

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple

"Oh! Baby"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

"Baby..." One-two

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

Everybody on the right hand side
I wanna see y'all niggaz get live in the party tonight
All my niggaz on the left hand side, I know your high or
I know you came to the club, to not die
All my niggaz in the center, I came to enter
In the, middle of your brain cell, it's me, Hell Razah
Article one, hit the streets nigga
4th Disciple, and we got the rifle

[Hell Razah]

I pull in wolves like Adolf Hitler, for my two brothers
And two sisters, I tattoo scriptures
Love my seed, like I love the Lord
I was thirteen, when I first record, now I'm back with a
heavier sword
It's either rap, crack, or basketball
Young kings wanna gun sling, and snatch earrings
Eighty seven, it was microphone fiend, and crack king
We used to battle on the lunch room table, before
labels
Now they pay us, so the radio play you
You're a lame nigga, and you know, we know the truth
And we back, and we back in the booth, first recoup
Then recruit, now salute, we on the loose, ain't ready to
shoot
Blueberry in our Timberland boot, I'm livin' proof
Tell your A&R we burnin' his coupes
My lifestyle is danger, Hell Razah, let the name linger
Touch my throat, and I cut off ten fingers
The street's I'm from, son, everybody's steamers
Smokers and heavy drinkers, slingers and chain
swingers
I'm one of those, Red Hook cats, set up a track
Bring your soul to another world, you'll never come
back
It be that government that made us like that, gave me a
gat

I be excuses every ghetto inside, is fallen at
Got the chick high off of contact, keep the windows up
Whoever rollin' with me in here, throw your singles up
It's loyalty over money, bitches, and keys
Backstab me, snatch his arms out the both of his
sleeves
Chain and command, explained from a brain of a man
We go to war, like the Arabs'll do, from Pakistan
Matter fact, like the Sun of Man would, from Bethlehem
Drop a jewel that the children out in school, can
understand

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

All my brothers on the right hand side
I wanna make sure y'all leave out this party alive
And all my ladies on the left hand side, that got a drop
and
Hold it down, cause we don't got nine lives
All my people in the center, I came to enter
In the middle of your brain cell, it's me, Hell Razah
Article one, hit the streets nigga
4th Disciple, and we got them rifles

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