

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

### **"Way of Life"**

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

G.G.O., Ghetto Government Official

Razah, 4th Disciple

[Chorus 2X: Hell Razah]

Hip hop is a way of life, it's in my breath

The way I, breathe and step, not the way I dress

East to west, throw your arms right to left

Give me a mic and a crowd, and a turntable set

[Hell Razah]

Alotta niggaz turned thugs, after 2Pac died

Puttin' dust in they weed, after they heard How High

KRS was the main one, I heard Stay Wise

Before, N.W.A., you never thought of drive-by's

Slick Rick was the kingpin of all fly guys

Rakim kept it civilized, now it be Nas

Kool G. Rap made rhymes for the organized crimes

On the Road to they Riches, sellin' nickels and dimes

Cypress Hill made you feel, How Can I Just Kill a Man

Niggaz turned killers after Wu-Tang Clan

Startin' formin' into groups, so they can put on they

fam

Puff Daddy had you samplin' old records to dance

Biggie Smalls made you ball after One More Chance

The radio promotin' death, until there's no more fans

Alotta playas wanna play, but the game is advanced

The true culture of this hip hop, let's spread it to France

M.O.P., kept it hardcore, from Onyx to DMX

Now it's on Soundscan sells and BDS

When the Fat Boys, to Big Punisher and Fat Joe

EPMD, to me was, the best duo

Nah, Run-DMC, still be number uno

Now every artist that you know, wanna drop solos

Half naked to sell records, in magazine photo's

[Chorus 2X]

[Hell Razah]

Back to '83, the era of the Treacherous Three

When the Cold Crush, bumrushed the Force MD's

Now the pussy is free, but the crack cost money, oh  
yeah  
Melle Mel, brought the mentals, but we couldn't digest  
it  
Cause all the niggaz in the eighties started gettin'  
arrested  
Sugar Hill caught an ill deal, Rapper's Delight  
Back when artists got signed just for grabbin' the mic  
Kangols and rope chains, this when LL came  
Ain't nobody had a metaphor like Big Daddy Kane  
Public Enemy was deep before Do the Right Thing  
MC Shan had Queensbridge under his wing  
Marley Marl did The Symphony, it blew instantly  
Made hip hop history, now it's industry  
Everybody either look alike, or sound gimmicky  
Not noticin' the energy was hid' in Tennessee  
Never thought they ever see a young black Master P  
Go to France and see a white boy blacker than me  
Suge Knight or Eazy-E, had black labels  
Why the rest eat the crumbs off the master's tables

[Chorus 2X]

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