Heaven & Hell

Barilari

Yo, what, what? Yo, exotic type o' shit
?94, we must go to war fast with the pen and the pad
Goddamn, shine like gold rims on Pathfinders
Wu-Tang reclines, lamps for the nine-square's kid
Clothes, designer hoes and shows y?all
Yo, yo, wakin' up about ten kid
Jumpin' in the shower, peace about to make
Moves and slide like grease, 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 '95 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
See, rolled up and yo winner
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
Then when I slept, I dream G's, son, I need some
Ki?s won?t sell, 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 40 oz with 10 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 30 G?s worth of jewels off 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
?94, takin' niggaz to war, yo, yo

What do you believe in, heaven or hell?
You don't believe in heaven ?cause we're livin' in hell
What do you believe in, heaven or hell?
You don't believe in heaven ?cause we're livin' in hell
So it's your life, what a chamber, fuckin' with the 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
So it's your life
Niggaz ain't even know, son, only half is sewed cash
They haven't yet sold their weight
Question, shit is real, you know what I'm sayin'
Niggaz think it's all about a real live Allah
A little hundred dollars and that make you a man
Know what I'm sayin'?
You ain't even promised tomorrow son, word up
Niggaz don't understand how life can be so short
Come so fast, within a blinkin' of eye
Blinkin' eye and you're gone, baby
Straight up, know what I'm sayin'?
Get turned to dust, return to the casket
That ass is out son, word up, word up, get evaporated, straight up
Lose all your strength nigga
Crazy dedication shout out in the memory of Two Cent Jason
Heartbroken, we soakin' wet though, keepin' it real for my peoples
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, know what I'm sayin'?
You my life charm
Word up for real, keep shinin'
Real for keepin' it real, you know, shout out to major niggaz
Big Kawai, Jess, hell in the computer system
The Rza, who slams fat discs for the ?94
Word up, Rza, he's my nigga baby
Yeah, eatin' dinner with the big boys now
You know what I'm sayin'?
Word up, Big Booth represent the Q
Know how we do, 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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