

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple

"Underground to Da Heavens"

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[Sample from some interview]

As a writer of young, I know you have influence in your
writin

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yo that's that nigga right there
Yo I feel this right here
For the street heads
That's that nigga from the Sunz of Man right there
Eh yo, I'm feelin that cat
I gotta drink to this here
Hell Razah, 9th chiddle
This nigga doin the solo shit
About to blid up

[Chorus x2: Hell Razah]

This how it go down, millenium child
Underground to Da Heavens, the Hell Razah stay
reppin
I got this game locked - no question
I thank God for every last blessin
Until it's Armageddon

[Hell Razah]

I'm more advanced than computer technology, invade
your privacy
Interruptions with no apology, take your mind for a
great odyssey
Drop a fishnet, so follow me where the prophets be
Hollywood be astronomy, adul-atry rap
The battle axe split your wig back
Blood drip, leavin the track
I got pressin plants scared to put me on wax
From a thought to a debt-trap and two inch reels
Wanna catch up where I'm at? Renew your skills
Concentratin on my next move, lose your deal
Stay on tour like a homeless traveller
Some be wildin out their character
They wonder why the ghetto's mad at ya
I be the champion without a challenger

My .40 caliber take your next days of the Roman
calendar
Hangin rappers by their gold chain, at a close range
Scratch your name off the contract, get out of the
game
Pull your plug out from backstage on Soul Train
I be a threat at a young age, the Hell to the Raze
Solid rays be the diamond that your girl can't appraise
To the most high in Christ, from my life give him praise

[Interlude: Hell Razah]

All my out of state niggaz get money to this
And all my on the corner niggaz get money to this
And all my weed smokin bitches get money to this
And all my drinkin ass bitches get money to this
And all my Hell Razah niggaz get money to this
And all my niggaz feelin this get money to this

[Hell Razah]

We live the poverty life, fightin for sovereignty rights
It's hard to be nice and let a snake lie to me
I put a worm on a fishin hook to see if you bite
These lyrics I write is for the ones believin in Christ
We in the last nights of cars, chicks, weed and dice
Children of darkness, can't achieve the light
You rather, cut off your hand before receive this mic
I only bleed for my G-G's who breathe a life
Ain't nothin changed in this Garden Of Eden
We mad for a reason
Niggaz that I trust will try to stop me from eatin
Like I was Malcolm X, son, they tried to stop me from
speakin
I'm the livin word, death couldn't stop me from teachin
Can't see 'em like the oxygen you breathin, solo or
legion
2000, everybody schemin late in the evenin
Crackheads on store corners look for drugs on us
My team got criminal lawyers bound before us
We Ghetto Government 'til the world fall in love with it
Don't sleep on the man's humbleness
Don't forget the 5000 I fought you with, from the
orphanage
For the street I recorded it, so you could walk with it
Got playas wanna war with it, floss or shot call with it
Every time you hear me, son, I'm comin raw with it

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Hell Razah]

What? What? Come on
Yeah, side to side

All my niggaz in their whips and shit
All my niggaz with their walkmans on
All my niggaz with their radios on
Yeah, uh
Apocalypse 2000

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