

O.A.R. "Hot Line"

Visit "[Hot Line](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo what's up man
Yo just maintainin
Just chillin
Goin through the same shit, that's all
Yo I got, I found this paper, knawhatimsayin?
Talkin about that alluminati stuff, some new world
order
Some psychic hotlines or
Let's give her the call see what's up
(numbers dialed)
(ring)

Chorus: Hell Razah
Hello, my psychic hotline
Dial 1-900 Free-Ya-Mind, Da Last Future, call us up if ya
blind
We don't need a phone to communicate with minds
It's Hell Razah, hello my psychic hotline

YO we got some callers, son
Let's pick up the first caller, the first caller

Hello, my psychic hotline

We got the first caller

[Hell Razah]
Hello pranksters, too many gangsters in hip hop
Without knowledge, it's like a pyramid built that ain't
solid
Ya ass will get blown away demolished
You better study more jewels than college, I promise
Who dare double dare to true scare those with peace
street consequence
To eat, rather West Coast than Middle East
You be marked by the beast,
that decrease that black race that increase
Too much ocean, it get deep
For dreamers that's asleep
Blessed be the meak, I be the strong first to weak
The wolf vs. the sheep, to fight and like cowboys and

indians
Cops and criminals, American citizens vs. aliens
I dug up more lies than libarians
Here I be Sha the King of the Israelians
Use your little two ears to hear me in
In the meanwhile, Razah reptiles, get exou, who try to
bite us
With their poisonous, Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars,
always be the noisest
Now you got riot squad, surrounded the house of God
Pullin out their shotties, Illuminati agents
Tryin to devine and conquer, ya heavenly body
I study my roots while ya party
And get drunk off of Bacardi
And rentin Ferrari's, a hell safari
North America wilderness, Zoo York where animals
stalk
And work for the devil without a pitch fork
Sellin pork of all sort, trying to kill off our righteous
thoughts
Now the wicked is fallin, hold on somebody else is
calling
Somebody is calling

Chorus

"Yo I got things messin with my mind man"

[Hell Razah]

Psychic Hotline, the next caller, call from the south of
the border
Needed information on the new world order
"I got a daughter and a son and gun
Which way should I go, Heaven is too high"
Hell is too low, hello, I come forth in White Rose for
Black Justice
The untrusted, they get convicted, I predicted
Ever since I was affected from the house of the wicked
Razah mental dead, swingin my double edge swords
takin heads
I'm givin vampires garlic bread
Mattresses for they death bed
I see three sixes inside ya forehead
With the same aim as a infa red
And slaves hang off they last thread
Before the spread of bloodshed
It goes that be spoon fed, treasures of the wicked
Prophet, nothin of the gifted
Im from the city where the streets are gold
The young and the old, all thrones
Made the presses gems and stones

All rise, let me exercise
The adrenaline for the millenium, devils they be kill 'em
I'm healin them
Give them my competitors, face of the Syrians
Draggin opponents through oblivion
Taught by the teacher of experience
You and your seed need to be camouflage like fatigue
Cuz degree and thieves be makin judgements on
stolen land
The Children Of Izrael, expand in the village of the
damn
I meditate on Mount Fuji inside Japan
Never let ya left know about ya right hand
Understand don't bite it, I write it
With thoughts of psychic, with hotlines

Interlude:

Let me use, let me ask a question
How long uses were on the phone damn
(more arguing)
I got some questions that want to be answers
I wanna know about the ebonics
Ebonics?
I can tell you about the shit
Ebony?
What that ebonics stand for
Devils wanna know
Bout to go outside

Chorus

Visit [O.A.R.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.