

Hell Razah, R.A.Z.A.H.

(Intro)

Yeah, bounce to this
Yeah, bounce, uh
Shake ya titties, mom, yeah
Come on, one love, for the shorties
Outta Browns, son, nigga right now
Chicks, go get me a drink
Eyein' a nigga right now
Let's go over there, who pop on that side?

(Hook 2X)

Razah, Zah, Zah, Zah
Ra, Zah, Zah

(Hell Razah)

She like rocks like The Flintstones
Hit chicks in all skin tones
Young chicks can't wait to get bonned
I'm like the floor you get slip on
I love my dunnies when they clips long
Max Julian, son, that ain't gangsta
We smack niggas outta anger, shit
Get locked up, turn spoons into bangers
What, hit the chick, got her givin' me money
Rubbin' in my cuffshots, all over her tummy
She like Iceberg, the champagne
We outta raise a Razah campaign
She don't get a damn thing
Not a cow, who here, dollars bill and shit
Still lay up in the lab eatin' mills and shit
Got these industry niggas talkin' deals and chips
&R's losin' jobs when they hear my shit
I roll my weed up and whips don't spill the shit
The same way we came in ships, we leave in ships
My niggas got g's to get, and squeeze the clips
Ain't no hustlin' for petty crumbs, weed and kicks

(Chorus)

Yeah, who that nigga they ain't fuckin' wit
Spit wisdom deep shit, rock fly shit
Only fuck wit real niggas on the field, nigga
Hell Razah, Child of Israel, niggas can't fuck with him
They better duck from him, don't fuck with him

(Hell Razah)

I'm Max Julian, the millionaire mind inside a hooligan

The wise one out the foolish men
And trust go the god, when you really find out whose ya friends
I stay droppin' jewels and gems, and coops and timbs
A marksmen sharpshooter when I use the pen
Sittin' on twenty inch rims, cadillac in
New York if you like it or not, it's what's crackin'
Shorties on the Greyhound bus, is what's crackin'
Hoes only made for those who stay mackin'
Clubs only made for those who stay stackin'
Got everything from Phat Farm to Brickface jackets
My forty-four eleven take you ace step stackin'
Never come to BK, chained and ring flashin'
Niggas will take ya shit is what's crackin'
High off the hydro-weed and thug passion
Chicks swallow ecstasy but love action
When Razah get signed, that's it, it's closed caskets
Ya little bastards

(Hook to end)

(Outro)

Take that, muthafuckin', fake ass
Soundin' like other niggas ass niggas
Muthafuckas ain't even got their own look
Muthafuckas trynna act like they gangstas
Ya niggas better do the knowledge man
Fuckin' lost muthafuckas
Yeah, get the knowledge, get the knowledge
The project prophet, show ya niggas the other shit
Take the muthafuckin doo-rags off
Ya ain't thugs, you get locked up
Ya niggas be tellin' on them, who do ya love
And them shorties ya got, ya bout to get that up
G.G.O's is in this bitch, G.G.O.'s is in this bitch
They leavin' wit us, and don't hate, what