

# Prodigal Sunn, Manhunt

(Intro: Prodigal Sunn)

Chitty chitty bang bang, bang, bang  
Chitty chitty..

(Chorus 2X: Prodigal Sunn)

I make you jump jump, bang this shit  
High or low, out your trunk-trunk  
Spit that raw, give 'em  
Give 'em, give 'em, what they want  
Pumpin' and thumpin' and dumpin'  
It's a manhunt, yo, it's a manhunt

(Prodigal Sunn)

Yeah, we get it crunk like Lil' Jon and them Eastside Boyz  
Them Brooklyn boys, G-O-D-Z, up in Tonka toys  
Thirty mil' team, hand gleem, filled chips a'hoy  
Self employed, get it from Evon and Peter Roy  
Lumbers and heaters, jumpin' out the Z2 seaters  
Rockin' Louie with them Gucci sneakers, live in Cheetah's  
Don't get it twisted, stay lifted, keep the metal biscuit  
The grand wizard chameleon lizard, New York Blizzard  
Live as can be, live on stage in Tennessee  
Makin' that legal tender, seein' our dough, drink the Hennessey  
Son, you fake, you not a friend of me, not even a can-it-be  
You about to catch a John F. Kennedy  
Then I escape through the assembly, ghost from the vecinity  
Vacant my suite, flash bring scenery  
Typical moves for you pitiful dudes  
Cupcakes and corn flakes, it ain't no love without hate

(Chorus 2X)

(Prodigal Sunn)

A thoroughbred since a young shorty, guzzlin' '40's  
The forty-five on the right side, ready to ride  
Do or die, Bedstuy, where heads fly, you don't ask why  
Do the knowledge, add it up and apply  
Some last words from my dying uncle, stay focused, get that cash  
Stay on the lookout, for triggers in masks  
Move smart, blend with the dark, roll with men of heart  
And every beast, shall play they part, young God  
Mmmm.... meditated, for a minute, high set it off  
The green splendid, knew what he was sayin', knew he really meant it  
Survive on the street, you liable meat  
Be a grown man, son, stand on your own two feet  
It's real, from the gun to the grain, hustle my name  
Too many stress and high, coming in son; I already came  
Muscle the game, stay clear, of them lames and dames  
Split hits campaign, like Rick James on cocaine

(Chorus 2X)

(12 O'Clock)

I do it to the death, dudes don't know  
It be the nine or the tech, get the bread then we step  
Got the handle like A.I., with his left  
Young police thinkin' they Elliott Ness  
Til they get popped in they chest  
Throw the burner to ya neck, dude, dare you to flex  
See you girly ass dudes, I lift up your dress  
Got that criminal mind, like I'm Luther, the Lex  
Want my CREAM lookin' long, when you writin' them checks  
Be a rebel to the game like Inspectah Deck  
12 O'Clock, starts today, do ends in the morn'

When my bust in hers, see a star was born  
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, dudes that's where I'm from  
Get a nasty ass chick, like to swallow my gum  
C-walking down my block, not knowing nobody, that's crazy  
Even if your gun got bodies  
Got a man with a pitbull, one eye, call him Shock!

(Hook: Prodigal Sunn)  
We got bangers that gon' feel this, the gritty grindz  
We got hangers that gon' love this, gritty grindz  
I'm in the hood, baby, all the time, gritty grindz  
Get yours, cuz I'mma get mine, the gritty grindz

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Prodigal Sunn)  
The gritty grindz!