

Black Or White

Sunz of Man

[Intro: Prodigal Sunn sample (Hell Razah)]

Life is reality, reality is life (Sunz of Man album)

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[Snuggle Up]

I gotta be the best at this

Fingle what the next man say

When I spit, shit get serious

Competition I devour

God made devil to show and prove god power

no matter day or the hour

Special, quick to gun test you

Sneeze, I bless you

Hollows may distress you, rest you

Six-feet under, pop do what the bumba

Rise, what happened to my sun? he got done

And yeah, the whole Olympics couldn't run my lap

I said it don't matter what gun, it ain't my gat

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[Hell Razah]

Cops is racist, death comes in many phases

The courageous stay cuffed behind iron bracelets

Minimum wages, shoot-outs and court cases (get off me, get off me)

Even plans of gettin' money how Bill Gates is

Young lives being taken by the .45

Genocide'll rise 'til glory die

Every other hour more bullets fly

Victim of the crime, big brother's rise

Some'll wonder why father's wanna cry

Different world, same characters in the facts of life

It's your Jeopardy to sell-out, when the price is right

I'm your turn from the Wheel of Fortune, who wanna spin?

You got thieves that'll rob ya coffin, who wanna sin?

We born walking in this Street Monopoly

If it ain't truth, it's philosophy

You better use your words properly

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn sample (Prodigal Sunn)]

Black or White, I write it for the world to hear

(This goes out to my people all over the world)

Black or White, I write it for the world to hear

(Every man, woman and child, boy and girl)

Black or White, I write it for the world to hear

(Through the hard times, drama and tears we still here)

Black or White, I write it for the world to hear

(I write it for my fam, who not here, who do care)

[Holy Smokes]

Yo

They said Smokes' in the place

you better pat him on the waist

Caught another case

Slept through my court date

Bombs in place

firearms embrace
Still belt-buckles and brass knuckles
and f**k youths when I tussle
Ghost spread this quick, sick contagious
Gossip, snake-pits, it's filled with targets
Marksmen, sharpen the ammunition
Crushin', lumpin', whatever's tucked in
He said she said she willin' to give me head
if I pay Carned
Chronic blows to the nostrils
stainin' my clothes
CO's smell one whiff of the breath, piss-test
the top Abbot, habits I have it
Shots they stay fabric

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo
Fifty-to-a-hun' and statistics of a father and son
Die from the mouth of the chrome metal
We so shallow in the ghetto with crumbs, we settle for none
Stay mellow to the snare and drum, we wear one
I dare not run, son of a gun, to come in cases
Hood to the centre-stages, jus' my sound ages
Treble high, we smoke berry haze to this
Spend days in this, complete glazed to this
Stereotype deliver more truth through mics
Keep the youth right, don't give a f**k who you like
through day and night, the pain restrain
for the fights of the fallen battleships
panels on the strip, a little laughter for the good times
tears from the blood-drips
Shorty barely sixteen strippin', trickin' for tips
It be the same, all over the world
Ghetto blues, as we rise to the top of the chart
Sparks fuse

[Hook]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Write it for my fam who not here who do care
Through the hard times, drama and tears we still here
Black or White, write it for the world to hear