

Hell Razah

"Indian Giver"

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Yeah! G.G.O. Ghetto Government Official Yeah! G.G.O.
Yeah! [Hell Razah] They say I got a conscious flow A
box full of Optimus Got tell a bomb squad Sharon's
'bout to blow Plant a seed then water it and watch it
grow Since Bush stole the skull of Geronimo We roll
deeper then the Navajo wit calico My halo glow like a
U.F.O. I throw lava in volcano Kill how Cain did Abel wit
no label What you bringing to this round table? I sit
amongst Kings, Prophets and Black Angels Who speak
truth on our truce angles The youth dangle of a rope in
the prison cell We don't wanna sell dope but we living
in hell The Black male DNA from the blood cell I drink
up from the Holy Grail Can't even trust even a email
They got my name misspelled as El-Razial Written wit
the finger of God I'ma Rayon, rhyming aligning the
stars I'm the top shelf liquor by the bomb Cognac wit a
honey dip Cuban cigar (Chorus) Razah It go; one for the
money Two for the divas Three niggas snuck into the
club with their heaters Four more bottles of pop I'm too
killer My swag got iller The Black Pancho Villa I want my
spot back I'ma Indian Giver My flow be the Nile River I
deliver like liquor on a bad liver You ain't a killer you're
wired with a transmitter It go; one for the hungry Two
for the eaters Three more Presidents come to deceive
us World War IV; report to new leaders My swag got
iller The Black Pancho Villa I want my spot back I'ma
Indian Giver My flow be the Nile River I deliver like
liquor on a bad liver You ain't a killer you're wired with
a transmitter [Hell Razah] Check it, I spit a 62 kilo, you
not Gambino I'm Black Cherokee; it's locked like the c-
notes I watch for the egos and drop 30 c-notes 32 shots
in the the peek-hole These niggas wanna re-vote
Therefore I feed 'em to the revolt The Loc's and the
Young Bloods wit love for the revolt What you mad at
me for? I'm business like Nino My 16 blowing like C-4
Hide in the planes up in heat throat Legal or illegal we
gon' eat tho' At 15 we turning into Ninos Hoes in that
Christian Dior who sip semen befo' Come through the
door then she leaving in war Condoleezza Rice rolling
da dice and yo life George Bush wanna cheat on his
life its so trife It's still a plantation, slave making of a

Freemasons If you awake you'll see the son of Satan
(Chorus) Razah

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