

## Mão Morta

### "Hellraizer"

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Cash was on my mind at a early age growin up to fast  
Lookin out for ways to stay paid  
God bless the child that has his own I was told  
So every single day the dope was sold  
I never liked school cuz this shit was never real for me  
I rather hang out with niggas that was down to kill for  
me  
Never stood still long enough to have stability  
Never to advantage of my athletic abilities  
Only way up out the ghetto for a blacc man  
Is to either play a sport know how to sing, rap, or dance  
The only other option is to join a gang or slang yola  
Hangin out with the other high rollas tryin to get your  
poccets swoll  
Look at the competition, the mission is to get rich  
As quicc as possible and turn your cash legit  
But the you make could be your last  
You'll always have the jaccers and craccers out to bust  
your ass  
So don't be slippin  
Livin the life styles of the rich and famous  
I keep my hands clean stayin blameless it's scandalous  
but I'm shameless  
All I want to do is stacc the cream  
Ever since I was a little nigga that was my dream

(Chorus)

Pants been saggin ever since I was a seventh grader  
Poccet full of roccs and a Sky pager  
A nigga had dreams of comin up major  
Nothin but a little ass hellraizer  
Been saggin ever since I was a seventh grader  
Poccet full of roccs and a Sky pager  
A nigga had dreams of comin up major  
Nothin but a little ass hellraizer

Fucced around and caught my homegirl ovulatin  
Threw a cold twist on the whole situation  
Now I got to figure out a way to break the Genius  
World record for makin cash  
Cuz now I got a baby in my business

Call up the essay  
Go down to (S)Toccton say  
"Throw it on the scale"  
1000 grams is what it weighs  
Getting 10 g's cuz he shows me love  
Mucho gracias senior  
Adios, and then I'm up out the door  
It's bacc to Sac, time to make the paper stacc  
Standin in the kitchen, palms itchin cookin up the  
chiccen  
11-3-51 narcotic  
85% pure product, let it rocc up  
My stoccs up a grip  
600 buccs a zip  
Fucced up and slipped and the taskforce dipped  
Caught a young nigga with a quarter pound of "D"  
Got a deal for 3, entered a guilty plead  
Now I'm in the "Pen" stressed out San Quinten  
Lady bout to have a nigga baby any minute  
32 months I got to do  
Then I'll be bacc on the streets with my crew, thought  
cha knew

(Chorus)

Fresh out "Pen" once again on the loose  
My lady had my baby and she's already duce  
Bacc in the hood and ain't a damn thang change  
All the same niggas stugglin tryin to survive in the  
game  
I got to get mine but is landmines in the streets  
Take the wrong move and get swept off your feet  
My baby got to eat and I'ma provide  
Even if I got to ride or die  
I ain't down with minimum wage so mutha fucc a 9 to 5  
I'm duccin the cops like Marco Polo  
My tightest dog died when I was a mobile  
So now I'm rollin solo  
Loco in the membrane never been tamed and never  
will be  
And I'm hustlin to the day a nigga kills me

(Chorus)

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