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
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But it's gonna take a while to enlighten the youth
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