

Gumz f/ Hell Razah

"The Furnace"

Visit "[The Furnace](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro) Razah

Yeah, there comes a day and a time man
When we gon' take back what's ours (Yeah)
Yo chop his head off man and give it back to him, man

[Gumz]

Yo, yo, Ghost is a Pharaoh, ferocious
Shoot a broken arrow inside your bone marrow
Over phone tarot readings, mothafucka I'ma be in the
light
You ain't seeing what I bring to the mic?
Got a fresh set of skills, kills like a mass murderer
You ain't heard of me? About to be hurting ya
My rhymes are on another level
Take the elevator to the top floor, boost space down
tremble
Never settle, everything I spit is hot burning
Cats call my studio the furnace
Shit is real, mothafuckas trying to get a deal
Spitting pop shit, where's the hip-hop shit?
I miss that, when cats use to spit fucking three minute
verse
And it wasn't for a purse
You're fucking with the wrong dude
Take this shit too serious, I hear the radio, I'm in a bad
mood
I'ma live it, word's vivid, so committed to this rap shit
I'm about to be committed

(Chorus) Gumz

We set it off in the furnace
Don't know the name, better learn it
You want respect in this game?, you gotta earn it
Ghost stay fucking with the G.G.O.
Razah on the track, and you're about to see me blow
We set it off in the furnace
Don't know the name, better learn it
You want respect in this game?, you gotta earn it
Ghost stay fucking with the G.G.O.
Razah on the track, and you're about to witness the
show

[Hell Razah]

Renaissance Child, (Yeah), Razah Rubiez

Put on your banksta mode and fall back
Watch me get into my zone
I ain't popped off yet and already been cloned
Young Christ when I write niggas picking up stones
And New York be the modern day Rome
Sit in my throne, young King David
I'm most hated but I still made it
And you're a flock that've been overrated
I ain't plugged into no Matrix
I smoke weed with the smile of faces
It's either Heaven or we Hell Raz[ing]
Holding hostages and gun waving
Tell Bush no negotiating
'Cause they still owe repercussions
I'm underground Where there's train stations
For my brain there will be no placements
Only God know what I'm thinking
Another dollar every hour that your eye blinking
Free the slaves, black Abe Lincoln
Only thing is that my pants hanging
And be with killers that be gang-banging
Black Angels with form faces
24 elders above the hell shelters of Satan

(Chorus) X2

[Hell Razah]

Yeah, Maccabeez, it's going to be a massive body
count

(Sunz of Man, Ghost, yeah)

We stomp you niggas

Visit [Gumz f/ Hell Razah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.