

## Hot Line

Sunz of Man

Yo what's up man  
Yo just maintainin  
Just chillin  
Goin through the same shit, that's all  
Yo I got, I found this paper, knowwhatimsayin?  
Talkin about that alluminati stuff, some new world order  
Some psychic hotlines or  
Let's give her the call see what's up  
[numbers dialed]  
[ring]

[Chorus: Hell Razah]  
Hello, my psychic hotline  
Dial 1-900 Free-Ya-Mind, Da Last Future, call us up if ya blind  
We don't need a phone to communicate with minds  
It's Hell Razah, hello my psychic hotline

YO we got some callers, son  
Let's pick up the first caller, the first caller

Hello, my psychic hotline

We got the first caller

[Hell Razah]  
Hello pranksters, too many gangsters in hip hop  
Without knowledge, it's like a pyramid built that ain't solid  
Ya ass will get blown away demolished  
You better study more jewels than college, I promise  
Who dare double dare to true scare those with peace street consequence  
To eat, rather West Coast than Middle East  
You be marked by the beast,  
that decrease that black race that increase  
Too much ocean, it get deep  
For dreamers that's asleep  
Blessed be the meak, I be the strong first to weak  
The wolf vs. the sheep, to fight and like cowboys and indians  
Cops and criminals, American citizens vs. aliens  
I dug up more lies than libariens  
Here I be Sha the King of the Israelians  
Use your little two ears to hear me in  
In the meanwhile, Razah reptiles, get exou, who try to bite us  
With their poisonous, Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars,  
always be the noisest  
Now you got riot squad, surrounded the house of God  
Pullin out their shotties, Illuminati agents  
Tryin to devine and conquer, ya heavenly body  
I study my roots while ya party  
And get drunk off of Bacardi  
And rentin Ferrari's, a hell safari  
North America wilderness, Zoo York where animals stalk  
And work for the devil without a pitch fork  
Sellin pork of all sort, trying to kill off our righteous thoughts  
Now the wicked is fallin, hold on somebody else is calling  
Somebody is calling

[Chorus]

"Yo I got things messin with my mind man"

[Hell Razah]

Psychic Hotline, the next caller, call from the south of the border  
Needed information on the new world order  
"I got a daughter and a son and gun  
Which way should I go, Heaven is too high"  
Hell is too low, hello, I come forth in White Rose for Black Justice  
The untrusted, they get convicted, I predicted  
Ever since I was affected from the house of the wicked  
Razah mental dead, swingin my double edge swords takin heads  
I'm givin vampires garlic bread  
Mattresses for they death bed  
I see three sixes inside ya forehead  
With the same aim as a infa red  
And slaves hang off they last thread  
Before the spread of bloodshed  
It goes that be spoon fed, treasures of the wicked  
Prophet, nothin of the gifted  
Im from the city where the streets are gold  
The young and the old, all thrones  
Made the presses gems and stones  
All rise, let me exercise  
The adrenaline for the millenium, devils they be kill 'em  
I'm healin them  
Give them my competitors, face of the Syrians  
Draggin opponents through oblivion  
Taught by the teacher of experience  
You and your seed need to be camouflage like fatigue  
Cuz degree and thieves be makin judgements on stolen land  
The Children Of Izrael, expand in the village of the damn  
I meditate on Mount Fuji inside Japan  
Never let ya left know about ya right hand  
Understand don't bite it, I write it  
With thoughts of psychic, with hotlines

[Interlude:]

Let me use, let me ask a question  
How long uses were on the phone damn  
[more arguing]  
I got some questions that want to be answers  
I wanna know about the ebonics  
Ebonics?  
I can tell you about the shit  
Ebony?  
What that ebonics stand for  
Devils wanna know  
Bout to go outside

[Chorus]