

Hell Razah f/ Maccabeez

"Maccabee House"

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Heavy footsteps - *Knock on door* - *Door squeaks
& opens*

[Intro: Hell Razah] & {Killah Priest}

{Set it!}

Renaissance, Priesthood, Bo King, throw ya M's up
My father houses many mansion, Maccabeez House,
walk in

[Verse One: Killah Priest]

This is hip hop once my lips part
I spit dark words of proverbs
A parables or variables?, it's Observed
My heart is gothic when I carve it
My pad is covered with darkness
I start writin' with lightning
My words appear like they comets, astonished
The way arm's swift, beneath my garment
Holsters under armpits, Priest the promised
Roast those who smoked the bones of 'Muhammad
(pbuh)'
Canvas paintings 'The Virgin'
Jewels beneath the turbans of a merchant
I flew for the serpent, push the truth in each person
A hundred doves in the church chirpin'
Flock past the preacher's sermons
Look again, there's the Priest emergin'
If a die, the sky will rain drops of frankincense
So embrace the prince
Maccabee Priest, my faculty's deep
We raise from the dead, get up, then we clap the police
I 'Quantum Leap' through the beats
The rest of the troupe, rose upon the leaf
My pen fondle through sheets
This is street poetry, in the hood Bibles
Ghetto gospels, unholy bullets flyin' in streets -
apostles

[Hook: Hell Razah]

It's the +Maccabeez House+
Be careful of the doors you open

'Cause it might be ya casket closin'

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[Verse Two: Hell Razah]

We got it locked like the Solomon's key, obviously
The fruit don't fall, too far from the tree
So my seeds'll be a Prophet like me
Before they grow into a Maccabee
Surrounded by snakes and Pharisees
Play the leaves at the speed of an owl, wrote novels
And send for the heads of Bush and Colin Powell's
I rest on 'The Thirteenth Floor' with the broken elevators
My mind be as vivid as John the Revelator
Call me Razah the Renaissance, the Icon Polaroid
Build with the killaz that's broke, and unemployed
I ain't tryin' to go feminine to sell like Eminem
I'm 8 Miles ahead of 'em, blowin' the breath at 'em
My weapons by biochemical, I ain't gimmick-al
You dealin' with the future of the cyber-criminals
2010, more goons movin' in
Men came from the womb, so we soon die of sin
I'm a room in the room, don't turn my doorknob
I ain't St. Valentine, but I'm still a heart throb
It's the +Renaissance Child+, replace the art they rob
I don't place it on the walls, now I place it in bars

[Hook: Hell Razah]

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[Verse Three: Timbo King]

You know I'm King by blood, got Solomon genes
If you look close, you could see my angel wings
Halo fitted, on me like the Mitchell and Ness
An the power that's possessed is a Heavenly bless
Call me Landlord, I own a twelve room house
Acres of green pastures with sheep's and cows
Hebrew thugs, the streets call me Young Jehovah
Send a prayer to those lost souls trapped inside 'em
Wash up in a fountain of youth with no cloth
And we don't wear, symbols of death, no cross
Jacob son, no kin to Jacob's slums
It's the house of Israel, where the neighbors come

Knock at the door, get greeted by the Tribe of Dan
If you steal anythin', we choppin' off ya hands
Respect the Kingdom, this where I rest my head
Crown of David, haircut round and faded
Robe of light, tailor made, go with the Timbs
And my look is so sharp you be callin' me Shim
My first and last name on the deeded bread
Shalom, I the seed of Eden, the mice is dead

[Hook: Hell Razah]

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