

Prodigal Sunn, Godz People

(Intro: 60 Second Assassin)

Chill, man, chill, g!

See you don't know what's going on, man

I see right now, you don't know what's happening

There it go, there it go

(Chorus 2X: 60 Second Assassin)

Our common enemy, commonly known, check the rules

(What - type - of man)

The only difference between them, is me and you

(Tell - the - truth)

It be the tricks the devil pull, you don't exist

(This - is - scam)

So don't expect no help from them, Godz People

(No - one's - do)

(Interlude: 60 Second Assassin)

A black man's vote means nothing today

By any and all means necessary

They done turned it around on us

And left us poor folks behind

And want us to swallow up the legislature

And your paper, where I don't think that the truth

Can satisfy the human race

I said it before and I'll say it again

The Devil has scored a point on God's court

It's at the top of the 9th inning

And our people must step up to home plate

I need a team, I need a team

To move with one mind

I need a team, to move with one body

One soul, I need a team, I need a team

(Armel)

What else can be said? I'm first to admit

My people's fucking hard head, and soon to be dead

I brings to my eyes to see a young black man die

And don't know why (It's a shame)

Who's to blame, the player or the game?

If things don't change (we all lose)

You can lead the horse to water, but you can't make him drink

So why you actin' like (shit don't stink)

(Sharecka)

Ain't no comparison' to what we do

Weed, enough bread and from the struggle, scuff bumps

And rumbles, poverty and hunger

Sodomy, child abuse, if adults don't teach the youth

Then what's the use? This ain't got

Nothing to do with sales, it's the truth

And the message from me to you, hoping it'll see you through

They should build and be the rule, and droppin' jewels a must

Ain't no justice, it's 'just us'

Government fuckin' business up

Yeah, y'all fed up, get a dick to suck

If my niggaz fall down, I'mma pick 'em up

First move, foundation, what?

(Prodigal Sunn)

Yeah, I keeps it straight up 12 O'Clock, since back in the days

Macks and trades, and roam away from the PJ such

Where it take checks, no tolerance for disrespect

Face mask, noodies woodies, berettas and techs

Young cats up in the discotecque, chin check vets

Triple threat, through the system they fret
Through Knowledge, Wisdom, overstand, collect
Mad respect to my fams, all my mans, all the world that I met
Now I'm a grown man, movin' with the plans of a winner
Fightin' with the snakes, realest tenors
Killin' for the thriller with thinner
Brick face, on the hunt for dinner
We set it on, contenders pretenders
Beginners tryna stop the agenda
Heavy hitters on the grind, like Brenda's
Go hard to the grain, baby, never surrender
Play the scene like black marbles
Never will I follow a man, due to my self
Rather train, bus, dollar van (what type of man)

(Chorus to end)