

Hand Of The Dead Body

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 it's influencing our minors
And destroying our communities
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 blaming 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
Let's peep the game from a different
angle
Matt Dillon pulled his pistol every time him and someone tangled
So 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
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
So now they tryin' separation
And sendin' black folks in white coats to infiltrate our
So 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 a tisk, task
A niggas ass shot in the face by a cop, close casket
An open and shut situation

Cop gets got, the wanna 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 Nigga don't believe that song, that nigga's wrong
Gangstas don't live that long 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 know 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 wanna 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
Houston is the place I caught a case
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 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 Nigga don't believe that song, that
nigga's wrong
Gangstas don't live that long

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