

# Who Are The Sunz Of Man

Sunz of Man

[Chorus x2: Hell Razah (all)]

When I say Sunz of, you say Man  
(Sunz of Man, Sunz of Man)

[Hell Razah]

When my lyrics touch the frozen, you frost the lost  
As I've rosen out my mental grave, livin dead, trapped in my head  
I know the ledge and still learnin, the ignorant brain surgeon  
Here's your permanent effect of a death servant to all satanic maniacs  
When I give these raps, your mental will collapse  
Back down to the surface of the Earth with these murderous disasters  
For all wicked pastors, they turn to ashes  
And prudent churches, with verses, curses  
Now we bury them in metal hurses, submit his clothes  
Fuck his tombstone, the unknown dimension  
Don't close ya brain yet, be my guest  
The holder, when I release the stress, unusual  
Runnin over you, with my rhymes with jewels, rituals  
Dealin with your spiritual reality, mentalities come from enemies  
Through the outer me, disbelievers get amnesia  
A trip to the outer galaxy, my soul leaves a white hole  
I tried to swallow me, demons don't follow me

[Prodical]

I be the planet inheriter, master, soul controller  
Writer of the lyrical manifold, I explode with the Craftmatic scroll  
Givin you a taste of death, seven bullets through your chest  
Then I rest in peace, then you die in stress  
I torch your carcass in the middle of the Dead Sea  
You drown in misery, lost his shroud in reality  
And through my mental chemistry life is propelled  
In this pit of collision, America, for surely call it Hell  
It came in text that I was sent as a visionary  
I travel with the humble, still bled through the struggle  
The last of survival, soakin knowledge, both sides of the equator  
Science and mathematic refills my attic  
From what I visualize I'm stranded in the wilderness  
I'm forced to fight, driven into the darkness  
Opposin war with mercenaries and devils  
With the Sunz of Man I stroll through Hell, defeatin f\*\*kin rebels  
But feelin the wounds of ?, I let the lead pull the fire, persecutin the liar  
It said the meak shall inherit the Earth  
For what it's worth I teach my seeds so they eat or bleed durin child birth

[7th Ambassador]

Tensions in the atmosphere so you're best to beware  
Or be burned by my flames of fury cuz I be the executioner, judge and jury  
And once I've reached a verdict your ass will be murdered  
In a second, execution style, decapitate your head with my wreck  
When I fling it like a frisbee, I know two LP's  
Could bust a dome down into three different parts  
Plus I have some CD's aimin for your heart  
As I shoot 'em, they're left, lodged in your bone and your flesh  
But shootin through the surface of your chest  
The fluids are still leakin from your neck, what a mess  
Can be created, when my explosive temper's activated

Niggaz don't know the anger I possess, within  
The conscious capability of sin, it's killin me  
Slowly, even the unholy can't control me  
When I'm on that different level, go to Hell with the devil  
And the God that ya must say I must pray to  
Before I lay my head down to rest, peep the thief  
When ya gamble with ya life, you should send over your place for keeps  
Situations made my trife, should you depend upon the streets?  
It's Hell in these days that we live in

[Chorus x2]

[Killah Priest]

Two kids fought in the womb  
One brother will be stronger than the other  
The mother, Rebecca, Isaac was the father  
Abraham, the author, one white, the other slightly darker  
The children, the prophecy, Genesis twenty-five, verse twenty-three  
The elder shall serve the younger, I heard the thunder  
Passed out from hunger, plus I was thirsty, I begged for mercy  
Am I worthy to be the Priest? Behold seven Greeks  
I pulled the sword out my sheet, but the vision, made me weak  
Emprisoned in the deep, my mind risen from the East  
The wisdom of the Killah Priest, now take you through 60 Sec. of the elect

[60 Second Assassin]

Ahh.. a new era, I'm like raisin terror  
So highly mechanised, nigga die  
To measure the inevitable, be on like episodes  
The deadly technical, whose scribes givin rise to time  
Before celestial, don't beam my lyrics out precise  
The double sight, I take flight  
Through crews, the trips of night  
Spark synthetic flames, a meteorite  
Seventh Heaven burst seven horn to lyrics of thunder!  
And fight to strike snakes out from under  
Cloudly men trip six miles of flyin myst, words of the gift  
Playin tricks out the crypt, of the dark dense senses  
God's Heavenly business, count backwards, a Total Recall  
Deep in an eclipse, leavin our lip stitched  
You couldn't mind your business, so when it came!  
Throned to this rap, you should have vacated the premises  
And make way for Attilla, thriller, down low killer  
Gettin civil, turn back, get burned  
To a pillar, fought, total loss, which way I swing from?  
The East to North, two in a row, one pitcher  
The Land of the Lost, on the Av. screamin "Warpath!"  
A mad cash in the stash, you can't last, a psychopath  
I packs a mag. in other words a 'matic  
Magnetic gift of gab, why need a jewelry when I strapped up under the booty?  
Doin major damage, throwin lyrics like ceramics  
With enough kicks, flush the bullshit, you could cram it  
Along with the dildo, straight to your ass like a field goat  
Hush! Your mouth's closed, so yo f\*\*k all that Willie boast

[Chorus x4]