

# Hell Razah, Must B Tha Music

(Intro: Killah Priest)

Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Uh, uh-uh, uh, S.O.M., baby

It's that time, for the shorties

Yeah, yeah, power to the music

Word up, 2000, one time

(Killah Priest)

Shorty wanna be a thug, only 14, sellin drugs

Wind up in the court pleadin to the judge

Or outside on the pavement, bleedin cuz

He got hit by a bullet, now he need blood

In the ambulance didn't have a chance to weed a slug

Type of shit that even it does, put a spell on us

Puff an L on the corner, or in cuffs in jail wit the lawyers

But in this hell, I'm a warrior, struggler, straight hustler

Do you feel me?

(60 Second Assassin)

Bluck, bluck, bluck, this to all you lamesters

Reppin now and respect to my gangsta

Watch ya move son, wettin ya crates

Wit the triple drum base in ya face, takin ya case

60 Sec. rats in ya face, it's all foreplayin, don't

get it wet in this place

'Sassins like, fella ain't lease this train

Don't make me have to leak this place, I'd rather lead the way

Drop about a seed a day, got sunshine on a bleedin day

Kill about 3 or 4 beats a day, rush plus brush, ready for play

Catalog shit, day for day, bust a murder murder rate away

(Chorus: 60 Second Assassin (Hell Razah))

+Must B Tha Music+ (Why we run the streets wild)

+Must B Tha Music+ (Make us pull our guns out)

+Must B Tha Music+ (I can bust in her mouth)

+Must B Tha Music+ (Got us all thugged out)

(Hell Razah)

Dice games by the coke spot, niggas love shit he don't got

He get chased off is own block, on parole for that white gold

A young man wit a old soul, in his project +Hell Hole+

We don't care about no clothes, you can die by that pay phone

You're best bet is to stay home, young chicks wanna get boned

A little dick make 'em get grown, even the rich get a tombstone

We all die in the flesh, son, bleed blood and through wet guns

Get money and respect comes, got respect and connect comes

Get rich, next death comes, ya don't wanna come test and son

We stay strapped by the left lungs, we don't care where you rep from

Sniff this 'til you get numb, hold ya head cuz we ain't done

(Prodigal Sunn)

Run the streets, thugs hold heat in they feet

Soul you reap, hot slugs eat through meat

Roll wit four deep, two in the crease, soak neat

Trophy, smoke and eat, soul physique

Code of the block, is that gold bars a prop

Sold base, rock steamers for them caps and top

Hip Hop, drip from the lip of the glock

Grick shop, all day long we burn rock

Industry rap, chemistry empty the gat

Sun of Man yo, never to run, we slum cats

Yeah word up, you know how we do

(Chorus)

(Outro: 60 Second Assassin)  
+Must B Tha Music+  
Our shit is hot to the daylight  
Sunz keep it moving all through the night  
It ain't a party if we can't get it right  
Just keep it moving all through the night  
+Must B Tha Music+, +Must B Tha Music+  
That's turning you on  
+Must B Tha Music+, +Must B Tha Music+  
I can't go...