

Concrete Jungle

Sunz of Man

[bees buzzing]

[Prodigal Sunn:]

Ladies and gentlemen: Sunz of Man

Uhh, Jungle of Concrete

yo, yo

[Chorus: x4]

In the jungle, we gotta rumble with the bees/wee

Ain't nothin sweet, we gotta eat

[Timbo King:]

Yo, we come from starvin days, runnin up in Dr. J's

Rock away, so the mega trades, diggin, pockin days

Yo, the aids wasn't in, calm braids all trimmed

Army suits snatched and Timbs

You'se a friend, snatch a gem

[Prodigal Sunn:]

I spent a lifetime of doin crime, hustlin dimes, guzzlin wine

Smugglin wives, one of a kind

Under the sunshine, movin as one mind, the genuine

Star child, Allah's style, many say their barber's wild

When I element the foul, prowl, upon the weekend of sweet

I gotta eat, generate with the heat, demolish beats

Collectin sheets, war with beast, Islamic warrior

Livin the mass hysteria, the bomb shell of America

Swell competitors, explicit lyrics from the editor

Realistic predator, the rhyme writer, climb heights

Rhymes ignite, MC's reputation, blown out of sight

On the mic device, my crew get nice, shoot dice

Doin callisthetics, young diplomatics with automatics

The asiatic, f**k a fanatic, I split his attic

You don't want no static, I make you carriage for the rabbits

[Chorus x2]

[Hell Razah:]

We've got to take what we want, let these others rappers front

Yo, take that, you ain't goin get it laid back

Best record what I say, ain't no time to playback

That's right platinum hits, yo, before the age at

Gather millions, acapella in the streets, today crack

Fuck opinions, I'm hittin to the nights endin

A new beginin, takin over men and women

Thoughts used for sinnin, neighborhood no grinin

Thug religions, expeditions, startin for a mil

Stick the student for his intuition

Beyond college, street knowledge, got to eat knowledge

Off the tree of life, while seek wallets

Credit cards, some trust for their gods

In the Wizard of Oz, you get it all to get robbed

Price is on the food and the Earth's precious jewels

Ain't the golden rules from the golden black jewels

Steppin out the furnace, only run with fast learners

Burn cash and we stash burners

We be the underground childs, mainstream now

Sort of like Apocalypse, bloaw, blaow
Take what you own, must return to your home
Claim back your throne, we're on a higher zone
Black Lazurus, plus we're not havin it
Pass the diamonds on the wrist, we're on some take the earth shit
Demolish every tool, that y'all niggaz work with
The barcode, bio chips be short circuited

[62nd Assassin:]

Here in this jungle, jungle, jungle ?
I'm livin through, your crew on the subject
The loot, I'm new improved
Plus my time piece is bullet proof
I need a bulldozer or crane, that stains like in vain
You be the blood and I be the drainin on
Forgot to burn your proper on, with the tool stone
Written, founded dead on this spot
You emergin, believe I'm the surgeon
Rhymes leave your brain on all right, double scenes
Back hand, slap you, clap thoughts, like evil raps
Play that, what it slap right back
You was seen, soak the zeen
Self esteem, so common, even suckers die
Major League, total assassinator, rhyme complicator
The devil and the sword bring death, feed Jamaica
Rain or hurricane, step on my house
Into the house on severe pain, strong like a pyramid
Nothin but various parts of the house that Jack built
The little house on the praire, I huff and I puff
And I blow your brain to a seisure
Before you step to me, you should of called off
Ceaser's father, mercy words, I'm no joke
I cancer smoke, I reply, "your brain and told"
I live for my tech 9, uzi, grenade, all cause of one rhyme
Better believe, sleeves, I buck you chicken
Make you love us, my mic around your neck to bug it

[Chorus x4]

[various talk to fade]