

Maccabeez

"Maccabee Anthem"

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[Chorus: Hell Razah] We be those Macs, Macs, Macs All dressed in black, black, black With silver buttons, buttons, buttons Ya'll can't stop nothing, nothing, nothing We sell our cracks, cracks, cracks With purple caps, caps, caps Ya'll can't stop nothing, nothing, nothing So why you fronting, fronting, fronting? We be those Macs, Macs, Macs All dressed in black, black, black With silver buttons, buttons, buttons In all white turbans, turbans, turbans Ya'll can't stop nothing, nothing, nothing So why you fronting, fronting, fronting? We sell our cracks, cracks, cracks In purple caps, caps, caps [Timbo King] A million soldiers and they all got Timbs on A million bitches on my dick, now that Timb's on Take them shits, oh shit, Money Jim's gone He had the range with the new spinning rims on You seen my Timbs with the bandana trims on Them bitches wear it when they rock to Lil' Kim songs Me and po-po, no, we don't get along Go hit the block for a week, get my money on You'se a lame, me and you can't do a song The type of cat that do shit all wrong Some kid stepped on my shit, we had to get it on Yo, what we drinking on, Bo? Don Perrigion I got 'em rocking Timbs all the way in Hong Kong Cheerleader, pom-poms, with they thongs on Can't get in the club, you better strongarm It's Bo King, Maccabeez, nigga, lord long [Killah Priest] My gun is a Bible, the bullet's a burst The doctors is the ushers, and the hoodlums in church The snitch is the choir, the projects is the pits and the fire A dope fiend, left his crack pipe and kids is Isiah It's Priest, Ghetto Jesus with malt liquor I redeem the sinner, with slugs and reload switches It's Razah, Renaissance Child with Timbo Doubting in, soul of the old Al, I call him Timbuk Africa Priest, praise the lord, wave the four AK to your jaw, the braves on the wall Brains on the floor, name on the board In the funeral hall, remain in the morgue A Maccabee with Black Market fatigues I'm the God of the Seas, hold up, pardon me I mean, the God of who sees, pardon me I mean, the God of M.C.'s... [Chorus: Hell Razah] We be those Macs, Macs, Macs All dressed in black, black, black With silver buttons, buttons, buttons In all white

turbans, turbans, turbans Ya'll can't stop nothing,
nothing, nothing So why you fronting, fronting,
fronting? We sell our cracks, cracks, cracks In purple
caps, caps, caps [Hell Razah] I'm Razah Rubies, dance
through Egypt with an uzi My camp be them 70 cats,
rocking an cuffi From Maccabee to Makaveli, they see
our chains heavy You try to snatch, and leave ya brains
to spaghetti Chopped meat, got beef, keep it hot in the
streets We got Pataki waking out of his sleep My
nightmares coming to creep, my murder weapon was a
looseleaf The language is deep, I spit it for the pain of
my peeps It's the Judah triangle, with black angels
None of our seeds sang the Star Spangled Banner
They got manners from they grandmamas, we
worldwide With antennas on our hood grammar, they
can't understand us Tell the media, we break they
cameras If they keep fucking looking at us, Maccabeez,
yea [Chorus]

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