

No Reason

"Intro - Hood for Life"

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[Movie Sample]:

Hey can I play ya boys a tune?
Go on old man, beat it
Come on, play one free...
{*gun shots*}
You son of a bitch
Get him out of here, get him out of here!
Let go of me
You white nigga
{*another gun shot*}

[Newscast]:

...they make you unpopular at sleepovers but...
...researchers at a clinic in Franklin, Germany found...

[Hell Razah]:

Straight ghetto nigga, 718 to the 303 bitches

It's all about drug shipments, welfare recipients wait
for Clinton
Meanwhile we got no food in the kitchen
Grandmother's turn Christian
Try to warn you but you ain't listen
Now it's phone calls from prison
Daddy little girl is missin', 13 when she started kissin'
She came in late, pops was flippin'
Mama's boy, sold his cracks to be employed
A lonely sin, we caught in this trap, to be destroyed
Lookin' out a cab window, the same babies in the
carriage
Now sell endo, carry ya info, ya sore losers
They can't win so they spray rumors
Corrupt cops either lock or shoot us
We love the hood where the ghetto respect, Nat Turner
The burner be my mind first amendment
Said it cuz I meant it, don't care about those who get
offended
I rock like Jimi Hendrix, me and my kin drip
Street corner experts, in jeans and a sweatshirt
Teammates kick dirt for cream and the network
We back and get stab for that cash money bag

You ain't a thug cuz a chain, gun and doo rag
New car, new lab, powerful weed just two drags
Puffin' on the regular, be careful who you follow yo
Someone to push a Bentley, but they ain't ready though
Someone to be an MC, and on the radio
Some sell +Yae Yo+, it's tricks in they ghett-i-o
Bitch where my cash go, you just like the last ho
Guilliani fuckin up the crack flow, we let gats blow
Switch the colors on the capsules, turn projects to
castles
You ever heard of the Black Jews, you see us on the 6
o'clock news

[Chorus 2X - Hell Razah]
It's all real in the hood I'm in (*3X*)
Niggas live here, niggas die here

[Hell Razah]
I was raised inside hell, last heard, +Supreme
Clientele+
Find me in the jungle where the lions dwell
Bust my gun til my palm got a iron smell
You'se a dick head to think that I ain't sell
The streets is death row, you Al Gore die in jail
I got a flow like Myriam's Well
My dean mayor blood sells, relate to the Tribe of Israel
From a twelve inch I can ring bells
No gimmicks, take a rap superstar behind limits
Make you talk about the new God who sound different
Niggas hate it when Sharon spit
I put the aim on the target, walk up, make sure I hit it
All I need is 4 minutes, to fuck bitches
And to scream on critics, ya can't fuck wit it
I leave ya writers blocked up, don't stuck wit it
So sick of goin' in, it's all business
Niggas like to buy shit before Christmas
2002 I'm sellin 4 disses
I give life to the death wisses, breath of life to the
death kisses
I'm one shot, no misses

[Chorus 2X]

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