

Hell Razah & Blue Sky Black Death

"Painted Jezebels"

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{*explosion*}

[Hell Razah]

About to blow like an Arab in Tel-Aviv
However do you want it, the knife or the Desert E?
Meet after call, I recall as a felony
Chicks give brain, wanna drain my energy
Must be that hypnotic mixed with Hennessey
Incredible Hulk be the green weed I smoke in the bulk
Maccabee be a family, they think we a cult
I'm killin' them kin folk, gon' check they blood pulse
They be leavin' out the club smellin' like blunt smoke
She be four-fifth holdin' inside her fur coat
Sniff coke in the bathroom
Wanna know who I be and who I'm signed to
I'm like lemme remind you, I shine like jewelry that
blind you
Reload and knock off somebody behind you
Chicks, wanna taste Raze up in their tonsils
I spit on a level that you can't even climb to
Even if you sniffin' cocaine in ya nostril
R-A-Z-A-H, they gon' hate
What it take him a week, I do in one take
Like patty cake, patty cake, the baker's man
Nine glock on a homey's waist, tucked in his pants
He like the Stark act at eighty-eight to shoot up the jam
Art of War get it poppin', not liftin' a hand
I got fans, fuck fans, and I'm still killin' soundscan
Now they're on their iPhones comin' up with sound
scams, sue them

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

I make it to do what it do
Yeah, I make it do what it do
Rubiez, I make it do what it do

[Hell Razah]

I hit the club with a charm with some weed in my Louie
Betton
Lemme show you what to do with a song
I ain't spit two bars and y'all doin' it wrong

Got mami bent over while I'm viewin' the thong
We done slipped up in the club with the thirty-eight long
And we blowin' on that diesel that's too damn strong

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

We make it do what it do
Yeah, we make it do what it do

[Hell Razah]

Ladies and gents, it's the Rabii, straight out the Mac
hive
Mami got hips and lips, thick with chink eyes
Chicks be Israelian, chicks inside a pink ride
An old man told me, "Young man you better thing wise"
Shorty throwin' drink signs, I'm 'bout to drink mine
Must got me all fucked up, she got the wrong guy
Showin' off her silicone, give her the dinner phone
Playboy Centerfold, certified gold
Mac lip gloss with manicure and toes
She asked where my friends go, hell if I know
Maybe in the bathroom touchin' Timbo
Hennessey and Red Bull to get the head full
I fed wolves, ready to hunt soon as the lead full
You lost in the jungle somewhere, I bring the warfare
Oh yeah, we can drink champagne like beer
Throw up picket signs, Razah gon' campaign in here
Throw ya hands up, if it ain't no lames in here
Get ya hands up, if it ain't no lames in here
Yeah, yeah...

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

I make it to do what it do
I make it to do what it do

[Break: Hell Razah]

Razah Rubiez
You just, you just took another step on Razah's Ladder
And it continues...

[Hook x2: samples]

"Renaissance Child" -> Hell Razah
"I meditate while you talk on" -> Guru
"Renaissance Child" -> Hell Razah
"Watch ya back when I send them in" -> Guru
"Renaissance Child" -> Hell Razah
"My name and face you're rememberin'" -> Guru
"Renaissance Child" -> Hell Razah
"I meditate while you talk on" -> Guru

