

Hell Razah

"Renaissance Ages"

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(Intro) Razah Renaissance Child But I gotta make a public announcement Kno'I'm'saying, this hip-hop shit need a change Kno'I'm'saying, word up, it's the Renaissance Age My pen is a lethal weapon right now My mind is dead on [Hell Razah] Yeah, understand my pain We only use a few percent of our brain The other half is paying rent and what the pen is to claim Your tax free street money is the name of the game But who to trust when the snake is the head of the game Gotcha mind manipulated not thinking is strange Let you spend your own money and you bring the change It's the art of seduction, a form of self-destruction That got my people where they cannot function Fifteen dropping out for careers of hustling I'm just speaking from the heart I don't need you to punch in No adlibs or hype-man, I'm not like them Get a deal, a few interviews, than write like him Got us feeling if you're dark you should be light-skinned Get a perm and talk proper just to win you an Oscar And have cats who be skateboarders thinking they're rastas I get offended when I see what they did to Jimi Hendrix We invented hip-hop wit a sentence, now it's a gimmick Big billion dollar business of talks of seven digits (Hook) Razah You're are all welcome to the Renaissance Ages You're are all welcome to the Renaissance Ages [Hell Razah] Each bar is Unforgettable like Nat King Cole In the Benz I lean low while blowing that green dro In these sheep and wool clothes, my flow redeem slow So I deal witcha niggas wit a ten feet pole Ga'head front like you ain't get it from me Just remember I'm street So when you spit it don't forget my receipt I tax write-off whateva you bite off All work no play; make a nigga take a permanent night off Get my rest on the Sabbath Day Then start fresh on a Saturday Wit holy more ratchets to spray Enough clips in the ashtray to roll you an L Coke sales couldn't stop us so they opened up jails Black males have role models but most of them failed Instead they gave us crack-heads, dealers and FEDS Some bled over the words that was written in lead Now they eating outta of our hands like pigeons for bread (Hook) Razah You're are all welcome to the

Renaissance Ages You're are all welcome; come one,
come all [Hell Razah] I'm international, bicoastal,
global like T-Mobile I'ma traveling man so I don't think
local Niggas saying it's hot before I lay vocals No "Yes
Men" in my circle, one of us will murk you It's Martial
Law in the hood; they got us all in curfew Riker's Island
got riots, send us some more turtles I'm universal, no
satellites, I move verbal The living word was written for
me to be eternal I had episodes hoes wrote it in their
own journals Private diaries saying how they'll ride for
me man Been on some business shit way before
Monopoly It's Deuteronomy days, so watch prophecy
(Hook) Razah You're are all welcome to the
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