

# 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  
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

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