

# Heaven or hell

DJ S.R.

Bye bye boy, yeah  
Children play, women produce  
Kids killing kids, just for the juice  
Now Africa, is lookin' 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 ain'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-Techs 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?  
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  
Children play, women produce  
Kids killing kids, just for the juice  
Now Africa is lookin' for the truth

But do you think the other man will enlighten the youth  
Heaven and hell is on earth  
Heaven and hell is on earth  
Who gives the damn about me?  
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'ma have to rip shit  
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  
Heaven and hell is on earth  
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 trunk full  
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 barreled pump underneath the bed  
Some people wanna fill the world  
With silly love songs and loony 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  
Children play, women produce  
Kids killing kids, just for the juice  
Now Africa, is lookin' for the truth  
But it's gonna take a while to enlighten the youth  
(Heaven and hell is on earth)  
Children play, women produce  
Kids killing kids, just for the juice  
Now Africa, is lookin' for the truth  
But it's gonna take a while to enlighten the youth

(Heaven and hell is on earth)  
Children play, women produce  
Kids killing kids, just for the juice  
Now Africa, is lookin' for the truth  
But who do you think will enlighten the youth  
(Heaven and hell is on earth)  
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