

# Hell Razah

## "Ghetto Government (remix) (feat. Killah Priest, Timbo King)"

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f/ Killah Priest

"They got me so uptight" --> unknown singer

[Chorus 1: Hell Razah]

We form the ghetto government  
You either hate us or you lovin it  
Ghetto government for those who strugglin  
\*Repeat 4X\*

[Hell Razah (Killah Priest)]

We form a congress wit our conscience  
Here to fight against Eden for our freedom til it get  
accomplished  
(We make the whole world astonished  
See us with our Macabee-an garments  
They bow down and pay homage, we God sent  
Movin through this evil world with a compass  
Niggaz die over nonsense, when the Koran spit)  
We hit ya soul like a Vietnam hit  
The Whitehouse be The Projects  
We study all that evil dialect  
Dead sea scrolls of a prophet  
With the mindstate we movin objects  
It be the livin word that's heard in your eardrums  
You gotta digest (Which king gotta die next?  
I'm on the street corner taking side bets  
>From set-trippin, Angels of Death slip in  
Which that cat wit the tech grippin  
We straight Crippin, blue flags and durags  
Other cats got they red out, cars sped out)

[Chorus 2: Killah Priest \*singing\*]

I am king of Bethlehem  
We sit upon the throne  
Thousands die before us  
This is a story of a fallen kingdom  
\*Repeat 2X\*

[Killah Priest]

A Full Moon glows, light reflects off of my Gold

Seven men with Shields of David on top of they post  
Soft wind blows, breath through my silk blue robe  
After I feast, fall asleep between my seven pillows  
Feel my eyes close, then a motion picture screen show  
See the world like looking through a foggy window  
See a large cliff of thugs, some Crips and some Bloods  
Neantha's, Latin kings, broken homes and shattered  
dreams  
They gather in teams around Jacob's Ladder  
Set up robots and make them scatter  
Cops watch them on they TV cameras  
They move in one manner  
When the speak, rhinos stand up  
Throw they hands up and make the cops take off they  
handcuffs  
Other thugs thats trapped up in back of vans and the  
bus  
On their way to Riker's, am I enlighther?  
It's now life, I'm put in ciphers  
ever since I was put in diapers  
Over six million passengers ships from Africa  
After the Jerusalem massacre  
After King Soloman we wore lavender  
See the David from the slaveships  
Now they call us Africans 'cause or skin match with  
them  
But that's a lot of foolish, so they can over rule us

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1: 2X]

[Hell Razah]

Knights at the square table, share bread at last supper  
Lost seek to fulfill their prophecies, suffer  
We discuss the proverbs in Soloman's words  
Livin in visions of Daniel, revelation dreams  
Hebrew kings choppin off the eagle wings  
Second excellence, no more, sex, lies, drugs and  
pestilence  
My evidence, my own testament, written on wood  
Twelve tribes layin at the head of corners in hoods  
Idol worshippers, blasphemers, thieves and murderers  
Adulterers, holdin sexuals in land burglerers  
New York City dressed pretty with 'lectricity  
Blackout, computers shut down, 2000 assed out  
Reset the internet chip, communication wit  
Gabrielle in a spaceship, from a basement  
Apocalypse child, wars any sore playground  
Jews and gentles, fed Generation X-Files  
Cuz me and wisdom got a loyal marriage

We not Africans, Indians nor we Arabs  
What?

[Chorus 1: 4X]

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