

# Hell's Kitchen

## Gorelord

and there are others, that are very malignant..."

(Saafir)

Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle)

Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle, Nickatina) Yo

Mothafucka in here with some real Nickatine man...

(Andre Nickatina)

When the gat would hit, then the rhyme would spit  
gotta nail you to the crucifix

I ain't new improved man I'm true to this

Ain't nothin you can do to this

Chicken head, mislead, caught a shot to the head

Instead we get high as a mothafuckin nigga yeah wit no dreads, no dreads

I get to plugging that, who Thuggin that

Gotta go drop a bug in that

Post up where the drugs is at

Yeah mothafucka where the lovin at

My computer brain is on high octane

Ripping like a rocket man

Block it try to stop it man

You'll end up in my pocket man

Bust like a bullet or watermelon

What's the CD there you're selling

Better not be mine or mothafucka you gon' start to yelling

Fillmore rap academy, Bustin right at your sanity

Ammo and artillery, talk a major salary

Charge just like a battery, for assault and battery

Dead just like a battery, from this major battery

(Saafir)

I bang that West Oakland my colors the silver and black

Raider nigga got his stripes from the barber shop where the filmed "The Mack"

Nigga I got them rules on my shirt and I'm deep in this game

All angles spittin it so niggas don't get it confused with the fame

Let me tap that blackness on your eyeball like "What the fuck you lookin at?"

Then I got to remember, I'm strizzled and sacked and saucy off smack

Bitch I ain't no contender, I been holding these championship rings

Ammunition and big faces mothafucka I been "Ladeem"

Niggas on the turf on American soil, gettin this American green

Niggas hate 'cause I'm skyscraping the small shelf Bull pit cigarettes

I promise a hospital harness, to be taken the farthest from this life

Nickatine and Saafir, Sizzalaine is the farthest on this mic

(Andre Nickatina)

Walked out of court doin major bragging  
Bruce Lee down like dangerous dragon

Blue jeans doin some major sagging  
speakers bump hard in the station wagon

Hot heavy and ready

Garlic bread with the spaghetti

Do it like Bo-Bo, with a fo-fo

Times fo-fo, Times fo-fo

Write to the gods like it's legendary

Some might think its imaginary

In the rap game freak I popped the cherry

What you gotta say about that

Kick it live like a 45 number 2 pencil

give my soul away, for the perfect gangsta instrumental, ya feel me

Check it, load me up and then cock me back

Then come right back with the counter rap

He's bustin raps till he collapse

Or at least until his chest might crack

(Saafir)

I ain't one of these bitch ass niggas

that ain't from the town that spit what he don't do

But I'ma let him bumble a little more then I'ma hip all my niggas to you

You lyin about tryna be hot that ain't fire that you spittin

Purple haze a fake crook get cooked and burnt

and baked the fuck up in Hell's Kitchen

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I know at his next show he'll be slipping, 'cause his guns ain't clicking

He tryna shine like stadium lights I'ma leave this nigga ice dripping

With some real heat star 6-70

For a bitch ass Hollywood nigga that wanna become a star that's heavenly

It's not hard, you can depend on me,

Serving niggas like you, I'm the epitome

Only difference I don't drink much

And mothafuckas get deeply touched

That think I give a fuck tryna get money

but shit if you gotta get hit I'll dump your face off

Have your ass under the Astroturf of some shit

Crack that weak Halloween mask  
and stab your ass in a pumpkin, I'm dumping  
West Oakland...Saaf Bizzle...  
"Finished with the assignment, beautiful, excellent work, great work..."

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