

Heaven & Hell

Raekwon

[Blue Raspberry]

No one can fuck with the Wu-Tang

[Intro: {????Raekwon & (Ghostface Killah)}????]

Yo what what, yo

Exotic type shit

Ninety-four, we must go to war fast

With the pen and the pad

Goddamn, shine like gold rims on Pathfinders

Wu-Tang reclines, lamps for the nine-squares kid

(Money, clothes, designer hoes and shows y'all)

[Verse 1: Raekwon (Ghostface Killah)]

Yo, yo, waking up about ten kid

Jumping in the shower, peace about to make

(Moves and slide like grease)

What, I'm all about Tecs and checks with nuff respect

You front, I'm slamming you like the Lex

So now I'm out in the ninety-five

Rocking that real nigga don't die

Guess down, (Drawers Kani)

But yo, I'm making a pit stop

Go and buy a box of Glocks, he rolled up and yo

(Whattup 'Ak)

(Yo, remember that kid that we vicked

He made a half of mil for real

He brought about four bricks)

Yo, so now we connect thoughts

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 Gs, son I need some

(Keys won't sell, call up Son)

I heard Pook and Tyriq caught a beef over some real shit

(A fake nigga faked and they killed his clique)

Gimme a minute and I'm with it

(Yo, niggas done did it), rock your vest

(Keep your whip tinted)
(So now we see him up in Bojangles strangling a forty ounce
With ten Gs 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 off that nigga {???Do him}???
(So now I'm lamping in my man's Land)
Streets is hot like sand
(G's is rolling in my right hand)
Yup, you know the steez all-black
Got to go down like that, (Shallah)
Cigars and {???mob hats}???
Ninety-four, taking niggas to war, yo, yo

[Interlude]

What do you believe in, heaven or hell?
You don't believe in heaven cause we're living in hell
{???What do you believe in, heaven or hell?
You don't believe in heaven cause we're living in hell}???
So it's your life
(What a chamber, fucking 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, whatever)
What do you believe in, heaven or hell?
You don't believe in heaven cause we're living in hell
(31st chamber y'all)
So it's your life

[Outro]

Niggas ain't even know Son, only half is sewed cash
They haven't yet sold their weight
(Question, shit is real, you know what I'm saying?)
Niggas think it's all about a real live Allah
A little hundred dollars and that make you a man
Know what I'm saying?
(You ain't even promised tomorrow Son, word up)
Niggas 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, know what I'm saying? Get turned to dust Return to the casket)
And 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 peoples
(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
You know what I'm saying? You my life charm, word up)
For real (Keep shinin)
Real for keepin' it real, shout out to major niggas
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)
You know what I'm saying?
Word up, Big Booth represent the Q
Know how we do? lamp, get that power-u, type, things on float
(The GZA, word up, Masta Killa)
The Abbot of the Clan, Method Man, Inspectah Deck
Dirty Bastard
(U-God, word up baby Keep it real Son Keep packin' them guns)
Word up

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