

## **Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"Hell Sent"**

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(Intro)

One, two, Bone is coming for you  
Three, four, better lock the doors  
Five, six, better load your clips  
Seven, eight, we're gonna test your fate  
Nine, ten, we're out to kill again  
Straight from the burning flames of hell  
A place where all assassins dwell  
Pur back on earth to destroy all workshopppers of peace  
Body bags and caskets may all godd cease  
Together they form an organization much stronger  
than the mafia  
First, Krayzie Bone AKA Leatherface The Sawed Off  
Gangsta  
Second, Layzie Bone AKA the Number One Assassin  
Third, Bizzy Bone AKA Rest In Peace  
Fourth, Wish Bone AKA Stratejacket nigga!

(Chorus)

Murda, murda, murda, murda

(Krayzie)

Sold my soul ot the devil  
But I changed my mind now I want it back  
But he won't cooperate so now it's time to jack  
Called RIP and Stratejacket  
Number One Assassin is fully strapped  
We belled through hell in khakis, locs, and black skully  
caps  
So satan called his posse full of demons and witches  
We met up at the Abyss ready to salughter the bitches  
Yo, but wouldn't you know satan went out like a sucka  
So I left a message in blood "To be continued  
motherfucka"

(Wish)

Never praying at night  
Cause the heavens don't want me  
Sold my fuckin' soul so I can live through eternity  
Killin' at night and watching victims in the daylight  
A demon on the rise, and I'm snatchin' your fuckin' life

Been shot with a twelve gauge  
I died and made front page  
The devil sent me back and now I'm using the same  
gauge  
Killin' like a maniac, livin' like a lunatic  
Some would say the strate is sick  
The devil's who you're fuckin' with

(Chorus)

Murda, murda, murda, murda

(Layzie)

I'm corrupt and demented and I diminish by execution  
A savage of torture should've been kept in a instution  
Been shot in the head I ain't go out like a sucka  
But I still died went to hell and just took over the  
muthafucka  
Learned the devil's tricks an how to run this shit  
I had a fall out with satan, and called his son a bitch  
Repeating satanic verses but I changed the words now  
you worship me  
The gates of hell on fire shooting flames can't be  
worse, G

(Bizzy)

Hell sent they call me RIP for a reason  
I'm on a road to see bloody bodies just call me a  
demon  
It's the psychopathic maniac, manglin' ladies stick a  
grenade in they pussy  
The I start stranglin' babies  
See, it's death to all my enemies that's RIP only tactic  
But if by chance we kill each other our souls'll go at it  
See I'm doggin' the triple six it's death bt the sword  
I told satan that I'm killin' him trough the Ouija board

(Chorus)

Murda, murda, murda, murda

(Krayzie)

Pick up the phone the war is on so get your weapons  
RIP just spotted the devil around the corner from  
heaven with his crew  
Drinking brews and im thinking " Damn that's foolish"  
Swig off the 40 of holy water and say "Y'all let's do  
this"  
Grabbed my click, gripped my dick  
Walked with my face to the groung chanting  
"Kill that motherfucka, now kill that motherfucka, now"  
Unloaded on his ass and dumped him in his Abyss  
And now his crew's on my dick because I'm Hell Sent

(Wish)

I'm standing in Hell with the gauge ready to buck  
I'm coming for satan and my intentions is to fuck him  
up  
Ain't been in the church they say "No demons on holy  
dirt"  
I'm fuckin Satan's bitches  
He got mad and called body work  
A lynchin ain't shit compared to what I'm a give ya  
I'm born and raised in hell and bitch I'm sent here to kill  
ya  
I'm Rosemary's baby  
There's no more evil like me  
Cause when niggas think of death the motherfuckas  
picture me

(Chorus)

Murda, murda, murda, murda

(Layzie)

Let me call up my posse  
We talkin' over the underground  
Yeah, satan and his boys the motherfuckas they going  
down  
Man I gotsta do it  
I ain't down for a hassle  
I kicked the gates into hell and started a roit in satan's  
castle  
I'm sick of this war now check it something has got to  
give  
We stormed to the back, and we took demons as  
hostages  
You want your people to live?  
Then you'll forever pay me rent  
To stay in my knigdom because a nigga is Hell Sent

(Bizzy)

Now we're walking through satan's den  
The demons respected RIP  
I'm running this motherfucka, hell ain't shit  
A demon told me that Lucifer said meet him at the  
black hole  
I told him "I'ma be there ain't no bitch in my soul"  
And when I'm coming for your ass  
Ain't no need to run  
Because I'm so fuckin' ruthless I made the devil go buy  
a gun  
Until we go at it, the RIP still won't repent  
An appetite for bloody bodies  
Rest In Peace is Hell Sent

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