

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