

# Hell Razah, The Renaissance 2.0

(Intro: Hell Razah)

1-2, 1-2, yo, you could hear me?

1-2 turn me up

(Hell Razah)

I've been a threat since Benetton Gazelles in Valleys  
The Icon in graffiti in the Brooklyn Alley  
Touch hearts of the Pharaohs in the Egypt Valley  
My Engineer can't see me cuz the Booth is cloudy  
Still rowdy even though we in BM's and Audis  
Lookin like black Saudis in black Denalis  
I'ma terrorist attack when I get on the track  
If I'm ridin' Shotgun I need one in my lap  
I adapt in any Habitat, a BK Desert rat  
It's war, then we sendin' back bodies and gats  
Flip the white flag homey and it get worst than Iraq  
We know the CIA game was to frame us wit crack  
So each bar's more dope, heroin in my pen  
Got a ??Marvin?? back robbin', head 'noddin again  
Who you shit on to get on top could make it pop in the end  
Who's the flop and what's hot got you locked in the Gym  
Tell Jacob I spit Jewels I could drop 'em a Gem  
And if he's lookin' for a Diamond I could hook 'em wit Tim

(Hook: Timbo King) & {Hell Razah}

I'm hip-hop before Sugarhill signed a deal  
Before Studio 54 poppin pills  
It was real when Kool Herc worked the wheels of steel  
Now we bring the game back into a New York field  
I'm hip-hop before Sugarhill signed a deal  
Before Studio 54 poppin pills  
I'm hip-hop, {since EPMD &quot;You Gots to Chill&quot;}  
I'm hip-hop, {since Beastie Boys &quot;License to Ill&quot;}

(Tragedy Khadafi)

Yo, I'm Christopher Wallace wit street knowledge  
Apostle of the project  
Speakerbox wit the G-Packs stuffed in a G's closet  
I'm tenement Buildings, cement streets, I'm British Walkers  
I'm scuff marks on your brand new Alize  
5% Nation of Godbodies greetin' wit peace  
I'm Raw like Kane, my lyrics are formed in solid rock  
Spit it hotter than '86 on drug infested blocks  
Last photo of 'Pac before his Beamer got shot  
I'm the Queens, one man Supreme Team  
Triple Beam Dream, Microphone Cream Fiend  
Top Five Dead or Alive, I'm so amazin'  
2-5 Costra Nostra, heart of this culture  
The game ain't over  
I'm the truce troop war reporter, legal life stick you  
Against All Odds, not the ordinary shit you use to  
I'm C-Murder before the life sentence  
Predicate felons, homicide chasin' niggaz, hopin' over benches

(Hook: Timbo King)

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Before Studio 54 poppin pills  
It was real when Kool Herc worked the wheels of steel  
Now we bring the game back into a New York field  
I'm hip-hop

(R.A. the Rugged Man)

Yes oh yes, I guess, suggest the rest you fess  
I'm Tribe Quest, I'm Moe Dee Wild West

Treach, 40, Jazz Jeff, Slick Rick, I'm Doug Fresh  
I'm deaf, I'm Canibus before he met Wyclef  
Original, I don't bite  
I don't need nobody to GhostWrite  
Kool G Rap strike the Mic  
I Recite the type of hype  
That you like, I'm Sweetback  
I'm Uptown Saturday Night  
I'm Black Ceasar, I'm Rudy Ray Moore, Dolemite  
I'm an Assassin rappin'  
I'm Grand Wizard Theodore when he invented scratchin'  
I'm Wu-Tang, Killa Bee, epitome of Public Enemy  
Gamblin', Hustlin', like Smooth and Trigger be bitter, b  
Bums diggety-diggety, Das  
Literally, I'm Pun in the middle of Little Italy  
Didn't do diddly, gettin' me  
Listen to me  
I'm all good, I'm hood  
I'm Ice Cube before he turned soft and went Hollywood  
I'm Poetic from Gravediggaz  
I'm ODB, I'm Headquarters  
I'm Ted Demme, I'm Paul C  
If I ain't better than B.I.G., I'm the closest  
I'm Richard Pryor before multiple sclerosis  
I'm beef, I'm gold teeth, peace  
Mantronix, Stetasonic, Symbolic, Bambaata, Soul Sonic  
I'm Dre, the Chronic  
Melodic with logic Islamic  
A poverty prophet  
Economy robbery, cock it  
I probably properly droppin'  
It gotta be honesty  
Opposite a novelty, rock it  
I Herbie Hancock-it  
I'm Onyx Throwin' Ya Gun  
I'm Funky 4 + 1