

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...