

Lordz oh Brooklyn, Where Do Gangsters Go

Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
As the guitar gently weeps, my Riviera streaks
Into the night like a bat outta hell
All the wishes in the well couldn't keep me from my cell
I'm feeling paranoid, I couldn't trust my clientele
The Marlboro blows, I blow the smoke through my nose
You reep what you sow and Lord I know
I took route 87, upstate New York
I'm feeling like I sinned so I must be getting soft
Got an angel on my right, the devil on my left
Conscious being on my brain for every single death
I'm seeing ghosts, I'm being haunted like the tell tale heart
I'm on the road alone, headlights in the dark
I never ever ratted, kept my mouth shut
Bad karma all around and I'm running out of luck
Next soldier wants my job, better watch my back
Or I'll be the one in the trunk getting whacked
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
[Everlast]
Flat footer on the street, rookie on the beat
Looking for the crack spot, trying to hit a jackpot
Have not, want not, gun shot, *Blough*
Dirty cop on the prowl, it's all legal
Fuck karma chameleon, Irish, Sicilian
Heritage since birth, sold my soul for what it's worth
From London to Perth, Tokyo to Paris
Caught in The Abyss like my name was Ed Harris
Trying to build this palace, heart's full of malice
My soul's corrupt, I'm about to erupt
Internal investigation's got me facing
Twenty-five to life, I'm thinking kids and wife
They cut me up, rough me up and sweat my connection
Now they got us all under witness protection
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Before there was a lotto his people took your numbers
Odds on the game, the point spreads over, unders
Went to private school educated by nuns
But like a pagan, lost his faith through the Gods of the guns
A heist like the Briks, he iced ladies like rinks

From pocket books to the minks, thought they'd never see the clink
Slapped on the wrist, his case was dismissed
You see money talks, yo, it pays if you're rich pops
Grease the bulls just to bribe the judge
Should have scared 'em straight, should of gave 'em tough love
But that's when they hauled him from the jury to the warden
Everybody had a price but this time they can't afford 'em
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
Where do gangstas go when they die
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly