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## Saafir ''Hell's Kitchen''

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"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
Gotta nail you to the crucifix
I ain't new improved man I'm true to this
Ain't nothin you can do to this
Chicken head, 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 or 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, talk 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 dangerous dragon

Blue jeans doin some major sagging Speakers bump hard in the station wagon Hot heavy and ready Garlic bread with the spaghetti Do it like Bo-Bo, with a fo-fo Times fo-fo, Times fo-fo Write to the gods like it's legendary Some might think it's imaginary In the rap game freak I popped the cherry What you gotta say about that Kick it live like a 45 number 2 pencil Give my soul away, 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 might 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 hot 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
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 hot 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 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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