# Hell (feat. Canibus)

## Pharoahe Monch

F-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-follow for now
For no formidable fights I've been formed to forget
For Pharoahe fucks familiar foes first
Before fondling female emcee's fiercely
Focus upon the facts that facts can be fabricated to form lies
My phonetics alone forces feeble emcees into defense on the fly
Feel 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 niggas in the back shooting craps wit the axe-wheelers
Relax 'til it's, time for the immaculate miraculous
Thirteen, ooowww, the illest!
To all my niggas 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)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This isHell, incest kids under pressure
In the corner clutching 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 and Chaka Demus is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)

This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
This is (Hell)
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 with honors
But one day we'll all be a bunch of old-timers wit Alzheimer's
Looking at our label's roster wondering 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 giving niggas what the fuck they want
A holocaust, stomping niggas with a Thousand Man March
I ain't living in hell, hell's living in me
That's why I'm always screaming on you fucking emcees
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 going from dark brown to beige-blue
Your whole room's full of angels
All in your ear trying to tell you which God you should pray to
You pray to Jesus, but He don't want to save you
'Cause you unfaithful, so He gives you to Azazel
You're paralyzed on the operating table
Praying for Canibus to slice you from head to navel
You banned from TV, banned from CD's
Banned from DVD's and downloadable MP3s

Songwriters
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