

Prodigal Sunn, Procrastinators

(Hook: J. Wellz)

Gun Hill, Bedstuy, Fort Greene, special teams
Yung Masta, P-Sunn, Freemurder

(Yung Masta)

Balance the opposite
Militant raps, make soldiers pop they clips
Heatin' up Metropolis, rockin' the whole populous
Ain't no stoppin', mercenary droppin' shit like
I'm on the shelf, you stand fear, cops is watchin' shit
Imitator tried to copy this, download it to floppy disks
Those is poisonous, leave you twist, best to watch it, kid
I roll with many bald heads and dreaded
Mentality is war, havin' niggaz pitch like Andy Pettitte
And ready to set it; old dog in my pocket, don't set it
Me and my crew, we bustin' through like Jerome Bettis
Yo, my name spell disaster, doc' and only, Yung Masta
Comin' at cha, with a fortified structure, I move faster
From Killa Bronx to Cali, Down South, and Worldwide
Futuristic design, watchin' streets with third eye
Disrespect my family, and it's boom bye bye
God think we on the rise, til we kiss the sky

(Chorus 2X: J. Wellz)

Procrastinators, my nigga, what the fuck you waitin' on?
Stay on the move, stay hustlin', this the day is gone

(Freemurder)

Go ahead or play hard, but don't push me
One in head, a-long, don't play hookie
Bust lead in they yard, they won't look me
Right in the eye, Ray Charles can see you pussy
No pain, nigga, no gain
The mack have you dancin' in line like Soul Train
I don't wanna rob you, that jewelry is plain
That ain't hood or fly, like Soul Plane
That ain't good, should pop your own chain
The album went wood, should of copped your own shame
Now you hopin' over trains, your car won't work
Your car won't work, your shorty givin' head
In the car, on the curve, aww, you're a herb
Pa', that's my word, stay far from the birds
Crackin' on wood, your broads gettin' served
All in the face, just markin' my turf
Spittin' ya cake, bored, lettin' those hoes amp you
Now watch 'em 'play boy', like the porno channel

(Hook)

(Prodigal Sunn)

First of all don't discuss em, trust em
Yeah, I'm good, where I'm at
Empty on tracks, SMPTE the ratch', rock a few hats
New plaques, it's stacked, I keep pushin' the game, hold me back
Watch the game grow old, folks sellin' they soul
Greatest story ever told, about the champ who rose
Nice on his toes, precise with his flows and hoes
Never in it from the beginning, cats keep sinning
Slugs keep spinning, slap a thug, mugged from grinning
I'mma stay winning, love women, like blood in my veins
Rep my name, any terrain, Sunzini the flame
Raised up, in the lion's den, warrin' with men
Trapped and sent gas and wheezing for oxygen
Visual toxin, the story of the hood rotten

We came a long ways, from pickin' cotton, takin' hot ones
Ridin' shotgun, Return of the Prodigal Sunn
Long awaited, carefully created, second to none

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: J. Wellz)
J. Wellz...