

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 "You Gots to Chill"}
I'm hip-hop, {since Beastie Boys "License to Ill"}

(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