

Sunz Of Man, Five Arch Angels

Intro/Verse 1: Sixty Second Assassin

Yeah...
Give it to me now...
Uhh! Yeah...
Bring it on..nuh
(Yeah) Uhh!
Neh...yuh!
Give it to me uhh! (Give it to me)
Make way for the war-path
The psychopath on the astro-blast
Killin' something off I ?breaka had a bat?
The improbable on ya way down scream "Geronimo";
From Qu'rans it go my mission imposs-eezible
Leavin' lyric in tha hospit-able
?Then it drops 'em? Fuck the bill, tongued, double-edged
Slice to kill! ?-----?
Chop they heads, ?we pickin' cases at the Feds?
On the D/L, what the hell dead ?self-for-delf?
Screamin' "Hell" with the angel's death still bodies trail
City wants the killas be killas
But though, I'm the deaf villain
Whose contracts I don't fill-a...
Body-bags by the millions
But that keeps me illin'?
Plus I need a ?---? to cap one off
My killa raises ? before the calm--Deadly
In arms! Call the Desert Storm and swing a blast of mega-bombs
Keep 'em ?sane off the champagne an gat-claps?
Man, that's from breakin' through the fatal camp
Perimeter, of the angel's death, *nyeh!*That's, the way to leave the lyrics in a total wreck

Verse Two: Shabazz the Disciple

This is a journey, through the halls of Hell!
A journey, that'll burn he, and all, who dwell
The wicked, are afflicted, condemned, and convicted
Imprisoned, in darkness, where men, are heartless
Absolving artists, through ya fire and sparklers
Drag him down, in the tabernacle by his Adam's apple!
And suddenly, the angels, of death will hang you!
The power, whippings, by matters, of degrees
Calcium absorbed, by evil dead babies!
You get rabies, from the bat bites
Dirty germs, and scabies, from the rat bites!
Your skin, decays, as you choke, and gasp
With the fumes, that consume, the poison of the asp!
As ya body releases solid liquids and gases
Thirsty worms suck the fluid--Ya life flashes!
You lay down in the dust, body bubblin' with hot pus
He lay naked, and unsacred
Blasphemed the Sunz of Man but didn't make it...make it...

Verse Three: Hell Razah

Started off at Jesus' left
Nevertheless, death, not restin' in peace, ?sweet leap?
Express, across my mental, cut the beef, had it, every week
Potential, every day I release bombs, deep like thunder
From the bottom, of a well, of an attack of spells since my eyes
Opened up in Hell, my mind, think faster
And it passes by, but ?one convinced?
It makes no sense, cross ya heart, don't hope to die

You can climb into the sky, life is only ?high nuclei? in ya mind
Lost senator, it takes one to survive
There's too many ways different for the world to just stop!
?We lost ya common?
The doctor said, "Forgot 'cha brain was in ya head";
So I hell-raised and said to reality, "Look inside of me";
For the battery, the result, is tragedy
Through the minds, of my enemies, my horror, is ?
The Devil's lies, are chokin' me
Hopefully, I'm gettin' to open the minds, that's supposed to be
Died, ?-----?
As it begins I, to spy?, and I recite a homicidal action
What's happenin' is now
The future brings the answer
A crack fiend--the Devil don't wanna dance
So I leveled, God bless me! 'Cuz I ain't gonna wait for YOU to do it
Your brain must got a hole the way I just ran through it!

Interlude: Killah Priest

So as, we travel, through, the mists
Of the Bible, the renowned, six deadly snakes
Look, and they perish, right before us
Bring the wicked before me and slay them before my feet...

Verse Four: Prodigal Sunn

I contain the science, to make an angel bleed through his vision
More land and places trapped behind the walls of mental prison
The limitation a nation of my creation
Mass confusion ?babies rollin' dead in isolation?
Inhale the pollution, release the chemicals, my psychological
Analogy, burns, a hole through reality
Eruptin' mad levels, devils committin' sin
But who will ?-----? will we face then in the fuckin' end?!?

Verse Five: Killah Priest

I raise pain, seperation to ya whole frame
My mic is changed, when I rap and make ya ?framed?
A chief chancellor, when I rap I leave no answers
I go into the crypts and give a nigga bone cancer
When I deliver, I give 'em shivers
You wicked souls, meet your creator, the Darth Vader
I send that evil ass back to the incubator
Fuck with me...ya better off eatin' pork on the grounds of Mecca
The Killah Priest! The lethal rap injecta!
I'm full of fury, and anger...
Which is my slogan...ya pops shoulda BUST you in the Trojan!
You wanna battle? Here's ya teethin' ring, and ya fuckin' rattle
And ya horsey and ya saddle...and ya fuckin' pacifier
I'm gonna baptize you, then BLAST ya ass to FIRE!
You better check my rendezvous, before you have me sittin' on a panel
On fuckin' Donahue
I'm fuckin' sick!
You better check my past life...I'm Killah Priest!
You better fuckin' ask Christ!
And when I'm finished, ya ass'll be a Jehovah Witness
Or Richard Simmons, searchin' for a fuckin' fitness
I don't give a fuck if you exercise, do you expect to try?
You be the next, to die! The Killah Priest!
Hear me testify!

Outro: Killah Priest

The testimony, of the five arch angels
The Sixty-Second Assass, the Holy Psychiatrist
Hell Razah, Prodigal Sunn, the Killah Priest...
And so it is written, the four ran to the four corners of the earth
And the fifth ran into the sun, with a book, that read
"Your ass is miiiiine"