

Hell Razah

"Crack Baby Cradles"

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[Intro: Hell Razah] Ladies and gentlemen, Renaissance Child [Hell Razah] We burn rosters and rap labels, when I burp It's a volcano, I spit lava since the lunch table From the grave to the baby cradle I have your favorite rapper handicapped and disable You like a stepson, I help raise you, disrespectful And unthankful, to everything that your pops gave you See this rap shit is half snitching Feds listening so what's the difference They point you out and they give descriptions Just labelled it the music business Same shit got the youth addicted It's bullet holes in the kitchen when the dope was missing Coke sniffing in the board room of Richard Nixon Too many hitmen, don't trust chaffeurs We snuff bugs in your Range Rover, and put wires on your gang of soldiers Nextel got your cell tap, it got cameras where we sell crack In the ghetto where the wealth's at It's too bad, cuz they held back We came strapped like Geronimo Black Knock 'em down like dominos, where niggas love following cats They Power Rulez or they Crips, but we Lost Hebrews Black Jews in the jungle, cuz it's famine of food Niggas looking at me wrong, cuz I'm handing them jewels I'm like a wiseman stranded on a planet of fools The cannon'll move when niggas understanding my shoes Back up, Raze' and Rubix Cube And I ain't really gon' fuck with this dude, nigga Get it right, man *Barack Obama speech*

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