Hell

Pharoahe Monch

Follow for now, for no formidable fights
I've been formed to forget
For Pharaoh fucks familiar foes first
Befo' fondlin' female MC's fiercely
Focus upon the facts
That facts can be fabricated to form lies
My phonetics alone forces feeble
MC's into defense on the flyFeel me, for real-a
Let's get the skrilla's out the hands of these gorillas
Make the whole world feel us
From the crack to the cap peelers
To the niggaz in the back
Shootin' craps with the Axe-wheelers
Relax till it's, time for the immaculate miraculous
Thirteen, oow, the illest!To all my niggaz who been shitted on, let's get it on
Think I'm gonna let it hang, and sit it on
The desk of any redneck record exec
I strike 'em wit' the right hand, send 'em a step
And this is
(Hell!)This is
(Hell!)
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(Hell!)
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(Hell!)
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(Hell!)This is
(Hell!)
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(Hell!)
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(Hell!)
This is
(Hell!)This is Hell, incest kids under pressure
In the corner clutchin' they genitals by the dresser
A hundred CC's of the uncut cleanest
In the vein, twenty-four hours of intravenous
To the left, we have right wing extremists
On a screen a man exposes his breasts with no penis

Martinez, probably
Just as raw as Lady Saw EsocidaeThis is
(Hell!)
This is
(Hell!)
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(Hell!)This is
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This is
(Hell!)This is, this is, this is, this is
This is, this is, this is, this isYo, yo, I feel like I'm one of the livest
One of hip hop's finest, elite rhymers and I plan to graduate wit honors
But one day we'll all be a bunch of old-timers wit Alzheimer's
Lookin' at our label's roster wonderin' how the fuck they forgot us
After we done recorded dozens of albums
And made 'em hundreds of thousands of dollars, they still dropped us
We givin' niggaz what the fuck they wantA holocaust, stompin' niggaz with a thousand man march
I ain't livin' in hell, hell's livin' in me
That's why, I'm always screamin' on you fuckin' MC's
The shit that I quote, float wit the buoyancy of a boat
With the potency of a scorpion sting to the throat
Overdose that's extremely fatal
Doctors in white lab coats scramble for an antidote to save youYou can't breathe, your chest feels painful
Your skin color's goin' from dark brown to beige-blue
Your whole room's full of angels
All in your ear tryin' to tell you which God you should pray to
You pray to Jesus, but He don't wanna save you
'Cuz you unfaithful, so He gives you to AzazelYou're paralyzed on the operatin' table
Prayin' for Cannibals to slice you from head to navel
You banned from TV, banned from CD's
Banned from DVD's and down loadable MP3s!

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