

Hell Razah, Don't Hate It

"Playa hate on my shit, you get a fat dick" - 2Pac
(x6)

(Intro: Hell Razah)

Oh yeah, all in Red Hook
Hustlin', standin' on shit blocks
For hours, 'til the sky crack the next day

(Chorus: Hell Razah)

Y'all don't wanna see us blow
Y'all don't wanna see us with dough
Y'all don't wanna see us flow
Hell no, we glow
You knew it was the end the way we came in the door
Hit the club and I'ma leave with ya ho, ho, ho
My flames be hot, every time that I throw
Ain't nothin' new, son I did this before, a G.G.O.
My niggas flip money like it ain't no mo'
Cause ain't no friends if it ain't no mo'

(Verse One: Hell Razah)

On the dirty blocks of Red Hook we learned to get our
first check book
Be a crook and let the cocaine cook
Little brothers turn to workers, cops draw guns just to surge us
And question us about the murders until we figure why God cursed us
And that this wicked world was never worth us
We show respect to the ones who birthed us
Took care of us on welfare, we grown now
Belchin' from beers, smokin' weed in the project stairs
Half of my peers got hit with like 15 years
And the A's we was at was like 16 years
The graves is callin', opened up for slaves that's fallen
As the ghetto take the lives of those made for ballin'
Layin' in coffins, cries to the church organ
Some will hustle till six in the mornin' just for the fortune
For a new whip, a venom for flossin', bought a Benz from the auto auction
We broke his window with a piece of porcelain
We stay strapped for those jealousy cats
Layin' hats the same place they do their felonies at
You ain't the only one who sell crack and got gats
A lot of niggas got that, soul left with death and never got back
Some will cock back and pop that, so pop shit without that
Be careful what you follow if you ain't about that
I'm the R to the A to the S in the flesh
Don't forget, I'm all about cash, credit and checks
I'ma rap to the death, till Christ resurrect
No less, I come as a threat, get it correct
Hip Hop is a way of life, it's in my breath
The way I breathe, I step not the way I dress
East to West throw your arms right to left
Give me a mic and a crowd and a turntable set
Ancient twelve, I play with the fires of hell
Only role models that I had was dyin' in jail
Crack sales make a black male wanna weed dwell
600 Benz sittin with a hot female
All I wanna do is records and pay my bills
Why I gotta be hater? Cause I say what I feel?
I say a prayer then I aim before I spray at will
Y'all only make me wanna kill if you delay my deal
Hurry up and get them contracts, facts and crills
Or I'ma have to put out .38 stainless steel
Engineer, turn my beat up and watch me spill
Hot lava, my throat burns like straight shots of Vodka

Ready To Die like Big Poppa
I put the curse on a witchdoctor
It's 2G, y'all better spit proper
I like my shorty when she in Prada
You make no sense to this big dollar
I want the cash money, fuck a Oscar
Mothafucker

(Chorus)

(Verse Two: Baghdad)
We ain't goin' to jail so fuck bail
Baghdad, Hell Razah, hammer and nail
BK to PJ's for the bangsters
With links with the anchors
You too frail, abide a single street e-mail
Power-trippin' off with them L's

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