

# Hell Razah, Underground to Da Heavens

(Sample from some interview)

As a writer of young, I know you have influence in your writin

(Intro: Hell Razah)

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yo that's that nigga right there

Yo I feel this right here

For the street heads

That's that nigga from the Sunz of Man right there

Eh yo, I'm feelin that cat

I gotta drink to this here

Hell Razah, 9th chiddle

This nigga doin the solo shit

About to blid up

(Chorus 2X: Hell Razah)

This how it go down, millenium child

Underground to Da Heavens, the Hell Razah stay reppin

I got this game locked - no question

I thank God for every last blessin

Until it's Armageddon

(Hell Razah)

I'm more advanced than computer technology, invade your privacy

Interruptions with no apology, take your mind for a great odyssey

Drop a fishnet, so follow me where the prophets be

Hollywood be astronomy, adul-atry rap

The battle axe split your wig back

Blood drip, leavin the track

I got pressin plants scared to put me on wax

From a thought to a debt-trap and two inch reels

Wanna catch up where I'm at? Renew your skills

Concentratin on my next move, lose your deal

Stay on tour like a homeless traveller

Some be wildin out their character

They wonder why the ghetto's mad at ya

I be the champion without a challenger

My .40 caliber take your next days of the Roman calendar

Hangin rappers by their gold chain, at a close range

Scratch your name off the contract, get out of the game

Pull your plug out from backstage on Soul Train

I be a threat at a young age, the Hell to the Raze

Solid rays be the diamond that your girl can't appraise

To the most high in Christ, from my life give him praise

(Interlude: Hell Razah)

All my out of state niggas get money to this

And all my on the corner niggas get money to this

And all my weed smokin bitches get money to this

And all my drinkin ass bitches get money to this

And all my Hell Razah niggas get money to this

And all my niggas feelin this get money to this

(Hell Razah)

We live the poverty life, fightin for sovereignty rights

It's hard to be nice and let a snake lie to me

I put a worm on a fishin hook to see if you bite

These lyrics I write is for the ones believin in Christ

We in the last nights of cars, chicks, weed and dice

Children of darkness, can't achieve the light

You rather, cut off your hand before receive this mic

I only bleed for my G-G's who breathe a life

Ain't nothin changed in this Garden Of Eden

We mad for a reason

Niggas that I trust will try to stop me from eatin  
Like I was Malcolm X, son, they tried to stop me from speakin  
I'm the livin word, death couldn't stop me from teachin  
Can't see 'em like the oxygen you breathin, solo or legion  
2000, everybody schemin late in the evenin  
Crackheads on store corners look for drugs on us  
My team got criminal lawyers bound before us  
We Ghetto Government 'til the world fall in love with it  
Don't sleep on the man's humbleness  
Don't forget the 5000 I fought you with, from the orphanage  
For the street I recorded it, so you could walk with it  
Got playas wanna war with it, floss or shot call with it  
Every time you hear me, son, I'm comin raw with it

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Hell Razah)  
What? What? Come on  
Yeah, side to side  
All my niggas in their whips and shit  
All my niggas with their walkmans on  
All my niggas with their radios on  
Yeah, uh  
Apocalypse 2000