

Hell Razah

"Thankful"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yeah... yeah...

Yeah... Hell Razah... a/k/a... the Renaissance Child
Razah Rubies, the Rabbi

I wanna give a special thanks to everybody out there
That bout the album, you know, I appreciate that
For all the love and the support and everything,
knowlmean?

Yeah, wings up, throw ya M's in the air, let's go

[Hell Razah]

I'm bout that jackpot-jackpot, keeping my gat cocked
Still Red Hook like the G train, last stop
Where black cops take, a percentage from crack spots
Where fans online like I invented the laptop
My black Godfather to match my black revolver
With bullets that'll tear through your vest and body
armor

Get turned into martyrs and buried at funeral parlors
And covered up with make-up, keep, fucking our cake
up

Your moms'll be begging the lord for you to wake up
Like Harry Melvin and the Blue Notes, I'll give you two
pokes

Of gun smoke, from my toast, you get too close
This is BK, home of the bosses and kidnapers
Where ice like igloo, picks cold as Alaska
I spit that emerald, sapphire and jasper
I'm where the coke so white they call it Casper
And know all the drug kingpins became rappers
And labels wanna buy out artists to keep they masters
What's a royalty point with no loyalty
With CEO's wiping they nose, sniffing ya budget up
And tell you that you need more scams to bring your
numbers up

It's all recoupable, from your birth to your funeral
Streets a musical, pay your debts or they suing you
Back at shooting you, it's whatever's more suitable...

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

I wanna thank all my fans, for they love and support

Because it wouldn't be me without no records you
bought
I had to bring it back raw for the streets of New York
And leave something for these critics and these haters
to talk

[Hell Razah]

Am I a problem? A thorn in your side, a suicidal bomb
threat
Every morning you rise, and stored in your drive
And programmed to open your mind, I kosher the
rhyme
And pray it like a ghetto Rabbi, that stay on the grind
Before any label can sign, I'm doing numbers online
Matter fact, independently fine
Get off of my vine, and go find a mountain to climb
I'm where crime ain't illegal, with paid bills to feed you
And jars be firing, we, hire those people
Be stuck with the choice of the lesser of two evils
I'm camouflage, you know, I blend with the amazon
Project apartments, turn to pentagons
My sixteen bars, they study in synagogues
Made her shuffle tarot cards, and search for other
Gods
It's odd, but I'm the youngest nigga, ill, that's far
Cuz I ain't try'nna be Jay, Pac, Nas or Biggie Smalls
Keep my currency flowing like Niagera Falls
Get it cracking like the Berlin Wall, you hear the
Maccabee role call
Bullets travel in your like pinball
I'm banksta, all about deposits and withdrawals
A Fistful of Dollars, I advise you to get yours...

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Yo count your money, man... you got it? A hundred
thousand
Take that money (two hundred thousand) and go break
bread with ya niggas, man
Three hundred thousand, you good, you good
And teach 'em, all the same thing, no doubt son, yeah,
we all leaders
We gon' do it like this... Razah a/k/a the Renaissance
Child
I'd like to give a special thanks to the Most High
For waking me up this morning, for making everything
real, word up
I'm thankful for the simple things in life, knowhatimean
I'm thankful for being able to see out of my two eyes
right now
Hear out of both of my ears... both of them.. word up, I
love ya'll, man

Good looking for supporting the album too, man...

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