Tribulations

Sunz of Man

Intro: 62nd Assassin

I ain't want nothing known but a bank roll. On the other side of 123rd St., bro'. Nothing known but a bank roll. On the other side of 123rd St., bro'. Bringing it straight off the currency. Now this shit is tough. I got this shit magic from here to Texas trap. With the god's jewels stash. I ain't want nothing known but a bank roll. On the other side of 123rd, bro'. Yo, that's that. I ain't want nothing known but a bank roll.

Chorus: Prodigal Sunn

Life is reality, reality is life People living trife, the world filled with strife The gods living, writing exact, too many lacks Black on black crime, no vest, another victim laided to rest Life is reality, reality is life Niggaz living trife, bitches living sheisty, the gods living, writing exact Too many lacks, black on black crime No vest, another victim laided to rest Life is reality, reality Life is reality, reality Life is reality, reality is life Niggaz living trife, bitches living sheist The gods living, writing exact Too many lacks, black on black crime No vest, another victim laided to rest Life is reality, reality, life is reality Life is reality, reality

[Prodigal Sunn (62nd Assassin)] Break bread, eliminate feds and dead heads I seen the bloodshed, devils decay, torture, enslave >From Red Hook to Compton, Fort Green to Albany Galleries of artillery, a symphony, millitary Some adversaries and fairies caught the bad decision Physical collision, we leave 'em deaf and holy like some christians (A new incorporation, your rap exoriantation Not a reorientation, or interntation More and more foes is what I'm chasing Low down international business, players exchanging Your ears pound, throw down erasing) Maneuvering, moving like slugs from a silencer My fleet of seven on your calender, f**k an amateur (Game premeditated, crime related, rhyme intensive Chess, some hardest gamers, the world black as entertainment) Your time is short, change your thought, rearrange your sports Before being pork on a fork, I get scorched by the torch In this Sunz of Man federation, pure meditation Righteous advigation, teaching for the blind in my nation (Still remaining through all the shot reigning

Hit grim, stitchy grain, playing half, broke that untouchable Still tapping plants, by the forced in, rap street, yo extortion)

Chorus: Prodigal Sunn

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[Killah Priest (Hell Razah)] In the beast like orcra, swim across the border Walk upon the water, holding the minora Reaching for the tora, face full of torture One deeper than my ora, I stalk ya with the offer Law and order, cut your day shorter Slaughter everybody in the party (Check the godly, from the cradle to the graves We hell raise you, break your bread at the table With my real Kane and Ables it gets fable We build stables, we drop jewels that enslave you) Wear the wooden bander, seven shield commander Wave the golden banner, swinging down the hammer In the house of David, we gold, true laces Diamond braclets, niggaz on that snake ship (There ain't no love without the hatred The cure for the snakes in the snakepits Created and those that's belated It's too much, you fear, must prepare scuba-gear Got a ocean of the dry potion, we mind smoking We blind for the thugs and drug dealers Who used to be pyramid builders, ancient healers Stand for mirrors, all they see is cap pealers and reflection Moon do me right, give me night life, let me run in all directions) Worldly impressions, natural infections, massive depression Dealing with reality, fantasies is nothing but a fantasy I see it's all vanity, humanities, who volcanically Satanically, on the edge of my sanity, can't we be all family

(Various talk to fade)