

Heaven Or Hell

Salt-N-Pepa

Children play, women produce
Kids killing kids just for the juice
Now Africa is looking 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 can'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-Tecs, 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? (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
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

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Who gives a damn about me?
(Huh?) 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'm-a have to rip shit
Ah, 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

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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 trunkful
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-barrelled pump underneath the bed

Some people wanna fill the world with silly love songs and looney 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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