

# 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 dunns 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  
A&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