

# House Of Blues

Sunz of Man

[Intro: Prodigal Sunn (Madam D)]  
Yo, I speak the truth (Preach it Prodigal!)  
Let it be known  
there's no seekers in the game  
No seekers in life

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn \*Madam D ad-libs\*]  
You can't see all the shit we go through  
Paid my dues, my baby boy needs some new shoes

[Prodigal Sunn]  
A pure example of an unjust world glamorous is, stupid men  
Women simple minds, foolish at times  
but in the hood, we strive to stay alive  
nickle and dime, read through the riddles and signs  
Avoid crime, the best way I can  
It's hard being a black man  
See every hand is against my head, you understand  
I speak from my hungry mouth, gun in my crouch  
Bloody tears, so many faces died through the years  
Question myself "Where do I go from here?"  
Do I take it all, escape from hell, disappear?  
It be the glare of a living legend, I got a son, seven  
Brother Jamal seven, I plan to give him heaven  
I died for his blessings, God, I learned my lesson  
Made the devil burn in my prescence  
I made my daughter speak ebony essence  
From the tree of life, aiyo, we free tonight  
I hope y'all people see the light

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn \*Madam D ad-libs\* ]  
You can't see all the shit we go through  
Paid my dues, my baby boy needs some new shoes  
Aiyo, we live from the House of Blues  
We did it live from the House of Blues  
Aiyo, we live from the House of Blues blues blues  
Yo, I got nothing to lose

[Prodigal Sunn]  
Political, critical times, unforgettable minds  
Through the cold nights and rainy dayz, the sun still shines  
Memories of my deceased fam, rest in peace  
But a release from green, flash, remedy for stress relief  
Fresh like a thief in the jungle  
eat amongst the humble, keep the numbers all in them bundles  
I gotta, gotta secure my family  
School my son, my nephew, the man he claim to be  
Modern-day segregation, in these streets we roam  
Heart-breakin', to see my brother die by the face of the chrome  
My ace be leasin' up-state, doin' seven bones  
Heard my cousin Kasheen, we soon be home  
Put 'em on, let 'em know we got no time for wrong  
Dedicate this song to young, gifted and strong, song

[Hook]

[Prodigal Sunn]

This attraction be the black of the slums, the cracks and the guns  
Fiends, snitches and bitches roll ones under the sun  
On the avenue, scarred, bullets seek through cars  
RZA bars help me vision Allah  
Speak verb to any peeps in these streets we breathe  
All I wanna do is eat and achieve  
Teach my seed, to stay away from envy and greed  
'Cuz these devils in the mist wanna see a nigga bleed  
You know the hood is trife, only few taste a good life  
Stand to my rights, stuck through mad days and Winter nights  
I promise, to never play with mics  
Say what you like, when I spray pipes  
Scatter your composition of rice twice, sharp with the dice  
Study the Art of War, take my advice or lose ya life, life, life, life

[Hook]