Heaven & Hell

Raekwon

Raekwon, GhostfaceYo 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'allYo, 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
Ninety-four, takin niggaz to war, yo, yoWhat 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 hellllllll
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
WhateverWhat 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, youknowhatI'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
KnowhatI'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, knowhatI'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
YouknowhatI'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
YaknowhatI'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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