

# Say Say Say

Sunz of Man

[Chorus: singers]

Say, Say, Say what you want  
But we don't give a f\*\*k about you  
Say, Say, Say what you want  
But we don't give a f\*\*k about you

[Prodigal Sunn]

Chemistry black soul, old gold complexion  
I hold the future lessons, blessings, shoot you with the weapon step in  
With the shilla God, the impression is hard  
Crimes on the boulevard, that shit is small like lard  
Baby girl tried to whisper in my ear some jewels  
She said the wise man's swifter, plays a part of a fool  
I learned that in Allah's school of gratitude  
Bad attitudes we leave black and blue  
The project news, Sunz of Man new and improved  
16 cuts on your CD, compare it to blues

[Holy Smokes]

Get this one official stamp, boost the amp  
Increase ya camp, by chance you might enhance or learn to dance  
I rock with the champion image from start to finish  
Compress Spanish, youth offenders, slice of your dinners  
Brain chemist' cross gimmicks and mimicks  
Whatever stick they sent us, it's up top criminal trial  
'Fore your mind is blind, create my rhymes in brail  
Hop, skip, jump bail, and off with tail  
Hot stairs in the suburbs, wise words  
Anyone can get it like his or hers  
Why you sippin' on sys-urp, hittin' Brooklyn curb  
Evidence scattered in Pittsburgh for six birds

[Hook x2: Hell Razah & 60 Second Assassin]

Say what you wanna, your shits a goner  
Smokin' marijauna, drinkin' the spring water  
Bagged me a dollar, turned out to be a quarter  
Next time you step in, make sure you steppin' on her

[Chorus]

[Hell Razah]

You better step your game up, Sunz draw quicker than a paint brush  
Y'all got 16's that ain't bust  
Some I float got bodies on it  
Got killers that's paid, wanna pay me to copy off it  
Get my mic rock inside your office  
You'se an industry talker, I'm in the streets  
Death to infinity, we gonna make sure y'all respect our vicinity  
In this Matrix, my bitches is trinity  
Get popped in the back of your head like John Kennedy  
Born in the seventies, mind be where the Heavens be  
My body in Hell, where the wicked be  
I inhale mistakes and breathe out victory (Nah)  
I don't deal with no witchcraft or trickery (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
No man, no idles, no mysteries

[Snuggle Up]

I save a thousand dollars a day, 7 times 4 times 12  
Yo I'm eatin' and I don't touch nothin'  
I go to college, learn a trade to get paid, now who's frontin'?  
Bitches f\*\*k me cuz they see clear, knowin' that in two years  
70 thousand dollars if I go that route  
But the most they can get is dick and they out  
I keep this rap shit on the low cuz I already knew where the dough was  
So make sure you nice so you can raise the price  
All this before a deal, oh what a way to come in!  
If this is Different Strokes I'm Phil Drummond

[Chorus x2]