

Prodigal Sunn, Campaignin'

(Intro: Prodigal Sunn)

.... sippin' champagne

Pain, that's how we campaign, campaign

Trees from a smoke, cuz ladies sipping champaigne

Pain, that's how we campaign, pain

Stay ahead of the game, let's stay ahead of the game

Game, that's how we campaign, campaign

Campaign, cam-cam-cam-paign, paign

(Prodigal Sunn)

The cat of the year, stay rugged, Timberland gear

Rockin' Throwbacks, Nike's, Louie, Gucci wear

Rocks in the grill, never ever givin' it up

Go platinum plus, snakes screamin', yellin' what up

What up, these nuts, nigga, and I don't give a fuck either

Check my history, son, kid, I'm a solid figure

Best believe, I'm not afraid at all to squeeze the triggers

Releasin' the liver, enough to make a grown man quiver

Pyramid base, Sunzini the ace

GZA, Ghostface, diamond neck brace, who wanna case?

You know the place, Brooklyn, where we pop those thangs

Fiends sniffin' cocaine, dames, industry lames

Sparklin' ice, knew it for the steps of Christ

Watch the Sunn spit it precise, through the mic device

From 13X to Malcolm, smooth like the wings of a falcon

You know the outcome, still number one (one)

(Chorus: Prodigal Sunn)

Trees from a smoke, cuz ladies sipping champaigne

Money grows fame, zippin' slow cash lane

The name I claim be Sunzini, N.Y. City grain

Tinted windows on the block, in the black Range

Attackin' again, any track, I spit flames

Beef anywhere, who want it? I break dreams

Yeah, do it to death, that's how I campaign

More money to make, that's how I campaign

(Yung Masta)

Don't want to step it to me, we come like

State of the art weaponry, never retreat

About them cats, that's undercover D's

Deadly regiment, stay fatigue, cock back and squeeze

Not planted, quicker than Jet Li, buckle your knees

Me and my nigga get it poppin', like nine millimeter assault heaters

Or clash of the titans with dick beaters

Descendents of the teachers of Aristotle, kickin' a full bottle

Yung Masta, Sunzini, stay honest to motto's

Tough act to follow, you get my point, it's real hollow

You'll cast your shadow, you couldn't live through our battles

Your dreams get rattled, if you got bagged, you probably tattled

You that snake in the eagle shadow, you caught nigga, game over

With no replay, in the game like E.A

But not a sport, give 'em force, 'break atoms' like Main Source

We pay course, take a loss, this era, we takin' all

We maintain and campaign, split your wig like migraines

(Chorus)

(Prodigal Sunn)

Plantin' dynamite, the scene is right, team is tight

Fist full of shine bright, I still grind on mics

Still pack hot potato, network cable

Activate generate that money on the table

Those who oppose gon' catch metal facials

Ladies love that Kain and Able, up in they navil
Hit 'em high, hit 'em low, that's the way it goes
Girl, you feel so good, ma, I just don't know, sike
Gotta go, gotta go, I'm off to the next state
Thirty G cash, and yo, I'm never late
Gotta collect these papes, I'm movin' through the side floor
Bodies galore, shakin' on dance floors
We thirty deep in the back of the club
Kickin' screamin', Love spinnin' our new hit, exclusive
Two years later, see us chillin' on Crips
Turkey, lay these for the grillin', cuz I don't eat ribs
To my fam, I got 'em locked to give, loves, I'm lived
He's a mad types, I aint' try'nna catch the hyptz'

(Chorus)