

# Bring Back The Mike

Sunz of Man

Yeah niggas  
Comin straight straight thru  
Killah Priest  
Y-Kim on the tracks  
Sunz Of Man, 60 Sec.  
Prodigal Sunn, Holy Psychiatrist  
Zodiac Killah, Hell Razah  
Dreddy Kruger in the house  
Peace to RZA, Population Click  
Shorty Shy, Wu-Tang  
We gonna come thru like this

[Killah Priest]  
I use my pistol like a missile, utensil, chops into the mental  
Of the simple, brain with game that's natural  
Like actual brains of rice  
I leave stains on mic, from darkness I spark then  
bring back the light  
Niggas is sweet like a Ms. Good Bar  
I leave ya ass strung out like a f\*\*kin guitar  
So bring them hither, with the, could you run  
You niggas try to slither when I be the Sun  
Lord of ya f\*\*kin barricade, stompin ya ass with a  
land thru deep and narrow caves  
So act up and have ya found laces shook  
Ya rhyme took, boy I give you thirsty looks  
Like a bear who just been robbed of his cubs is a slaughter  
I gone thru the water and the mud  
The way I slay it, is rather unique  
Instead of using tech 9's, I'd rather use a technique  
With direct speed, I make ya sufficant  
I send ya upper lake, scarred, scuffed out and scraped

Mic's Of Insanity  
dododododododododo

[60 Second Assassin]  
Create my flow  
60 Sec  
Now let's move the intro duct  
Guard ya shit  
My maze get under ya skin, beneath ya surface with aim  
Hurt his, black, livel actin  
The act, the opposite of a fact is a fake  
In depth, waitin on is arixec, disease  
I tie knots in niggas legs and make knees  
John James Brown said "Please, please, take my hand"  
Yours flow, your style has now been burried in burns land  
With the Arch Angel, Seventh the Land  
And a voice from the temple ordered to form the ground  
Sand, the Hell, twight pore the bells upon rivers  
Problems rebel, now let us reglow, upon the waters  
into they become blood  
So is blood under the sun?  
You better go speak to the nun  
Before he become priest thru the assassin's elite  
Bringin agony and agony to niggas feet

Who swivel what war? Learn to speak  
While I get in the circus for hundred and 43 thousand peeps  
Like I said my flow goes beyond and under the deep  
There's no peace without war  
So shall I beat the meat, you obsolete, bringin destruction to his peep  
Rollin is the deep in the night, my trife is the  
Killah Priest  
A Prodigal Sunn who sits in the northwest corner of the right  
By dawns early light  
You who cover the slummin of the 360 degrees sight  
The allegic, who done takin rap beyond the testaments  
With this advancemiss  
I dial up anyone who second changin this  
Style be ransom in this

Mic's Of Insanity

[Prodigal Sunn]  
From many centuries and decades  
My nations softer then bagion mistreated  
Defeated, over powered by the conjegation  
Now I face life thru mental death  
Havin black outs, visions of the Earth before my day of birth  
But even them from the crew spirt, who had no aura and no understandin  
How the world turn  
Many cause to fall victim to reality  
They shall die in inequity, they loss for eternity  
Throw the boat on that bullshit  
Makin a parody, cuz I see thru grinchies, shatter ya f\*\*kin teeth  
Bag and spittin up with ammo, as I get scratcho  
Separate Jamal the Chemistry in the Seven Jails  
I got the mind of a murderer, bison, held captive  
Torn to seven years, buy the addistence  
I fear on, to the wicked, but his time is limited  
Cut the Angel low and surround down to the innocent  
On the face, baggin off forgiveness  
The penalty is 11 plagues of diseases and illnesses  
I steal vultures on the otto walls, million peace  
34 thousands techniques, to devour the beast  
Devastated by the ebonimation, give it ridest  
But who here wanna get held captivity, shall be diminished

Mic's Of Insanity

[Hell Razah]  
You know have the right to remain silent  
Cuz all violent nights are deadly nights  
Dead murderers stretch the death rate to express stress and hate  
Mental activity, the style of potential that's a left  
To infinity, and could it be  
Will take a team, full of schemin demon  
Cuz I transport and stalk inside and murder ya daughter  
While ya brain is caught dreamin about it  
Big heads, with little brains get damaged  
I'm a menace stranded, to my reality is finished  
No order without no rights  
You can be ordered behind the walls of hell  
Or jail, it don't discriminate  
Similar to the ones that wanna iminitate raps

Mic's Of Insanity