

# Hell Razah, Oh You Bangin'

(Intro: Hell Razah)

Yeah, nigga Data, dirty grimy  
What's that mothafuckin' dirty grim' shit  
Hell Razah, excellent nigga, Ghetto Government  
You ain't even out of fuckin' high school yet  
Oh now you bangin'  
Fuck, is the deal?  
What's poppin'?

(Verse One: Hell Razah)

I smack the head of you gangstas, y'all nigga's new borns  
First line already told me son who dick you on  
Stick your finger in my flow, son you see it's lukewarm  
But when you get in, believe me, I'ma burn on skin  
5'10" Elohims in the body of man  
King Tut's identical twin is at it again  
Red Hook, Brooklyn, weed and Seagram's Gin  
You know a party ain't a party till we get in  
Son of a slave, I write rhymes under my grave  
Got it locked so bad I gotta come in a cage  
Yo watch your mind if you think about fuckin' with Raz'  
In this game it's like sperm cells seekin' the egg  
Politickin' over two ways, guns is sprayed  
And I won't stop hustlin' till my sons is paid

(Chorus: Hell Razah)

Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little gun on your side  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little click on your side  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little ice in your watch  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little whip and a ride  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little gun you can pop  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little bandana now  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little click you can roll with  
Now you bangin'  
Now you bangin'

(Verse Two: Hell Razah)

The only way you shine phat is with a label behind your back  
Bring that shit to the ghetto and get robbed for that  
The way I brainwash I should have been a laundry mat  
You ain't really got heart, that's the cog-n-ac  
My head wrapped with a turban like Saddam Hussein  
Niggas can't see this face, out to bomb the game  
Upon your chain, blast Don all in the rain  
Go ahead at thy gangsta, I'm born the king  
Gold thrones, I wrote poems that broke down chromosomes  
Niggas get shanked up and blown for the phone  
Rap be like Sheek now, microphone clone  
Stand, enter the wrong zone, you might get  
Get up, give up, shootout, you can't get up  
Spit up, spit up blood, get your night lit up  
Walkin' zombies, I love killin' niggas calmly  
The word of God got death when it come upon me  
Tuck the charm in, groupies wanna touch the diamonds  
What's the use of keep rhymin' if you ain't a clinin'  
I pop old gold at The Shinin'  
Take it back to army jackets and train passes

Burn through skin and I ain't acid  
This be serious, I ain't laughin'  
IRS and I hate taxes

(Chorus: Hell Razah)  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little money to spend  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little gun on your side  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little whip and a ride  
Oh now you bangin'  
Oh now you bangin'  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little 20 inch rims  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little chain with your name on it  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got your hat tilt to the side  
Oh now you bangin'  
Oh now you bangin'  
Oh now you bangin'  
Speak a little project talk  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little project walk  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little project talk  
Oh now you bangin'  
Oh now you bangin'

(Outro: Hell Razah)  
Word up shorty, you niggas better cut that shit out  
All them gangstas is dead  
Locked up doin' 25 to life