



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!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>