

Genius, Feel Like An Enemy

(Hell Razah)

Yeah, yeah yo

I'm like a whirlwind spinnin wit words of wisdom

In the ghetto only promised a hearse and system

We complete like the solar system

Play your space, I get hungry off of treble and bass and beat breaks

Everyday be a court date recorded on tape

Hell Razah grab the mic and send your show to a wake

Cut off a snakehead the same way I cut off dead weight

We negotiate wit .38's in a ?nor? face

GZA came wit the Liquid Swords killin you all

I'm the virus in the street that'll get in your paws

See me jumpin outta four-doors wit my road dogs

All you soldiers want wars when you don't know laws

You be a rap fraud, knock you off the top of Billboard

Besides keyboards, only thing I love is the Lord

G-G Maccabee, K-P-P rapidly

Aiyyo Prodical, niggas is charged wit blasphemy

Chorus (Hell Razah)

AND ALL THAT HARD ROCK SHIT (charged wit blasphemy)

AND IF YOU'RE FEELIN LIKE AN ENEMY (come after me)

(Killah Priest)

I heard the sweet words from sour tongues

Vent poison in the ears of the ?grown-z's? dead head for years

Shed a tear for the underwear under the stairs

Left naked in the shame from hunger and fear

Shots were fired in the darkest moments

Niggas missed they targets, hit the homeless when the chrome spit

Sacreligious, days of atonement

Sing a praise wit a peace pipe for niggas I zone wit

Priest I blow bread amongst twelve thugs

Drunk a cup of blood

We trained the same time Peter sprayed a slug

We all trapped in this dream scared to wake up

I seen a phantom whisper, grim shadows, shows a blurry picture

Streets are filled wit goons and bloody niggas

I seen my friend fall, clutchin holdin his stomach

Caught him off-guard, foldin his hundred

It's like a life never ends, never know when it's comin

(Trigga)

Vocal imbalance, a code of silence converses violent

Live from medalion, ?nometry? dealin equality

You could stop to see profiles of me

Mic styles of me, lifestyles of me

Parallel prophecy, three-sixty degree

Complete the formation, salute the salvation

A Wu nation, do the knowledge no hatin

No misbehavin, lyrical affiliation

Artist in occupation together maintainin

Brain stainin, metaphor mutilatin

This generation, a misleading calculation

No elevation, time wastin and live chasin

(Prodigal Sun)

A day and night crime scene, livin in the time machine

Blaze a lime green, six on the spleen over some green

Surrounded by crooks, a life wit jux and bloody heist

It's a deadly price but the gun fiend for ice price

In this hell puzzle filled wit bitches, money and trouble

Stitches, for dummy knuckles crummy f**kin up the hustle

It's a struggle, in jungle wit sin we fondle men

Plus a prison, ain't no division and no religion
And inner city chronicle, thugs get caught up astronomical
Cash phenomenal, blast at your abdominal
Niggas is comical, f**kin wit the abominal
Son, I promise you, you won't live to see tomorrow
Catch a slug in the back of your head at the Apollo
I'm a hard act to follow, rugged Smith like Rollo
(Let's mark that ass nigga)

Chorus 3x