

Hell Razah

"Runaway Sambo"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Run, man... hurry up, hurry up
They coming, they coming, man!
Keep going, keep going
Move, move, move, move, hurry up
Move, move... don't stop, don't stop
Hurry up, man... move, move, move, move
They gon' kill us, hurry up... uh
18 to 28...

[Hook: Hell Razah]

They got a bounty on my head and a tag for your toe
I'm here to sing a song, til they let my people go
Real about, turn about, my chrome forty four
Everytime I pull it out, it's fuck Jim Crow...

[Hell Razah]

It's like Moses and Pharaoh, now it's the Big Apple
I'm just a runaway slave, these devils can't tackle
We slippin' out of handcuffs and breaking out of
shackles
I'm Nat Turner in the mind of a time capsule
We not no Buckwheats or Little Rascals
Or Diff'rent Strokes, or whatever have you (watch your
mouth)
A lil' fame... a record deal don't make your freedom
If man don't live by bread alone, how we gonna feed
him
So I choose to bring the truth about the seed of Edem
But they swift with cunning words, and they still
deceive 'em
Your best rapper swinging 'yes, master', when they
beat 'em
Chris Columbus came with a fungus, recognize ya'll in
strength in numbers
They went from cowboys to bounty hounters, the FBI's
hopping out of Hummers
Taking your kids and your grandmothers
Your niece and nephews, and your baby brothers
Abraham Lincoln's and nigga lovers...

[Interlude: Hell Razah]
No matter how you see it

[Chorus: Hell Razah]
They try'nna tell me I can't blow, cuz I ain't tapdancing
like Sambo
My pants low from that Black Market commando
I stand poor righteous, truth and straight facts
Whoever ain't runaway slaves'll get snatched

[Interlude: Hell Razah]
Keep going... keep going...

[Hell Razah]
While it's wars in Lebanon, I write it like King David in
psalms
See I was born to the horns of Sara Von
It's Ariel Sharon, the suicide bomb
Nat Turner nightmares and chasing Uncle Toms
El Raziél, codename, be Metatron
I got 'em open like dope veins from methadon
Without a right to bare arms, I'm mentally the don
You can't fuck with the God, he's seven bars beyond
They love to hate it, and translate it and read it wrong
My definition is non-fiction, I rhyme different
Than your every day rap gimmick, design image
You invented a clone, a DNA digit, digit, digit

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Hell Razah]
Boo! Hurry up, hurry up, man
Hurry up, man

[Hook]

[Outro: Hell Razah]
We gotta make it out of here, man
Who are me, when are we gonna stop it?
And on that night (we gotta stop somewhere, man)
Seven men escaped... nowhere to be traced, nowhere
to be found
Go north, go north, they gon' hear us
They took the shackles off they hands
They took the chains off they feet
And they ran... and they escaped the wilderness

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