

Prodigal Sunn, Puzzled

(Chorus 2X: Prodigal Sunn samples)

"Don't don't don't don't don't

Don't get puzzled from the words I spill"

□"I'll let you know"

"D-DJ" "Where you gon' run to"

"Don't get puzzled from the words I spill"

□"I'll let 'em know"

"D-DJ" "Sunn'll turn face"

(Prodigal Sunn)

The gun of a slave, condensed prince, crowns and kings

The face of a pharaoh, escapin' the American dream

They say it's all about the time and the themes

So I takes my time, create design, intellectual blind

Tore my heart, body and soul, as I run through the globe

Teachin' the babies, the young and the old livin' in this cold world

Some play for better days and better ways

Wise words from my grandpa; lay low when that beretta sprays

Got only one life to live, choose positive over negative

You know the game is mad competitive

To all my kin folks and relatives

Open your eyes, to the lies, real lines, go wake and suit up

(Chorus 2X)

(Prodigal Sunn)

It all started 29 hard, verse with a spark, then lay it marv'

Reign of the star, the Sunn, I grew my arms Dubar

Endangered species, run the city of lust, greed and envy

Piece hangin' from your chest, diamond crest, don't tempt me

Since a young shorty, move with the force of a horse

Main ingredient to my line source, full meal course

Never known to deal with the soft, cuz the real, we comin' off

Long term like the floor scout, scrapers and lofts

My Uncle Ray used to say; boy, eat to live

No food in the crib, stomach down, and touchin' my ribs

Foodstamp kid, first bid, age 12; juvenile skid

For scappin' a pillar, money guerilla

Runnin' wild through the 'Nam com, weapon concealer

Became wise to the fact that only God delivers

Still remember Grandma Miller, rockin' chinchilla's

'83, out in A.C., with Grandpa Skrilla

(Chorus 2X)

(Prodigal Sunn)

I set a scene that causes heart attacks

Smoother than the scale on a shark's back

We smarter than your average cat, as a matter of a fact

Ready for any savage with gats

Bag that, you'll get head cracked, lay dead flat

Grown in these streets, plus killas needed weed over meat

Survival depends, ascends on your style and technique

Political muscle, rather do venetical structure

In a Jetta, go horetical, blood of a hustla

In gold chains, before they put us in chains

Hit us with the crack cocaine

Watch the junkies shootin' smack in they veins

From Lennox to Lewis, convinced we can do this

Always knew this, heavyweight champ

Bang with the force, of forty amps

Yeah, that's just the way it is, knowledge my biz

Self employed, big boy toys, enjoy, my kids, for real

For real, life is not a game son, you better know it's real, real

(Chorus 4X)

(Outro: Prodigal Sunn)

It's all about survival, baby

It's alot of sharks in the pool, man

Straight up, I see you sleep, boy

Stay away from affections

I know the game, baby, yeah, yeah

We know the game', baby

Don't get puzzled from the words I spill

That shit is real, real, you know the drill, real

Real, real