

## Pharoahe Monch "Hell"

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Follow for now, for no formidable fights  
I've been formed to forget  
For Pharaoh fucks familiar foes first  
Befo' fondlin' female MC's fiercely  
Focus upon the facts  
That facts can be fabricated to form lies  
My phonetics alone forces feeble  
MC's into defense on the fly

Feel me, for real-a  
Let's get the skrilla's out the hands of these gorillas  
Make the whole world feel us  
From the crack to the cap peelers  
To the niggaz in the back  
Shootin' craps with the Axe-wheelers  
Relax till it's, time for the immaculate miraculous  
Thirteen, oow, the illest!

To all my niggaz who been shitted on, let's get it on  
Think I'm gonna let it hang, and sit it on  
The desk of any redneck record exec  
I strike 'em wit' the right hand, send 'em a step  
And this is  
(Hell!)

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(Hell!)

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(Hell!)

This is Hell, incest kids under pressure  
In the corner clutchin' they genitals by the dresser  
A hundred CC's of the uncut cleanest  
In the vein, twenty-four hours of intravenous  
To the left, we have right wing extremists  
On a screen a man exposes his breasts with no penis  
Martinez, probably  
Just as raw as Lady Saw Esocidae

This is  
(Hell!)  
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This is, this is, this is, this is  
This is, this is, this is, this is

Yo, yo, I feel like I'm one of the livest  
One of hip hop's finest, elite rhymer and I plan to  
graduate wit honors  
But one day we'll all be a bunch of old-timers wit  
Alzheimer's  
Lookin' at our label's roster wonderin' how the fuck they  
forgot us  
After we done recorded dozens of albums  
And made 'em hundreds of thousands of dollars, they  
still dropped us  
We givin' niggaz what the fuck they want

A holocaust, stompin' niggaz with a thousand man  
march  
I ain't livin' in hell, hell's livin' in me  
That's why, I'm always screamin' on you fuckin' MC's  
The shit that I quote, float wit the buoyancy of a boat  
With the potency of a scorpion sting to the throat

Overdose that's extremely fatal  
Doctors in white lab coats scramble for an antidote to  
save you

You can't breathe, your chest feels painful  
Your skin color's goin' from dark brown to beige-blue  
Your whole room's full of angels  
All in your ear tryin' to tell you which God you should  
pray to  
You pray to Jesus, but He don't wanna save you  
'Cuz you unfaithful, so He gives you to Azazel

You're paralyzed on the operatin' table  
Prayin' for Cannibals to slice you from head to navel  
You banned from TV, banned from CD's  
Banned from DVD's and down loadable MP3s!

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