

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple f/ Trebag

"We Can Do That Too"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

(Yeah, y-y-yeah, yeah)

(Yeah yeah, y-y-yeah yeah)

H E double L, raise 'em up, what?

(Yeah) Come on, know what I'm sayin?

(It's like the blind leading the blind)

Niggaz be walkin around with blind folds on

Thinkin it was all good, right?

They thought, thought we wasn't gon' continue on
right?

But y'all niggaz fell asleep

[Hell Razah] + (Trebag)

When you thought it was the winter time it started to
chill

(We keep it hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)

A lot of cats stop bein hungry after they deal

Let's get money, we make it sweet

(Stop stop s-stop stop s-stop stop)

Ain't no comin up in Red Hook thinkin you ill

They try to come back to the neighborhood

(We got it locked locked I-locked locked I-locked
locked)

Y'all can shine for these ho's wit cha diamonds and
wheel

Tell y'all have a little fun right now)

(Until it drop drop d-drop drop d-drop drop)

[Hell Razah]

I stay street like a bodega

Razah be the alpha to ya omegas

Y'all gettin nosy like my old neighbors

Did he blow? Do he drive?

Talk about me every time I pass by

Sippin my wine with the fiery eyes

Armageddon movin close by

I toast to the only Most High

Here to stomp out egos and pride

Soon to blow like when worlds collide

Me and music be a groom and the bride

I catch niggaz when they real high

Walkin out they studio time
Ain't no comin out, I gotta choose tai
From hearin new rhymes, pack two nines
When I decide whoever that - givin bad rhymes
Those with double minds better choose sides
God amendment, my father house is mini-mansions
Price of life, it ain't worth gamblin or chancin
It ain't over 'til I bring my camp in
Cut ya heads off like the braids of Samson

(Yeah yeah y-yeah)

[Chorus: Hell Razah]
Y'all wanna blow in the first week?
We can do that too
Y'all wanna start your own label?
We can do that too
Y'all wanna drive bangin whips?
We can do that too
Y'all wanna open bank accounts?
We can do that too
Y'all wanna take up all the chicks?
We can do that too
Y'all wanna represent your hood?
We can do that too too too

[Hell Razah (Treibag)]
What the fuck you thought? I wasn't comin back with
ghetto super
Niggaz changed cause they got a little ad in The
Source
Play the game, fuck the fame, put yo brains in yo beef
lo mein's
Scared niggaz better tuck in ya chains
Street cats turned industry now, just to be down
And still can't be heard if they signed with Loud
A lotta ho's when they in ya weed clouds, unbutton they
blouse
Waitin to be the first draft pick out the crowd
It's just a circus cause y'all some fashobi clowns
You know damn well you owe and that you stole that
crown
Your mindstate hold infinite rounds, surround sound
When I let off, ya grandmoms a getty get down
I kick shit that make a lyricist lounge sniff you out like a
bloodhound
For comin up wit wack ass styles
Remember me like ya address
We're leavin you with holes in ya vest (BA BLAOW!)
And droppin bombs like I'm rollin with Flex

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