

## **Hell Razah & 4th Disciple**

### **"House-Pitality"**

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Uh, uh-huh, one-two and, 4th Disciple, yea  
Razah Rubies, and, this how we do it, yea, one-two  
One-two and, G.G.O., yeah

[Chorus 2X: Hell Razah]

It goes, hoes love you for that money you make  
Show me some house-pitality, when we come in you  
state  
Ghetto Government, we strugglin', for food on our  
plate  
We all hustlin', the doublin', the little we make

[Hell Razah]

I get weed high, I get Hennessy drunk  
I clothesline you rap niggaz like an elephant trunk  
My wisdom's bleedin' every month, seven days  
untouched  
We got stuck by the same ones who claim to be us  
We can't die, multiply, the most high, we trust  
You lie, we bust, forty-five's will tie you up  
Calculate the proper measurement, to size you up  
Matter fact, I heard the government done wired you up  
You like to hide around wickedness to wise you up  
Not knowing Christ coming here to rise you up  
One line be like a hundred g's, I'm huntin' M.C.'s  
Battle me, all I'm gonna do is go up in fee's  
How the baddest hoe you know, go below on her knees  
My family, Maccabeez, here to gather the seeds  
Took my Queen out the Kingdom, and put her in jeans  
New York, New York, big city of schemes  
Me and her, love to ball, like a basketball team  
Remind me of the nine, with the infered beam  
Too much pussy screams, diamond ring fillings  
To get a king set up, and wet up for CREAM

[Chorus 2X]

[Hell Razah]

Young cubs in the jungle, with a bundle of drugs  
Caught 'em slippin' in the hotel, brains in the tub

Room service came with more than just, some towels  
and grub  
Don't you never mix your business up, with fallin' in  
love  
Money break hearts, that's why the poor be holdin' a  
grudge  
Until we rise, we gonna stay in front of the judge  
All the corner hustlers, we were Kings til they rushed us  
Brought us to the North America's, and handcuffed us  
Medicaid, food stamps, welfare, WICK, to benefit  
Got us on some 'fuck the President' shit  
Ghetto Government, fake niggaz can't run with it  
Ain't not rich without the poor, son, it's one strugglin'  
What you wanna hear? Flossin' and shootin'?  
Prostitution, and drug abusing, buying and stealing  
with car re-using  
Who's producin' it? Studio spot, we did the music in  
What guns I got, how many shots, do my clip hold  
The Sunz of Man go gold or not, and do we owe alot  
Sip Mo' alot, follow in and callin' the shots  
26 years ago, I was inside of my pops  
One drop, '03, here to blow up the spot

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Take your hat off and you show your respect man  
State to state, man, straight up man  
Nighttime dark shit, nigga

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