

# Hell

Pharoahe Monch

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 till it's, time for the immaculate miraculous  
Thirteen, Oooowwww, 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, 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 wit no penis  
Martinez, probably  
Just as raw as Lady Saw Esocidae this is (Hell!)  
This is (Hell!)8x  
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  
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 wit 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!