

Hell Razah f/ Ras Kass

"Musical Murdah"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yo, where the fuck you get these pictures from?
(Yo I'mma show you some shit, man
Come on, we gonna go in here...) Renaissance..
(We gonna see some shit on the walls in this fucking
building
You ain't never seen before...)

[Hell Razah]

You high, looking at the picture that's when it begin
You see an arm out the icon come snatch you in
It's hood hieroglyphics, it was written in graffiti
scriptures
Fall of Twelve Tribes, leaving with us
They got a new Pope, the seeds of Hitler
We spell Bush with a swastika, Adolf is Schwarze-nigga
More coke, more ropes for out throats to kill us
Shipping dope through the churches, delivered in
hearses
When you translate my verses, there's blessings and
curses
'usical Murdah direct hearts from the strings of a harp
The Warrior's Drum, at nighttime give me a spark
I ain't Bach or no Beethoven, may the Heavens open
For all the instruments of slaves stolen
It's like holding on that chauffer, blowing on the Day of
Atonement
Now we following the ways of the Romans
Play guitars when we building on mars
In the 'idst of Kabul, me and Priest share similar scars
Seven stars carved into my skin, what's popping?
There's something much more to that death of Johnny
Cochran
I walk through the 'Valley of Kings' like Achnatten
And run up in the Vatican church without a stocking

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

I say this verse with honesty for the poverty
But we've been kings since the Histo's dynasty
Maccabeez we deserve your apology
But this is prophecy, a piece of God's property

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Musical Murdah

[Hook: Ras Kass]

It's murder he wrote
We murder these notes
It's Razah, Ras Kass
You heard of me loc

[Ras Kass]

Two years when I'm on vacation, just one man defying
a nation
Who else could chop pies in the basement?
Then turn around and sign with a Mason
Define the relation between crime and inflation
Dominicano and Haitian
Throw out all your old CDs, me and Hell Razah replaced
them
And that one gun will show you how the west coast
rocks
Bitches pull out your titties like Courtney Love
I'm like the sidewalk homie, I support these blocks
Scorching hot, jailhouse tattered, fourty glocks
You are going to need morphine shots
The pain is exquisite and your ride or die bitch, I'ma tell
Xzibit to pimp it
Old nigga, new nigga, trying to take the Spear of
Destiny and put it through
niggas
Crack Da Vinci's Code, Ras the black Meryl Vingian
Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene's next of kin
But in the end, every three seconds a child dies in
Africa, genocidal massacre
And rappers know I walk on walls like tarantula
My flow is cancer the answer to why you on my dick like
a catheter
I laugh at half of you, mortals can't stand my velocity
I flip the Earth's axis with a spatula
And possibly I'ma crack the surface, Captain Kirk is
In the hood like liquor stores and Baptist churches
Motherfucker

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Outro: Girl]

You are now listening to the sounds of the Renaissance

Child

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