

Hell Razah

"Millenium Warfare"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yeah, Renaissance Child, Bronze Nazareth
Make sure your turban cover your face

[Chorus 2X: Hell Razah]

We got to air it out, cock and squeeze, give me some
room to breath
We be those Huey P's, watching over little seeds
Air it out, cock and squeeze, vowels to meet the kings
We be those Maccabeez, throwing up angel wings

[Hell Razah]

Pass desert eagles to the last Hebrews
Who got knowledge of the good and evil, we see
through the deceitful
With eyes like a young Ezekiel, a holy people, addicted
to a dope needle
The prophecy of a black male as crack sales
We rebel after hearing Joy and Maxwell
So I act like Fidel over Israel
All hail to the nephew of Ismael
I raise Hell, anywhere, any hood that I dwell
Wake up to hearing shootouts and gun smells, burning
an L
We went from plainmen dwelling in tents, to paying
rent
In the project that smell like a pissy snakepit
Put on your warpaint, fatigues and brand new Timbs
Get your glocks out the block, and let's shoot off limbs
And they snakes when they grin, in they two-door Benz
I'm underground, no spins, and I still got wins
How many records you gon' make about you sitting on
rims?
We grown men, better step up your game and drop
gems
This ain't Mos Def, Kanye, Nas or Common
I'm a Sun of Man, Maccabee branch, so pay homage
No conflict, just happen we black and be conscious
Any comments, the hell that we raise, the violence
I'm just honest, true generals move in silence
So when you talk a whole lot you abuse my kindness

[Chorus 2X]

[Hell Razah]

All the prayers I gave, God should raise ya'll out of
these graveyards
My eight bars like Master Farrad
Sat in a car, banging Ray Charles, building on bank
cards
And while the brainwash, slaving for steam jobs
We had our faith robbed, mothers was chased for us
They had Malcolm on phone taps and tape recorders
Who can we trust now? When they don' raped
daughters
And manslaughtered the father figure with strong
liquor
Meanwhile the angel of death, became my baby sitter
It's like I'm Nat Turner going through a Bible Scripture
They took our black Jesus, and gave us Caesar's
picture
If cops shoot at niggas, that make us all sinners
So when I grab my AK, I pray the lord forgive us
We in the hood, ock, with Enoch walking with us
Just pyramid builders, but they don' made us killers
Murdered Pablo and framed us as drug dealers
Took Colombia's cocaine with no shame
And had Charlie Parker hitting his dope vein
And then it backfired to Kurt Cobain
You do the crime, do the time, you invented the game
I got no I.D., I switched up my government name
All of my thugs love to bang, we be one in the same
I got my sons coming up, so I wanted to change...
We gotta change somewhere man

[sample]

"All over this country, they cried
Men and women.. fathers and mothers
Cried for those who disappeared"

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Red Hook, it's Razah Rubies
The Renaissance Child, Brooklyn
I'm airing it out, from here on
Youknowwhatimasaying, we gon' continue on
The album don't stop here, knowwhatimsaying?
Ghetto Government, this is just what it is, man
This is life, in it's purest form
Ambassador, hip hop in it's purest form
That's my nigga right there.. it's been reborn

The rebirth, the Renaissance Child
Knowwhatimsaying? We Da Last Future
I'mma air it out, anytime you see me
Anywhere, any TV, any magazine, word up, man
Anywhere, anything you see me do, Maccabeez
You gon' know why I Hell Raze
You gon' know why they call me Hell Razah, aight?
Big up to Tribe of Judah

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