

What do you believe in? Heaven or hell?  
You don't believe in heaven cause we're livin in hell  
31st chamber y'all  
So it's your life

(What do you believe in? Heaven or hell?)  
Niggaz ain't even know Son, only half is sewed cash  
(You don't believe in heaven cause we're livin in hell)  
They haven't yet sold their weight  
(What do you believe in? Heaven or hell?)  
Question, shit is real, youknowhat!msayin  
(You don't believe...)  
Niggaz think it's all about a real live Allah

A little hundred dollars and that make you a man  
Knowwhatl'msayin?  
You ain't even promised tomorrow Son, word up  
Niggaz don't understand how life can be so short  
Come so fast  
With the blinkin of eye, blinkin of eye you're gone baby  
Straight up, knowwhatl'msayin, get turned to dust  
Return to the casket  
That ass is out Son, word up  
Word up, get evaporated, straight up  
Word up  
Lose all your strength nigga  
Crazy dedication shout out to the memory of Two Cent  
Jason  
Heartbroken, we soakin wet though  
Keepin it real for my peopls  
Yeah, yo  
And my physical brother DeVon, you're still in here  
baby  
Because you're in my arms nigga, word up  
I never let you go baby  
Youknowwhatl'msayin? You my life charm, word up  
For real  
Keep shinin  
Real for keepin it real, shout out to major niggaz  
Big Kawai, Jess, Hell in the computer system  
The RZA, who slams fat discs for the ninety-four  
Word up, RZA, he's my nigga baby  
Yeah, eatin dinner with the big boys now  
Yaknowwhatl'msayin?  
Word up, Big Booth represent the Q  
Knowhowedo, lamp, get that power-u, type, things on  
float  
GZA, word up, Master Killer  
The don of the Clan, Method Man, Inspector Deck  
Dirty Bastard  
U-God, word up baby  
Keep it real Son  
Keep packin them guns  
Word up

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