

Sunz Of Man, Tribulations

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, military
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, fuck 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

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, reality

[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 bracelets, 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 peelers 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)