

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple

"Angel Tears"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

"Rock that shit homey" - sample
2003, yeah, "yeah, y'all", it's on now
It's bout to go down, 20-03, no doubt
G.G.O., get your coats

[Hell Razah]

On the dirty blocks of Red Hook, we learned to get our
first checkbook
Be a crook, let the cocaine cook
Little brothers turn to workers, cops draw guns
So they search us, and question us about the murders
Until they figure, why, God cursed us
And that this wicked world was never worth us
We show respect, to the ones who birthed us
Took care of us, on welfare, we gold now, belchin' from
beers
Smoke weed in the project stairs
Half my peers, got hit with like, fifteen years
And the age we was at, was like, sixteen years
Grades was callin', hopin' if the slay's was fallin'
Has the ghetto take the lives of those, made for ballin'
Layin' in coffins, cries to the church organ
Some will hustle til six in the morning
Just for the fortune, for a new whip, invented for
flossin'
Cop the Benz, from the auto auction
we broke his window with a piece of porcelein
Stay strapped for them jealousy cats
Lay they heads, same place they do they felonies at
You ain't the only one who sell crack, and got gats
Alotta niggaz got that, some left with death and never
got back
Some will cock back, and pop that, so pop shit without
that
Be careful what you follow if you ain't about that

[Interlude: sample]

"We lookin' at the words that you dealin' with
remember
The beginning was the word... the beginninng of your

illusion

Is based upon, the construct of land, and how
language is used
Or misused, and how you are ignorant, to how a
language is used"

[Hell Razah]

Age of 12, I played with them brothers in hell
Only role models that I had, was dead or in jail
Crack sales make a black male, wanna be twelve
Six hundred Benz, shittin' with a hot female
All I wanna do is make records, and pay my bills
Why I gotta be a hater, cuz I say what I feel?
I say a prayer than I aim, before I can wave at will
You gonna make me wanna kill, y'all delay y'all deal
Hurry up, and get them contracts, that's for real
Or I'mma have to pull out thirty eight, stainless steel
4th Disciple cook a beat up, and watch you spill
Hot lava, my throat burn, like straight shots of vodka
Ready to ride, like Big Poppa, I put the curse on
witchdoctor
It's 2G, you better spit proper, and I don't care if your
shit is Prada
You make no sense to this big dollar, I want the cash
money, fuck an Oscar

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