

Run-D.M.C., Back From Hell (Remix)

(INTRO: Chuck D)

Yo

Once again

From the depths of hell

Run-D.M.C.

Yo, Jam-Master J-J-Jay in the house

And y'all take this

(*Jam-Master Jay cuts up*)

(From the depths of hell)

(Heaven is cool, in hell you burn)

(I cut the head of the devil and I throw it at you)

(Heaven is cool, in hell you burn)

(On a lower level where the devils dwell

Comin from the one..) (where they at?) (..comin back from hell)

(VERSE 1: Run)

I'm comin back from hell, a jail cell tells no tales

The walls, the floors, the blinds, it never fails

To catch a little butt from a inmate's head

So sorry for you sucker, see ya, sissy, you're dead

Another rolled-over casket, tisket, a tasket

This ain't no thanks to the pussy-ass bastard

Easy for another man to laugh at his face

Like I said, his head to bed, another dead inmate

Raw to the bone and killed him for the phone

Mommy's only son, but left his mama alone

The last words he heard "Your time is up", the result

Caught back around, his naked face cut to a pulp

Never knew he'd go to jail doin murder and he fell

(Reporting live from Rikers Island) and comin back from hell

(From the depths of hell)

(Back) (back) (from hell)

(Back from hell)

(Back) (from hell)

(Back) (back) (from hell)

(Back) (back) (back from hell)

(Yeah)

(Back) (back) (back)..

(VERSE 2: Ice Cube)

Back from hell

But I still smell the same old shit

From the lower level

Ice Cube'll beat the shit out the devil

Nothin changed, still down with the P.E., son

But now I'm raising hell with Run

Nearly gettin done from the sawed off shotgun

Pressin they luck, didn't duck, I hauled off and socked one

Don't laugh, hoes, cause I'm down with The Afros

Ice Cube ain't The Mack, but I have hoes

JMJ drop the hammer

And I kick grammar

That's mackaframalama

Had to ask D.M.C. and the 40oz. Crew

What's it all about on the avenue

He said, "Come see," gave me a swig of Olde E

Then I had to pee upon a tree

A nigga got shot by a dopefiend

Snort down my dick and unbuttoned on my jeans

Then the fuckin Lench Mob had to get mean

Did a drive-by in the middle of Queens

Hot shells hit the ground

People stood around, all the niggas that I clowned
Jumped on a plane cause it never fails
Ice Cube is a muthafucka goin back to hell

(Back) (back) (from the dephts of hell)
(Back) (back) (from the dephts of hell)

(VERSE 3: Chuck D)

Back up - they can never keep a good man down
Of course we don't fuck around
You don't know what I mean?
Don't mistake us for the Tragically Hip
Cause we're born with the trigger lip
Here's a story about the devil
And the rebel in the middle of a battle
With a crew that grew around the avenue
This devil was a federal judge who delivered us justice
Just us, up the river, but
I'm not alone and no one is, his name up against
Cause he's been runnin the hoes and the drug thing
I know he fought and runnin court, pusher of the button
Talkin mo' shit, but sayin nothin now
Cause he's seen the faces he saw sit-packin
Hardcore and all black and
Raw, and you can tell
No matter how loud he yell, he ain't leavin hell

(Back) (back)
(Back) (back)
(Back from helllll)
(Back from hell)
(From the dephts of hell)
(Back) (back from hell)
(Back from hell)
(Back from hell)
(From the dephts of hell)
(Back) (back from hell)
(Back) (back) (back from hell)
(Now a nigga like D starts yellin)
(Yeah)
(Back) (back)
(Now) (now a nigga like D starts yellin)
(Back)
(Now) (now a nigga like D starts yellin)
(Back)
(Now) (now a nigga like D)

(VERSE 4: D.M.C.)

Back from hell, now a nigga like D starts yellin
No sellin out, no tellin who's sellin
Word to the 90s, rebels still rebellin
Cube, Run and Chuck (yo, what the fuck are they yellin?)
Lyrics that I kick might just get me into pee and shit
That I'm not with and critics can get the diddick
Hits comin crazy, trips for the gravy
Played me, paid me, little lady laid me
Dooowwwnnn to the dephts of heeeelllllll
Now here we go, and once again
We're back from hell, so tell a friend
For all of you who thought we're through
I'm a full-fledged member of the Hollis Crew
I bust a nine or a rhyme or two
You know I grew, up on (the avenue)
I'ma sip on some brew with my crew
We was gettin illy

Niggas came through actin silly
One punk starts to yell
2 shots, then his man fell
He didn't know that Hollis Ave. was hell
Don't tell me you ain't with this
You think I fell? Chump, that is ridiculous
You missin lyrics of the microphone king I grip
Figure this, but yo, this is nigga shit
Black I.P.'s, MC's wanna-be's
Macaroni and cheese, only phoney MC's
Play the role and always try to cook up
I got tunes, room that I took up
Oh well, you know I still dwell
Go and tell everybody that I'm back from hell

(Dephts of hell)
(Back) (from the dephts of hell)
(Back)
(Back) (back)
Drop it on em, D
(Back)
(Back) (back)
(Back)
(Back) (back)