

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>