

Flaming Swords

Sunz of Man

Reverend:

My sons, absolutes, and friends

I like the idea of being a soldier, in the army of the lord
(continues preaching)

Arch rivals

We got the kingston young ones over there running scared

They ain't seem to have a problem and it's a bad one

Ahh man, sunz of man teaching everywhere

Got the children over here, teaching them the problems

And it's the real one

Ahh man now we got the ? ? ? ? over there

The sunz of man solving problems, yo this the right one

Verse 1:

Guess this is the end, whatever how never, depart clever

But not deadered to be real or to be severed

A double-header, the black mecca respecta

Catchin wreck from whatever soul, clever, from chives to chedders

For the first setter who loves it wetter

Well I can make it better

In a bloodbath you letta

Black soggin, treaty, the ledger

Government minted, cheddar, promisory and lettered

New order, enough to register kill or be killed measurers

Take you beyond the heist, forever so

Doin out little italy to mexico

Now who be the next to go

Will it be sam, will it be fran, or will it be cisco

Or strictly back to disco

However though one and my own one, soo

Never pet yo, full deck pro

The most sensitive intensity the world could ever expect, yo

Between two steels

To keep it real I remember we used to pick cotton out of fields

Got it real got it down, yo

Verse 2:

As I break yo f**kin bones into pieces

And make ya death the sweetest

Punch a hole through ya cleavage

By the way howard jesus

I hope you been baptized

Fucked up and meet ya maker, with two black eyes

And broken legs, a broken hip, and an iv attached to ya arm

I remain calm, for the storm

As I shake my javelin up in ya abdomen

And then I grab ya friend

And break his f**kin back, watch him collapse

And my servants clap, a standing ovation from the whole nation

Yall want more, I crank the chainsaw

Next thing ya knowin, his head start rollin

His body swollen, his f**kin tongue is stolen

No more groin or colon, he's just moaning and groaning

Exciting, clash of the titings, thunder and lighting

Reveal the sword of the viking, it's frightening

Put down yo fist they'll be no fighting

Just sacrificing, tonight is a good night to take yo life
And leave your carcass in the darkness
Where the jackals prowl upon your grave
Yo hear a howl from the cave
Then I snatch out your arms and give to your moms
Sing along sing along sing along

Verse 3:

Storm in my fiery harbor, til it get dark
Silver darts melt in your heart
Then we begin to march, until we rip this whole f**kin world apart

Verse 4:

My team be strong, we live right or wrong
Death come calm, sweet wit a charm
As I speak from the throne in my temple
My samurai sword made of metal chop through ya level
Devils in the mist, hate we exist
Clique form my fist, punch you in your shit
Styles murderous, sordid justice
Judge those who bitch, cut those who snitch
Modern egypt, diamond presidents
Drug measurements got us dead on cement
Robbin for rent, guage in the trench
Slave ever since, return of the prince
Constantine the great, never go for bait
Sunz of man plan, gold in every state
From railhook to libya deliver ya sword to the bombery
My armory run the economy
Rule is our policy
The deaf dumb acknowledge me
Like love peace and honesty
The thugs on the street hustle to eat
Cover you with sheets, we bury you in beats
Fasten my seatbelt my flame is soft melt
We bomb like a stealth and give food for health
Not a friend of me...

Verse 5:

Watching enemies stare, hostility floats in the air
If I have to blaze yo I just wont care
We roll in pairs, packin machines, movin supreme
My team gleam, like matches and gasoline
Soldier fanatic, seven slugs punctured the attic
He died a tread, it was passed the asking
In a bad position, ya should of stuck to yo f**kin religion
Im worse than prison, send yo bones to the pigeons
The demolitioner with the codse of honor
You want drama? I'll bomb yo and yo mama...

(reverend talks till end)