

Hell Razah, Ghetto Government

"They got me so uptight" --> unknown singer

(Chorus 1: Hell Razah)

We form the ghetto government
You either hate us or you lovin it
Ghetto government for those who strugglin
Repeat 4X

(Hell Razah (Killah Priest))

We form a congress wit our conscience
Here to fight against Eden for our freedom til it get accomplished
(We make the whole world astonished
See us with our Macabee-an garments
They bow down and pay homage, we God sent
Movin through this evil world with a compass
Niggaz die over nonsense, when the Koran spit)
We hit ya soul like a Vietnam hit
The Whitehouse be The Projects
We study all that evil dialect
Dead sea scrolls of a prophet
With the mindstate we movin objects
It be the livin word that's heard in your eardrums
You gotta digest (Which king gotta die next?
I'm on the street corner taking side bets
>From set-trippin, Angels of Death slip in
Which that cat wit the tech grippin
We straight Crippin, blue flags and durags
Other cats got they red out, cars sped out)

(Chorus 2: Killah Priest *singing*)

I am king of Bethlehem
We sit upon the throne
Thousands die before us
This is a story of a fallen kingdom
Repeat 2X

(Killah Priest)

A Full Moon glows, light reflects off of my Gold
Seven men with Shields of David on top of they post
Soft wind blows, breath through my silk blue robe
After I feast, fall asleep between my seven pillows
Feel my eyes close, then a motion picture screen show
See the world like looking through a foggy window
See a large cliff of thugs, some Crips and some Bloods
Neantha's, Latin kings, broken homes and shattered dreams
They gather in teams around Jacob's Ladder
Set up robots and make them scatter
Cops watch them on they TV cameras
They move in one manner
When the speak, rhinos stand up
Throw they hands up and make the cops take off they handcuffs
Other thugs thats trapped up in back of vans and the bus
On their way to Riker's, am I enlighther?
It's now life, I'm put in ciphers
ever since I was put in diapers
Over six million passengers ships from Africa
After the Jerusalem massacre
After King Soloman we wore lavender
See the David from the slaveships
Now they call us Africans 'cause or skin match with them
But that's a lot of foolish, so they can over rule us

(Chorus 2)

(Chorus 1: 2X)

(Hell Razah)

Knights at the square table, share bread at last supper
Lost seek to fulfill their prophecies, suffer
We discuss the proverbs in Solomon's words
Livin in visions of Daniel, revelation dreams
Hebrew kings choppin off the eagle wings
Second excellence, no more, sex, lies, drugs and pestilence
My evidence, my own testament, written on wood
Twelve tribes layin at the head of corners in hoods
Idol worshippers, blasphemers, thieves and murderers
Adulterers, holdin sexuals in land burglerers
New York City dressed pretty with 'lectricity
Blackout, computers shut down, 2000 assed out
Reset the internet chip, communication wit
Gabrielle in a spaceship, from a basement
Apocalypse child, wars any sore playground
Jews and gentles, fed Generation X-Files
Cuz me and wisdom got a loyal marriage
We not Africans, Indians nor we Arabs
What?

(Chorus 1: 4X)