Hand of the Dead Body

Scarface, Devin the Dude & Ice Cube

-In world news today, officials agree that rapper Brad Jordan alias Scarface must be stopped

-After being monitored by secret service agents for two years
-Evidence leads Tobacco and Fire Arms officials to believe that his
literally dope lyrics promote drug usage and distribution
-Degrade women, influence gambling, promote and teach violence and more
importantly

-Its influencing our minors and destroying our young community -Officials say, he's the lord of underground rap and his music must be stopped

We got this whole motherfucker on a mission

Now the whole entire world's gotta try to come up with a quick decision

They claim we threats to society

And now they callin on the government to try and make somebody quiet For the bullshit they done to me

Gangsta Nip, Spice 1 or 2Pac never gave a gun to me So gangsta rap ain't done shit for that I've even seen white folks from River Oaks go get the gat

So why you tryin kick some dust up

America's been always known for blaiming us niggas for they fuck-ups And we were always considered evil

Now they tryin to bust our only code of communicating with our people Lets peep the game from a different angle

Matt Dillon pulled his pistol every time him and someone tangled So why you criticize me

For the shit that you see on your tv

That rates worse than PG

Just bring your ass to where they got me So you can feel the hand of the dead body (Repeat 2X)Nigga don't believe that song

That nigga's wrong

Gangstas don't live that longSo now they tryin seperation And sendin black folks in white coats to infiltrate our congregation

Tappin into our conversation
Saying the message that they give
Bring forth or premeditation
So David's got a silver mag

While listenin to Brad, David gets mad and kills his dad David Duke's got a shotgun So why you get upset cause I got one

A tisket a tasket
A nigga got his ass kicked

Shot in the face by a cop, close casket

An open and sgut situation

Cop gets got, the wanna blame it on my occupation

If you don't dig me, than nigga you can sue me

Because the shit that I be sayin ain't worse than no western money

Don't blame me blame your man Gotti

So you can feel the hand of the dead bodyIce Cube: You best to free your mine

Before I free my nine

And stop fuckin with the void in pop

Or feel my hot rocks

Bang, bang, boom boom, ping ping I'm the black

White boys gat a magazine and don't kow how to act

I'll attack and make you vomit

Down with Kahlid Abdul Muhammad

Do he got a brother, I'm it now

I'm the illest

Wanna kill this house nigga Don Cornelius

Can you feel this?

You punk niggas make me sick

Suckin on the devil's dick

Scared of revolution

Need to start deuchin

Houston is the place

I caught a case

Them motherfuckers tried to put a scar on my face

But i bust two times to the gut

To the Reverend Calvin Butts

Gotta pair of nuts?

I started this gangsta shit in 86

Now you dissin me

For publicity

Isn't he a hoe to the third degree

Who me

I'm a g who like to scrap-a-lot

Down with Rap-A-Lot

And I can't stop, won't stop

So fuck Bill and Hillary

Ice Cube their ain't no killin me

Ice Cube, Scarface

Droppin on these sellin out niggas, doing it like this

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