

# Wicked Ways

Sunz of Man

And that's my word... that's my word

[Chorus:]

If you're blind to the wicked ways  
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind (check it out)  
If you're blind of the wicked ways (yeah, check it out)  
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind (yo)

[Verse One: Killah Priest]

The President just ordered the Navy to hit the borders of Haiti  
Slaughter babies from the waters of Euphrates  
Maybe they sent germ that's polluted our sperm  
And made us live uncircumcised in the serpent eyes  
And told us certain lies, and each day a servant dies  
But in the halls of Pharoah the walls are narrow  
And religion is like a prison for the seekers of wisdom  
This be the dance of the graveyard  
So do the spank with the dead zombie  
Here comes the tanks of a Red Army  
The real Jew is you, Jeremiah fourteen and two  
Enforced by the Hebrew  
Ya hovered by the eagle, America is evil  
Let no man deceive you, beat you, or mistreat you  
The tribe of Edem, stole your freedom  
And Edem means redneck  
I'm throwin bullets in my Tec  
Nah, I'm goin out like Joshua  
With a pen, an army, and an apocalypse

[Chorus:]

If you're blind to the wicked ways  
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind  
If you're blind to the wicked ways  
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind

[Verse Two: Hell Razah]

I remember  
The six doctors, that wanted to take my brain into a labratory  
Destroy me, since birth  
My baby talk was psychic thoughts  
Flashbacks, all the past blacks trapped in the present  
Killin for dead presidents, where every ghetto residence  
is evidence, and the future, there will never be none  
If we don't be-come, unity  
Or get them devil made guns, and leave them demons bleedings  
Give em BACK with tons of speeding bullets  
Fuck your tech-nology, it's trick-knowledgy  
Tellin lies to my vision, I was given, enough time  
To master, the criminology  
And Mr. Pastor, teachin demonology  
Words of dope knowledge, I demolish  
Evil men, with an easy win  
When my thoughts are spaced out, come down to EARTH

The devil crawls, cuz he's only, jealous  
And a victim of the unholy ghost

[Chorus:]

If you're blind to the wicked ways  
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind (mind)  
If you're blind to the wicked ways  
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind

[Verse Three: 7th Ambassador]

He listens to the cries in the distance  
of the next victim, wishin, that he had some assistance  
And right before his eyes it appeared  
Beware when the shadow caster, demon master's in the near  
He blocked the true light from your sight  
And transformed your brightest days, into your darkest nights  
I had your blind man praisin the grave  
Cause he feel the cross, that lays in the dirt  
And think he's in the church, not even aware  
That death is near, and he's one step from his grave  
A naive mental slave if he had, his third eye sparked  
He mighta been scopin  
Them demons that be lurkin in the dark  
Always keep your glowin eye open  
By knowin who your enemies be  
I can see you but you can't see me  
Escape from your chains like, Great Houdini  
And dissappear, like a majestic genie, in midair  
Vanish, that's my advantage  
And then I transform to a hurricane storm  
And rain holy water, for seven days  
And seven nights, the chosen ones spark the light  
Of the Sun, that's killin off villains by the ton  
Sealin all the doors to the Hells, correct spells  
That were cast on my peeps that were weak  
Made to keep, my peeps in a deep sleep

[Verse Four: 60 Sec. Assassin]

Behold! The angels out the heaven  
Who professes a whole new rap, session reposessin the gossip  
back so black, better hand over your act, or trapped, to  
Seven fifty three, who have received the law  
By the dispositions of angels, and have not, kept it  
Transgressed it, better burn your testaments  
Ain't nothing changed niggaz is gettin arrested  
Beat down like wrestling  
On the count, of false impression, indiscretion  
Advise em all with the glimpse, of a third eye  
The silent sleep, and wicked  
I work you niggaz out like physics, I blast out from the heart  
of Brooklyn, like an arrow, just stick to my point  
It's narrow, I shoot niggaz back, into the time  
like Pharoah, I smoke up on your brain, leave it  
burnt as Sahara, that leaves desert, with a rock storm  
Leavin niggaz buried and puttin them at Lou's lawn  
Headquarters, of the Zoo, what part, wasn't reviewed  
Or didn't you understand  
I'm drillin niggaz back under the surface of the land

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Show the righteous man, stand in great loneliness  
Before the face, of such that have afflicted him  
And may no account of his labels  
For they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear  
And shall, be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation  
So far beyond all they were lookin for