

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple

"One Harmony"

Visit "[One Harmony](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Hell Razah]

We bout to blow it, yeah, Rebel Music, raise your hand
up

4th Disciple, G.G.O., 4th Disciple, G.G.O.

Razah, G.G.O., Razah G.G.O.

4th Disciple, G.G.O., Malachi, G.G.O.

[Hell Razah]

I got them scared I'mma shine, because my mind be
ahead of it's time

I be the future, terrorist to niggaz that sign

Got more than Valentine, twelve contract binds

We my guns outta Palestine, to silence my nine

It's either God or the the devil, better balance your
mind

The Black Libra, raise amongst crack leaders

If the Hebrews is Jews, it's a Black Jesus

So I'mma tear Satan's kingdom down like Shirley

Ceaser, dedicated to the great achivers

The late comers and the early leavers, get it early, I
ain't wordly neither

Archangel in this armageddon, who be a calm weapon

More deadly than the bomb threaten, rock the mic til
my palms sweating

We be the bride, walkin' to God's wedding, all I gave
was brotherly love

Now they act, wired and bugged, like CIA's supplying
them drugs

Who can trust in these last days, hold ya breath when
the gas sprays

My projects is a crack maze, that was built for a black
slave

To keep us heading to a fast braid, same shit different
last names

Ya'll gettin' caught up in this rap game, rap game

[Chorus 2X: Hell Razah]

I'm reality, poverty, poetry, prophecy

Honesty, pain that's in one harmony

Pardon me, for the steppin' on toes

But we ain't came here to bag your hoes, we came to

bring back soul

[Interlude: Hell Razah]

Yeah, Sunny Jewels that be G.G.O.

Killah Priest, that be G.G.O.

Prodigal Sunn, be G.G.O.

60 Sec., that be G.G.O.

Shabazz, that be G.G.O.

This be G.G.O.

[Hell Razah]

Roll out the red carpet, insert the cartridge

I got a hunger like a hostage, in Kosovo, run and tell so
and so

Bop your head to my promo, we went from water guns
to four-fours

To breakin' government through barcodes

Now it's man verse computer, eight thousand CC's of
brain

You fell in love with what you can't even claim

I can't maintain to watch no blood suckers campaign

Prayers and pain, for months turn to tear drops of rain

I stay ghetto like the A train, survived all this crack and
cocaine

And still alive so we can rap and complain

Now we done dropped out to get cream, since school
teachers is turning to fiends

Strip dancers comin' out they g-strings

Nice thighs in them iceberg jeans, projects we the
nation of kings

You too fly, then I'mma clip wings, we go to work while
others'll sling

Audi's and teens, and d's smoke weed til it's dark and
cloudy

Don't fuckin' crowd me, I'm too deep, you can't count
me

Ask Bush while we flippin', and we gettin' rowdy

We the last one left up in this King's country

We the last one left up in this King's country

[Chorus 2X]

Visit [Hell Razah & 4th Disciple](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.