

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple, Way Of Life

(Intro: Hell Razah)

G.G.O., Ghetto Government Official
Razah, 4th Disciple

(Chorus 2X: Hell Razah)

Hip hop is a way of life, it's in my breath
The way I, breathe and step, not the way I dress
East to west, throw your arms right to left
Give me a mic and a crowd, and a turntable set

(Hell Razah)

Alotta niggaz turned thugs, after 2Pac died
Puttin' dust in they weed, after they heard How High
KRS was the main one, I heard Stay Wise
Before, N.W.A., you never thought of drive-by's
Slick Rick was the kingpin of all fly guys
Rakim kept it civilized, now it be Nas
Kool G. Rap made rhymes for the organized crimes
On the Road to they Riches, sellin' nickels and dimes
Cypress Hill made you feel, How Can I Just Kill a Man
Niggaz turned killers after Wu-Tang Clan
Startin' formin' into groups, so they can put on they fam
Puff Daddy had you samplin' old records to dance
Biggie Smalls made you ball after One More Chance
The radio promotin' death, until there's no more fans
Alotta playas wanna play, but the game is advanced
The true culture of this hip hop, let's spread it to France
M.O.P., kept it hardcore, from Onyx to DMX
Now it's on Soundscan sells and BDS
When the Fat Boys, to Big Punisher and Fat Joe
EPMD, to me was, the best duo
Nah, Run-DMC, still be number uno
Now every artist that you know, wanna drop solos
Half naked to sell records, in magazine photo's

(Chorus 2X)

(Hell Razah)

Back to '83, the era of the Treacherous Three
When the Cold Crush, bumrushed the Force MD's
Now the pussy is free, but the crack cost money, oh yeah
Melle Mel, brought the mentals, but we couldn't digest it
Cause all the niggaz in the eighties started gettin' arrested
Sugar Hill caught an ill deal, Rapper's Delight
Back when artists got signed just for grabbin' the mic
Kangols and rope chains, this when LL came
Ain't nobody had a metaphor like Big Daddy Kane
Public Enemy was deep before Do the Right Thing
MC Shan had Queensbridge under his wing
Marley Marl did The Symphony, it blew instantly
Made hip hop history, now it's industry
Everybody either look alike, or sound gimmicky
Not noticin' the energy was hid' in Tennessee
Never thought they ever see a young black Master P
Go to France and see a white boy blacker than me
Suge Knight or Eazy-E, had black labels
Why the rest eat the crumbs off the master's tables

(Chorus 2X)