

Hell Razah

"Buried Alive"

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[Movie sample:]

"What did you mean when you said we were all dead?"

"Do you ever think two times before you do anything?"

"You ever think about what we want to do?"

"And how to get it passed the white man?"

"We don't live life, we survive through life"

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Nu Kemet, Renaissance Child, raise the dead

Yea, Godz wrath, I'm back niggaz, (about to bury
niggaz)

Open my casket, brush it off, brush that shit

Wipe the dirt off my shoulder, let's go

[Hook: Hell Razah]

This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (Yea)

This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (Yea)

This rap game want me "Buried Alive"

It don't matter if you're rich, is you ready to die?

You can tell I survived from the dirt in my eyes (Yea)

This rap game want me "Buried Alive"

This rap game want me "Buried Alive"

[Verse 1: Hell Razah]

I ain't dead son, my mind was in Solomon's Tomb

No diva's like Queen of Sheba, who be swallowin'
shrooms

Blair Witches from the hood, who don't ride on no
brooms

Just hard dick, wit a G-pack in hotel rooms

I'm back, holdin' that ratchet, y'all left it on my casket

A rap kid that opened up my CD plastic

Another birth of a MC classic

I Hell Raz' the dead, when I speak to the masses

I'm like.. Embalming fluids in Champagne glasses

They say my name backwards in toast to they soldiers

I let a Zombie beside wipe the dirt off my shoulder

We be Pyramid builders, we be dealin' wit boulders

When I shine, it's Supernova's that be hoverin' over

Wrote a Scripture on your tombstone, in the ink of a

cobra

Tossin' niggaz off the ship, if they think they're Jonah
We payin' Hospital visits, if they're layin' in coma's
Spit a verse on the corner, that be strong as Ammonia
Red Hook to Demona, we snuffin' slave owners
Even if it's chain gang, we got a shank on us
It's Maccabee, bang-bang, get a tank on us
Black Market military, project cemeteries
Rhymes be obituaries, simple as a dictionary
Draw it like it's pictionary, blacker than The Mother Mary
Renaissance Icon, each bar legendary
Y'all lookin' like the Blue Notes did, when they ain't
have Teddy
Come and get me, if y'all really ready, some for
Armageddy

[Hook: Hell Razah]

This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (Fuck 'em)
This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (Yea)
The crack game want me "Buried Alive" (You know)
You cant tell I survived from the dirt in my eyes
It don't matter if you're rich, is you ready to die?
This rap game want me "Buried Alive"

[Verse 2: Hell Razah]

For dead men walkin', I wrote this in they mental coffin
Kill your first borns off, wit a verbal abortion
I'm written in stone in the project, valley and dry bones
You were made like eye-clone sittin' in my throne (Get
up)
I play a skeleton bones like it's xylophone (Brrrrriinnng)
For that money, my mummy strapped wit a lot of
chrome
It's flat line, dial tone wake 'em up, daddy's home
They can bury my flesh, but can't bury my soul
I ain't atlas, but could carry the globe
I stroll wearin' my gray clothes, draggin' my robe
To a cipher, like a seance, and kick you a poem
Turn the club to a catacomb, wit bloods on the dance
floor
Got models like Jezebel, takin' they pants off
I'm tucked to common with fine diamonds, surrounded
by violence
Archaeologist grave robbin' in silence
Invaded by those British tyrants, like Howard Carter
I do this for Saints of Martyrs, and our father
Dustin' off an old revolver, I'll let the cylinder turn
And henny burn, that I sip in the urn
I draw it first then cremated, so remember the words
It's either one God you serve, or you can sleep wit the
worms (Yea)

[Hook: Hell Razah]

This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (Ha-ha)

This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (They wanna bury me man)

This rap game want me "Buried Alive"

It don't matter if you're rich, is you ready to die?

You can tell I survived from the dirt in my eyes (Look at me man)

This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (You know I'm comin' for y'all niggaz)

This rap game want me "Buried Alive" (Look at my fuckin' eyes man, this shit is all real)

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Niggaz thought I was gon' rest in peace

But I'ma rise in peace, know'what'I'm'sayin'?

This goes out to all them fake ass record companies

And them fake ass record labels

Who thought they was just gon' toss some fuckin' dirt on our grave

And walk out the door with our masks and shit,

know'what'Im'sayin'?

'Naw man, we gon' hunt y'all niggaz down man

We gon' hunt y'all niggaz for the rest of y'all life man

The last niggaz that did shit to us, the studio burned down

The last label that did some shit to us, they had to file bankruptcy

Feel me?, we not playin' no fuckin' game no mo' man, Maccabees

Niggaz want us "Buried Alive", y'all want us "Buried Alive"

We gon' write rhymes underground, in the underworld

On a fuckin' tombstones, inside the caskets

That's Mental Caskets though, 'cause y'all niggaz is mentally dead

It's the return of the livin' dead man

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