

## **Hell Razah f/ Crooked I**

### **"Halos"**

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[Verse 1-Hell Razah]

Knock, knock, who is it? I'm back, stop the gimmicks  
I pop pop the biscuit and shut down your businesses  
They wanna white-wash scan-copy my image  
While I became a menace 'cause I found my limits  
Spit it, open up the Book of Life and see my name in it  
Same sentence, sure my wagers are death if I ain't live  
it  
Ask the Lord for forgiveness of sins that I committed  
Even Solomon predicted, you can't die with your riches  
Of course, no pillow talk when you lie with them bitches  
Each verse be worth money like Egyptian pictures  
It got worse since the Bush's took that torch from Hitler  
Pour out liquor for my dead comrades, I ain't forget ya,  
man  
A lot of sex, but I'm no Caligula  
I'm livin' Hip Hop, son, you just a visitor  
A lot of faces and the names are similar  
I build with the OG's down to superiors, yeah

[Hook-Vocal samples]

"Fight the system"  
"Got a precinct with the po-po"  
"Bust your pistol"  
"Seekin' five-O"  
"Fight the system"  
"Got a precinct with the po-po"  
"Bust your pistol"  
"Seekin' five-O"

Yo, this how we do it, man  
Crooked I, where you at, baby?

[Verse 2-Crooked I]

I sit in the dark with my dead homies, obituary pictures  
They talk to me while I'm writin' these literary scriptures  
Sayin', "Crooked, don't let the Police Military get ya"  
I tell 'em, before they do I'll be in a cemetery wit ya  
Militant momma, she was down with the Panthers  
Picture me, a baby G in a dashiki and Pampers  
I was the face of the pamphlets man, the black future

But nowadays, niggas gat shoot ya, fuck it, I clap  
ruggers  
My nina singin' like Fat Luther  
Vandross, a damn boss bringin' that braat-braat to ya  
COB is a religion, listen I'm in it  
Everything I'm spittin' was written wit hidden  
symbolism in it  
Infinite wisdom hittin' the intricate sentences I'm spittin'  
Cryptic as hieroglyphics, thought they figured it, but  
they didn't  
West Coast Fayroll, killers on the payroll  
20's on my chariot, dodge a blue halo

Hey yo, ya feel me out there? Whassup, Razah  
Momma raised a Hell Razah

[Hook-Vocal samples]

"Fight the system"  
"Got a precinct with the po-po"  
"Bust your pistol"  
"Seekin' five-O"  
"Fight the system"  
"Got a precinct with the po-po"  
"Bust your pistol"  
"Seekin' five-O"

[Verse 3-Hell Razah]

In this modern-day era, we be in terror, black Che  
Guevara's  
On wax we like anthrax wrapped in a letter  
My Beretta is for the slaves with forgotten graves  
Like the names of Dred Scott, we aimin' wit head shots  
Wit scopes and red dots on old prejudice cops  
Who plot on dope blocks with coke measurement drops  
It's more drugs to schools for kids wit no pops  
My hood be like a cemetery  
They gave a project tombstones and sanctuaries  
This for the kids outside that's in the military  
No matter black or Israeli, they both want us buried  
It's a war outside, I hope you gettin' ready  
Get off your celly and stand up and grab a semi-  
Automatic, 'cause momma raised a Hell Razah like  
Makaveli

I'd like to pour out some Holy Water  
For all the thug angels we been missin'

[Outro-Excerpt from The Boondock Saints]

"One day you will look behind you and you will see we  
three...  
and on that day, YOU WILL REAP IT!"

"We will send you to whatever God you wish."  
"And shepherds we shall be, for thee, oh Lord, for thee.  
Power hath descended forth from Thy hand.  
That our feet may swiftly carry out Thy command.  
So we shall flow a river forth to Thee,  
and teeming with souls shall it ever be.  
In Nomeni Patri, Et Fili, Spiritus Sancti."

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