

Hell Razah

"After Birth"

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[Intro: Hell Razah] You know what I'm about to do to these niggaz right? (Razah Rubiez) Yeah [Hell Razah] I been had a Paul Wall grill in ninety eight Y'all going bananas and grapes, but this ain't Bathin' Apes (nah) I'm like an army, and holdin' ten times my weight We don't indulge in hate only cuz there's dough to make (GET MONEY) I need a bigger safe, more guns than dinner plates Tell the Lord I'm straight with faith he can close the gates I reverse the psychology of Norman Bates (I'm going crazier) Y'all making mixtapes and damn near pushin' forty (look at these niggaz) I'm on some Uncle Paulie, street version of Barry Gordy Another bad shorty caught up into having orgies (Damn) They kiss my pinky ring and sing when they come before me Keep seeing Q pushin' Bishop off that top story They want Biggie's fame, Jay's spot and Pac's glory (damn) You ain't a role model, you just a dead junkie You wanna throw on a doo-rag and Red Monkey's (ha, ha, ha) I'm breaking bread counting money from another country And if the fed's want me tell dem niggaz bounty hunt me (come and get me) Cuz I ain't turnin' myself in, I drop gems Until I'm up in that top ten wit Rakim's Slick Rick, Razah Rubiez, KRS-One, Kane (I said) [Chorus: Hell Razah w/ ad-libs] Life is a gamble the way it go round You now trapped in the sound of the Renaissance Child They surround me wit love, for the way I get down You see the real respect real, I already been crowned You just a slave wit a deal son, y'all niggaz is clowns You just a slave wit a deal son, these niggaz is clowns [Hell Razah] What's all the beefin y'all releasin on these dvd's? When you ain't got shit to write about to teach these seeds You'se a Protocol emcee without no plug-ins Your connects get shut off and y'all not buzzin' Niggaz necks get cut off if I'm not grubbin' We came from project dungeons to rappin' in London Built the fanbase up in Kuwait for mixtapes Get cake like Columbian thugs that ship weight Been great since eighty-eight jams and milk crates Fans fell for ya hooks and ya lines that's fishbait It's not hate just them killers that's real, you spit fake Get a deal and turn Micro-Soft like Bill Gates Gotta hire

more security still to feel safe? Run in ya room
whenever it show an illstate Take notes it's the
Renaissance Child And remember my style Cuz when
you floss you get be-headed for crowns You might as
well put on a night gown and tight lingerie The way y'all
homo videos be looking today Tell ya stylist to put you
in some hoodie's and Timbs Instead of hiding in ya
Benz, you could visit ya friends (ha, ha, ha) [Chorus w/
ad-libs] [Outro: Hell Razah] Take this shit man We ain't
got much time left man There's no more games to be
playing It's reality

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