

Soldiers Of Darkness

Sunz of Man

Attention, Soldiers! Kill every one of them!

Ha ha! Another (yeah) f**kin' live-ass track from the Temple of
[Shaolin monks] Shaolin! (yeah) What, nigga? Word up. Yeah! Keep it
real. Killah Priest, you know what I'm sayin'? (yeah) The Prodigal
Sunn, [rah] Sunz of Man. Madman (yeah) representin' for the Killarmy.
The Killa Sin, (ha) the RZArectah....

[Killa Sin]

(Yo, yo,)

I gotta get a grip, an edge on life, I'm livin' trife, G
I'm shiesty, now I see why nobody likes me
It might be the image project that I selected
But eff it-shit is mad real, as well as hectic
Inspect it, your vest and got tested
Suggestions molestin' my thoughts I manifested, protect it
My mind was designed for crime, the bottom line
'Cause it's my time to shine with the nickel-plated nine to a spine,
And ain't no remorse in my source of madness
But my temper, my anger rises like my status
Because I'm known on the borough of Shaolin
For wildin', don't think that it's peace when I be smilin'
A heart stone-cold is what I own
For niggaz who brag, I break bones, leave 'em ungagged, and hear them moan
I hate snakes on that fake shit
I get mad, leave 'em shaken up bad like when the quake hit
I got a steezo that's raw, man
Another brother provoked, and gun-smoked, now that's all-damn
By any mortal, the brothel of horror,
Knowin' full well that he won't leave to see tomorrow
Be on your guard when I start to flip shit, I'm sick
Word to God, it's hard to get a grip

[9th Prince]

I brings a streakin' iron flame, concealed in steel weapons
Clips and shovels deeper than the shallow trenches of the brethren
I burst like lions among the slaughter
Then I assume my human facility-I plan a hit to the governor
Open, open, behold the gift, designed to kill many men
I stick 'em for billiard pins
Like cavin' some world in, flashin' death like lightnin' from the Heavens
Leavin' rappers sufferin' the thirst of a silent curse
That came from the Earth when the planet was reversed.
Here are the needles, see that he dies
From the effect of a drug, come bleeding out of his eyes
I chop off his feet, so he can't walk and talk, then he claims to stalk
I shove him with pitchfork and stack up dead corpse
A Soldier of the Darkness, kidnap an MC for a hostage
Then break loose on the stage
Tradin' places like slaves bein' trained, I'm under pressure
Thoughts be actin' wild like a child molester
Mad man terrorism, today's journalism
Goin' to war across the country with another organism
Killarmy madness is how we kill 'em

[Prodigal Sunn]

Since the calculations of time which held the life that held the day of

expiration, steady creation
Mental death-the source of the abomination
I emerge from the house upon your territory
This one, alias Sun of Man no longer deceived by Satan's blend
Here's a ministry fightin' wars of demonology
Soldiers have got knowledge, rewritin' your sins of reality
Lyrical space, the black neophyte, run a satellite
I should jump deep beyond the depths of my inner sight
Visions of me on the night of a solar eclipse
A-boardin' the mothership, takin' my last whiff from this polluted mess
Another soul's vibration escapes this cold tunnel of fire
Show alliance, usin' your brain from the lord sire
I tie your f**kin' brain up with barbed wire
Infused thoughts left ya bruised, him been condemned
To the rims of Hell, afraid to walk
Reaction, slow-motion, in shock from the explosion
Symptoms of death-left ya chokin' on your own breath
You better study your literature, seek the scriptures
Biblical folds 'n' scrolls, laced in velour robes
Killah Priest precise, the messenger 60-Second,
Hell Razah, bless 'em, overcome the oppression

[Killah Priest]

Hearken as the night darkens
You've been warned that the Priest will soon swarm
Now you'll be done away like the unicorn,
With night time as my uniform
And death as my sword, the universal warlord
The Sunz of Man came together for one accord
You can't read about it, it's not a myth
Here's a puncture, to your rib, (pshaw) for a gift
And the only present I'm dealin' with is now
The supreme slayer, I wrote the book of Isaiah
Layin' bodies down by the layer
Burn 'em before the assembly
And watch his ashes go up through the chimney
They have disguised me as brass before his prayers
And though his words be lost in the air
The reason you felt chained is 'cause I've been ordained
I tie you up and throw you off a f**kin' plane
And fill up your parachute with more dead bodies
Don't ask me why--it's a f**kin' hobby!
Burn 'em with the fuel, put down ya tool, I laugh at you
(Why?) Because MCs are my footstool

[60-Sec. Assassin]

You enter the hocus pocus, perhaps the dopest
Tote this, for those all with dope shit
Focus, I blood-shot your lyrics with cirrhosis
Ferocious sound effects break the "glaucosis"
Insanity enters humanity like an enemy
Invade your central nervous system like an advent
Mathematically schematic, I'ma panic, couldn't hold on to a tablet
Semantic, goes through your system like an addict
Bomb glistenin', watch for the blow, I deliver it
Faster stroll, you wrote, minute, barrier, delinquent
Grabs your soul, magnetic flux be out of control
I'm leavin' peeps serviceable, sell his soul to the toilet bowl
All your possessions I own for my own
The chemical, you clone, "comatosis," the syndrome,
The Rip-Van, the Winkle, twinkle twinkle
You caught up with your days now, organism star
What part, whistle heart, intruders travel so far

Not even the master chart would put ya arteries back apart
From Allah, this technique is so odd, odd, odd...