

# Hell Razah & 4th Disciple, Underground To Da H

(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 x2: 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 niggaz get money to this  
And all my on the corner niggaz 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 niggaz get money to this  
And all my niggaz 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

Niggaz 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 x2)

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