## Hell (feat. Canibus)

## **Pharoahe Monch**

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 Befo' fondlin female MC's fiercely Focus upon the fact that facts can be fabricated to form lies My phonetics alone forces feeble MC's 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 shootin craps wit the axe-wheelers Relax till it's, time for the immaculate miraculous Thirteen, ooww, 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, incest kids under pressure In the corner clutchin 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, this is, this is, this is
This is, this is, this is, this is

Yo yo I feel like I'm one of the livest

One of hip hop's finest, elite rhymers

And I plan to graduate wit honors

But one day we'll all be a bunch of old-timers wit Alzheimer's Lookin at our label's roster wonderin 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 givin niggas what THE FUCK they want

A holocaust, stompin niggas wit a thousand man march I ain't livin in hell, hell's livin in me

That's why I'm always screamin on you fuckin MCs

The shit that I quote, float wit the buoyancy of a boat

Wit the potency of a scorpion sting to the throat

Overdose that's extremely fatal

Doctors in white labcoats scramble for an antidote to save you You can't breathe, your chest feels painful

Your skin color's goin from dark brown to beige-blue

Your whole room's full of angels

All in your ear tryin to tell you which God you should pray to

You pray to Je-sus, but He don't wanna save you

Cuz you unfaithful, so He gives you to Azazel

You're paralyzed on the operatin table

Prayin for Canibus to slice you from head to navel

You banned from TV, banned from CDs Banned from DVDs and downloadable MP3s!

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/