

## Carola Häggkvist

### "Hell's Kitchen"

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Hell's Kitchen

"My line of work is considered by some to be a...  
a tumor on society, be careful Mr. Magenta there are  
benign tumors,  
and there are others, that are very malignant..."

(Saafir)

Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle)

Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle, Nickatina) Yo

Mothafucka in here with some real Nickatine man...

(Andre Nickatina)

When the gat would hit, then the rhyme would spit

Gun nailed you to the crucifix

I ain't new improved man I'm true to this

Ain't nothin you can do to this

Chicken beg, mislead, caught a shot to the head

Instead we get high as a mothafuckin nigga yeah wit  
no dreads, no dreads

I get to plugging that, who Thuggin that

Gotta go drop a bug in that

Post up where the drugs is at

Yeah mothafucka where the lovin at

My computer brain is on high octane

Ripping like a rocket man

Block it try to stop it man

You'll end up in my pocket man

Bust like a bullet in a watermelon

What's the CD there you're selling

Better not be mine or mothafucka you gon' start to  
yelling

Fillmore rap academy, Bustin right at your sanity

Ammo and artillery, clock a major salary

Charge just like a battery, for assault and battery

Dead just like a battery, from this major battery

(Saafir)

I bang that West Oakland my colors the silver and black

Raider nigga got his stripes from the barber shop

where the filmed "The Mack"

Nigga I got them rules on my shirt and I'm deep in this  
game  
All angles spittin it so niggas don't get it confused with  
the fame  
Let me tap that blackness on your eyeball like "What  
the fuck you lookin at?"  
Then I got to remember, I'm strizzled and sacked and  
saucy off smack  
Bitch I ain't no contender, I been holding these  
championship rings  
Ammunition and big faces mothafucka I been  
"Ladeem"  
Niggas on the turf on American soil, gettin this  
American green  
Niggas hate 'cause I'm skyscraping the small shelf Bull  
pit cigarettes  
I promise a hospital harness, to be taken the farthest  
from this life  
Nickatine and Saafir, Sizzaline is the farthest on this  
mic

(Andre Nickatina)  
Walked out of court doin major bragging  
Bruce Lee down like danger dragon  
Blue jeans doin some major sagging  
Freak can bump hard in the station wagon  
Hot heavy and ready  
Garlic bread with the spaghetti  
Do it like Bo-Bo, with a fo-fo  
Ty fo-fo, Ty fo-fo  
Write to the gods like it's legendary  
Some might think its imaginary  
In the rap game freak I popped the cherry  
What you gotta say about that  
Keep it live a 45 number 2 pencil  
Get my solo wave, for the perfect gangsta  
instrumental, ya feel me  
Check it, load me up and then cock me back  
Then come right back with the counter rap  
He's bustin raps till he collapse  
Or at least until his chest plate crack

(Saafir)  
I ain't one of these bitch ass niggas  
that ain't from the town that spit what he don't do  
But I'ma let him bumble a little more then I'ma hip all  
my niggas to you  
You lyin about tryna be high that ain't fire that you  
spittin  
Purple haze a fake crook get cooked and burnt  
and baked the fuck up in Hell's Kitchen

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Purple haze a fake crook get cooked and burnt  
and baked the fuck up in Hell's Kitchen  
I know at his next show he'll be slipping, 'cause his  
guns ain't clicking  
He tryna shine like stadium lights I'ma leave this nigga  
ice dripping  
With some real heat star 6-70  
For a bitch ass Hollywood nigga that wanna become a  
star that's heavenly  
It's not hard, you can depend on me,  
Serving niggas like you, I'm the epitome  
Only difference I don't drink much  
And mothafuckas get deeply touched  
That think I give a fuck tryna get money  
but shit if you gotta get hit I'll dump your face off  
Have your ass under the Astroturf of some shit  
Crack that weak Halloween mask  
and stab your ass in a pumpkin, I'm dumping

West Oakland...Saaf Bizzle...

"Finished with the assignment, beautiful, excellent  
work, great work..."

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