

Hand of the Dead Body (feat. Ice Cube)

Scarface

In world news today officials agree that rapper Brad Jordan alias Scarface must be stopped
After being monitored by secret service agents for two years
Evidence leads Tobacco and Fire Arms officials to believe that his
literally dope lyrics promote drug usage and distribution
Degrade women influence gambling promote and teach violence and more importantly
Its influencing our minors and destroying our young community
Officials say, he's the lord of underground rap and his music must be stopped We got this whole motherfucker
on a mission
Now the whole entire world's gotta try to come up with a quick decision
They claim we threats to society
And now they callin on the government to try and make somebody quiet
For the bullshit they done to me
Gangsta Nip, Spice 1 or 2Pac never gave a gun to me
So gangsta rap ain't done shit for that
I've even seen white folks from River Oaks go get the gat
So why you tryin kick some dust up
America's been always known for blaiming us niggas for they fuck-ups
And we were always considered evil
Now they tryin to bust our only code of communicating with our people
Lets peep the game from a different angle
Matt Dillon pulled his pistol every time him and someone tangled
So why you criticize me
For the shit that you see on your tv
That rates worse than PG
Just bring your ass to where they got me
So you can feel the hand of the dead body [Chorus: x2]
Nigga don't believe that song
That nigga's wrong
Gangstas don't live that long So now they tryin separation
And sendin black folks in white coats to infiltrate our congregation
Tappin into our conversation
Saying the message that they give
Bring forth or premeditation
So David's got a silver mag
While listenin to Brad, David gets mad and kills his dad
David Duke's got a shotgun
So why you get upset cause I got one
A tisket a tasket
A nigga got his ass kicked

Shot in the face by a cop, close casket
An open and sgut situation
Cop gets got, the want to blame it on my occupation
If you don't dig me, than nigga you can sue me
Because the shit that I be sayin ain't worse than no western money
Don't blame me blame your man Gotti
So you can feel the hand of the dead body[Chorus: x2]You best to free your mine
Before I free my nine
And stop fuckin with the void in pop
Or feel my hot rocks
Bang, bang, boom boom, ping ping I'm the black
White boys gat a magazine and don't kow how to act
I'll attack and make you vomit
Down with Kahlid Abdul Muhammad
Do he got a brother, I'm it now
I'm the illest
want to kill this house nigga Don Cornelius
Can you feel this?
You punk niggas make me sick
Suckin' on the devil's dick
Scared of revolution
Need to start deuchin'
Houston is the place
I caught a case
Them motherfuckers tried to put a scar on my face
But i bust two times to the gut
To the Reverend Calvin Butts
Gotta pair of nuts?
I started this gangsta shit in 86
Now you dissin' me
For publicity
Isn't he a hoe to the third degree
Who me
I'm a g who like to scrap-a-lot
Down with Rap-A-Lot
And I can't stop, won't stop
So fuck Bill and Hillary
Ice Cube their ain't no killin' me
Ice Cube, Scarface
Droppin' on these sellin' out niggas, doing it like this[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

Johnson, Joseph / Jackson, O'Shea / Wilson, Edward / Dean, Mike / Jordan, BradPublished by

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