

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 Cribs
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)