

Hell

Pharoahe Monch

Martinez, probably

Just as raw as Lady Saw Esocidae

This is
(Hell!)

(Hell!)This is
(Hell!)

This is
(Hell!)

(Hell!)This is, this is, this is, this is

This is, this is, this is, this is
Yo, yo, I feel like I'm one of the livpest
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 want

A 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 you
You 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 Azazel
You'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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