

This is (Hell!)
This is, this is, this is, this is
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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!

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