

Hell Razah f/ Killah Priest

"Smoking Gunnz"

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[Rally Sample]

"Ooooh guns, Your master is violent, your enemy is peace".

Group of People: (Chanting in unison)

[Charlton Heston - Denver NRA Meeting]

"Thank you all for coming

And thank you for supporting your organization

I have twenty five words for you

From my cold dead hands". (Chanting in unison)

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yea, we don't make no vests, right?

No pistols, bullets and shells (Yea, +Renaissance
Child+)

You'kno'whatl'm'sayin'? We don't make grenades
(A.K.A. Hell Razah, Maaaccaaabee - Military)

We don't make none of that shit

We just know what to do with it though

(All my soldiers stand up)

You'kno'whatl'm'sayin'? (+Smoking Gunnz+)

Y'all sell that shit at Wal*Mart

Y'all sell that shit (*Coughs*, I smell the +Smoking
Gunnz+)

Ask the NRA where the +Smoking Gunnz+ at?

[Hell Razah]

Yo, I'm where projects is crack mansions

It ain't been this real, since the Black Panthers

We ain't the Beatles makin' music for you Charles
Mansons

I make a whole college campus since the Mac anthem

'Til America fall, I stand stronger than the Berlin Wall

My software is warfare for the poor to install

And download in your Medulla, who's the lion of Judah?

And send a virus through the wires of the beast's
computer

They raidin' our cribs, invasion like Bay of the Pigs

For my hood, we reacted like how Castro did

Modern day Eisenhower - sent the planes to the Towers

While the government blamed it on some nuclear

powers

A world, traded their weapons for some U.S. dollars
Take notes, of the quotes, when you buildin' with
scholars

I sit back, doin the knowledge, who be sniffin' that
powder?

It's white collar, criminology versus Jehovah

[Hook: Hell Razah]

If you was lookin' for that +Smoking Gunn+

I would ask Dick Cheney where he get it from? (Yea)

I would ask Smith & Wesson how to make me one (Ask
them)

You should smell your own hands for the +Smoking
Gunn+ (Can you smell it?)

Yea, if you was lookin' for that +Smoking Gunn+

I would ask Dick Cheney where he get it from (Ask him)

I would ask Smith and Wesson how to make me one

You should smell ya own hands for the +Smoking
Gunn+ (Smell it?)

[Verse Two: Hell Razah]

My saliva is liver, son I write with the hand of an arson

Give me a harpoon, I autograph my name in shark skin

Get deeper each bar, like you swimmin' with dolphins

Keep my head above water, to enlighten my aura

White robes, black justice versus judges and lawyers

Supreme Court be a force that was made to destroy us

To the Most High, I testify to plead my case

While they hate on my race and white wash the faces

This the Renaissances ages, I value my wages

Ask the reverend why the Bible be missin' some pages

Do we suffer 'cause the birth right was given to Jacob?

Or because my brother Isa (pbuh) was Isaac's favorite?

They named us Native Indians and then enslaved us

Broke bread with the enemy that soon betrayed us

Lured the lions out the jungle, then they put 'em in
cages

Now the cubs live in wildlife, spittin' out razors

Hunt or be hunted, a species, livin' in danger

Took the God and their language, now they labeled us
gangsters

Criminals, ex-cons, Ariel Sharon

Another reason, I'm squeezin' with the right to bare
arms

Automatic shots

[Hook: Hell Razah]

If you was lookin' for that +Smoking Gunn+

I would ask Dick Cheney where he get it from? (What?)

I would ask Smith & Wesson how to make me one (Uh-

huh)

You should smell your own hands for the +Smoking
Gunn+

Yea, if you was lookin' for that +Smoking Gunn+ (Uh-
huh)

I would ask Dick Cheney where he get it from

I would ask Smith and Wesson how to make me one

You should smell ya own hands for the +Smoking
Gunn+ (Where you at?)

[Verse Two: Killah Priest]

I write seeds like the Borgia family

Cut throat for the throne

Posin' as Christ, the six Popes of Rome

Cardinals bangin' on church doors, the verses I draw

Written out like curses on boards

Read 'em backwards, no distractions

Find out, Priest is John the Baptist

With a rap gift, I come to free the captives

Like Jesus in Nazareth, deep as Atlantis

The prayin' mantis, with the advantage

When it comes to the English sand scripts

I write it eight times, like Tarantulas

Slugs fly through the Vatican Walls

Then the great dragon will pour

Drip water while I'm sweatin', readin' the Torah

He spots me, swam from the sea to the border

Grab my ribs, I kick him where he has his kids

He head butts me, slams me on top of my pastor's crib

I stand up, back ripped up, recitin' the forty-ninth
psalms

Holdin a medieval knife in my palms, the right to bare
arms

I stick him in his head, hell bust wide open

Demons come out smokin', flyin' through my body

I grab their tail then slew his army

I say a verse just to wake the zombies

It's Priesthood.. *panting heavily*

[Hook: Hell Razah]

If you was lookin' for that +Smoking Gunn+

I would ask Dick Cheney where he get it from?

I would ask Smith & Wesson how to make me one

You should smell your own hands for the +Smoking
Gunn+

Yea, if you was lookin' for that +Smoking Gunn+

I would ask Dick Cheney where he get it from

I would ask Smith and Wesson how to make me one

You should smell ya own hands for the +Smoking
Gunn+

[Charlton Heston - Denver NRA Meeting]

"We have work to do, hearts to heal
Evil to defeat and a country to unite
We may have differences, yes
And we will again suffer tragedy almost beyond
description
But when the sun sets tonight
And forever more, let it always set on, we the people
Secure in our land of the free and home of the brave
I for one plan to do my part, thank you"

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