

# Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Wyclef Jean

I remember playin my guitar in the projects  
Playin in the pj's  
A product of the environment  
Pour some liquor for those who passed away  
I told my mom i'ma get up out of da hood  
Mama  
My dad taught me the american dream, baby  
You can be anything that you wanna be  
If I did it y'all could do it  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Mama, take these guns away from here  
Mama, I can't shoot them anymore  
Cease fire  
I feel a dark cloud coming over  
So poor, so dark  
It feels like I'm knockin on the heaven's door

To biggie smalls and tupac  
Knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
Hip hop  
To freaky ty and big heavy  
Lost boy  
Knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
Yeah  
And to the princess aaliyah  
We're knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
To my brother big pun  
Terror squad  
We're knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
Oh lord, oh lord

Would someone take these guns away from here  
Take these guns from the street, lord  
I can't shoot my brothers anymore  
I seen a thug cry  
I feel a dark cloud coming over me  
Over me  
It feels like  
It feels like I'm knockin on the heaven's door  
So sing along street children

We're knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
And to my daddy that passed away  
Rest in peace  
Knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
To the god, fred jordan, we're  
And put the fugees on  
Knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
To my people doin time  
We're  
Locked up  
Knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door

Crypts and bloods, latin peace  
Please just chill wit the violence  
Though even though I know that the bad boy move in silence

I'm asking y'all please chill wit the violence  
Said even though I know that the gangsters move in silence  
Whoa  
We're knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
To my people in the twin tower  
We're knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
And to my soldiers in the pentagon  
We're knock, knock, knockin on the heaven's door  
New york  
New york  
New york  
New york  
New york  
Mama  
To my people in the streets  
I'm talkin to you now  
Please put down your heat  
Oh lord  
To my brothers that's on the corner  
Oh god  
Ay get out quick or you too will be knockin on heaven's door