

## **Lauryn Hill Feat. Wyclef Jean**

### **"Dear Psalms"**

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Night-Crawler Entertainment

Chapter one, verse one

Gospel of Razah

All my ladies

[Hell Razah]

She was a virgin until she started sleepin' with servants

Now bein' pimped by business merchants behind  
closed curtains

Got a King but was uncertain

Then they relationship stopped workin'  
and left her hurtin'

Now artists love her as a Goddess

Got her smokin' weed, gangster and cold-hearted

From a loyal-wife to a hartlet

Became a widow when she lacked the knowledge  
to get her nails polished

She was like Jacob's ladder  
when King David had her

He played the harp with her daily by her gall-bladder

She had a sweet sound that brought laughter

She praised God when nothin' else mattered  
to the last chapters

She even came off of slavery ships

Now her mouth is full of cursin' and bitterness to sit  
with the rich

It be the poison of an asp that be under her lips

She ran through my Blood-line and even slept with a  
Crip

A prostitute, get her thrills outta studio booths

She divorced off the truth to get used to the sport

Took her three-fourths off to put on poom-poom shorts

She be in strip-clubs givin' thugs reasons for rubs

She ain't the same lady she was with the last poets

She been played-out rewindin', now she fast-forward

[Break: Hell Razah]

Chapter two, verse one

Turn the page

[Hook: Hell Razah]

Dear Psalms, I miss you since the day you was born  
We used to sing-a-long, now you in somebody else  
arms

I was charmed by your love and your spirit was warm  
While you was out doin' wrong, I wrote you this song  
Sweet Psalms, I miss you since the day you were born  
We used to sing-a-long, now you in somebody else  
arms

I was charmed by your love and your spirit was warm  
While you was out doin' wrong, I wrote you this song

[Hell Razah]

The more I showed love, was less hated

I kept warm with my Dear Psalms  
on days I was cold and naked

Instead of break bread, I learned to bake it

It's either Christ or the synagogue of Satan as she  
turned Atheist

What's a family without order?

I poured slaughter on the grey horse and sat upon  
many waters

Playin' in suits with them evil-doers

Old white nose and needle users

who used to be the rulers

Havin' cyber-sex on computers

She got murdered, what's the one that shoot her?

Smart, but can't fool her

She went from singing me gospels to drug novels

Now she's all about bottles of Cris'

Diamonds and whips

Tell the men that she sleepin' with to call her a bitch

I got jealous so I flipped, and I read her a script

Psalms 43 brought her back to me

Actually I caught her being manufactured for another  
factory

From the first-time I met her, it was love at first sight

She was with me all the days of my life

My virtuous wife

Cheated for a small price, this love-letter I write

So we could be together as one, singin' to Christ

[Hook x0.5]

Dear Psalms, I miss you since the day you was born  
We used to sing-a-long, now you in somebody else  
arms

I was charmed by your love and your spirit was warm  
While you was out doin' wrong, I wrote you this song  
Sweet Psalms, I miss you since the day you were born

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Remember where you came from  
You just heard, my hip-hop love letter  
Written for all the souls  
Born in this womb of music

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