

# Pharoahe Monch, Hell

f/ Canibus

\*modem dialing and connecting\*

[Pharoahe Monch]

F-f-f-f-f-f-f-follow for now

For no formidable fights I've been formed to forget

For Pharoahe fucks familiar foes first

befo' fondlin female MC's fiercely

Focus upon the facts that facts can be fabricated to form lies

My phonetics alone forces feeble MC's into defense on the fly

Feel me, for real-a

Let's get the skrilla's out the hands of these gorillas

Make the whole world feel us

From the crack to the cap peelers

to the niggaz in the back shootin craps wit the axe-wheelers

Relax till it's, time for the immaculate miraculous

Thirteen, OOOWWW, THE ILLEST!!

To all my niggaz who been shitted on, let's get it on

Think I'm gonna let it hang, and sit it on

the desk of any redneck record exec

I strike em wit the right hand send em a step

And this is (Hell!) this is (Hell!)

This is (Hell!)9x

This is Hell, incest kids under pressure

In the corner clutchin they genitals by the dresser

A hundred CC's of the uncut cleanest

In the vein, twenty-four hours of intravenous

To the left, we have right wing extremists

On a screen a man exposes his breasts wit no penis

Martinez, probably

Just as raw as Lady Saw Esocidae this is (Hell!)

This is (Hell!)8x

This is, this is, this is, this is

This is, this is, this is, this is

[Canibus]

Yo yo I feel like I'm one of the livest

One of hip hop's finest, elite rhymers

And I plan to graduate wit honors

But one day we'll all be a bunch of old-timers wit Alzheimer's

Lookin at our label's roster wonderin how the fuck they forgot us

After we done recorded dozens of albums

And made em hundreds of thousands of dollars, they still dropped us

We givin niggaz what THE FUCK they want

A holocaust, stompin niggaz wit a thousand man march

I ain't livin in hell, hell's livin in me

That's why I'm always screamin on you fuckin MC's

The shit that I quote, float wit the buoyancy of a boat

wit the potency of a scorpion sting to the throat

Overdose that's extremely fatal

Doctors in white labcoats scramble for an antidote to save you

You can't breathe, your chest feels painful

Your skin color's goin from dark brown to beige-blue

Your whole room's full of angels

All in your ear tryin to tell you which God you should pray to

You pray to Je-sus, but He don't wanna save you

Cuz you unfaithful, so He gives you to Azazel

You're paralyzed on the operatin table

Prayin for Canibus to slice you from head to navel

You banned from TV, banned from CD's

Banned from DVD's and downloadable MP3s!

\*static\*

