

Sunz Of Man, Bloody Choices

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Sunz of... Sunz of... Sunz of Man

Sunz of... Sunz of... Sunz of Man

It comes down in the last days to makin Bloody Choices

Word up, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yea

Killah Priest

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

What you gonna do with God inside you?

Where you goin to when Hell's around you?

Heaven is the place, we on our route to

Destroy you right now, we about to

The sin is to the devil that divides you

Knowledge of self will civilize you

Civilize you and you and you

[Hell Razah]

Yo, yo, yo

[Chorus (lines 1-4 only)]

[Hell Razah]

Yo, in this universal tournament, I warnin it

If my knowledge, you not absorbin it

After I thought of it, my brain recorded it

Then I track slaughtered it, went on tour with it

Longer than life or death, stalkin it (stalkin it)

As I inject this in your ear drums, here comes tons of intelligence

Fatter than elephants, I lock a mental slave instead of level my Dead

Presidents

Why should I kill fool who tried to kill me?

Walk thru this industry with a bond to my chest for victory

History heals me, shields me, force fields me

With the truth, goin out like a troop

At war and able with my gun ready to shoot

Righteous bullets keep the minds wicked-proof

Any day you be a target aimed off my roof

What? What? What?

[Chorus]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo, yo, in these revolutions, they never end

Do mental and physical calystetics

Sharpen my tactics, live Allah's Mathematics

Movin in the sun's shadow, devistation, agrivation

Stalks my nation, death of temptation, Saten's allegations

The fire in us will charge for the wicked to burn

Only concerned, levitate, elevate the black germ

Thru the process effect your domes with my vocal tones

Those who is stoned, elevatin gases thru the microphones

Roll with the stroll, rebelious, to weak knowledge

I seek the sheeps, will only bring forth the Killah Priest

Fatter geristics, automatic, clear as plastic

Tragic, drastic, killin all psychopathics

On my journey from the house of steel

Where Gods reveal the silk, devils distill and kneal

Witness the blood spill

[Hell Razah]

Life tell lies, death in our face

Every other day we killin off our own race

Rather drugs, guns, somethin common known

This is the place that we all call home

Life tell lies, death in our face
Every other day we killin off our own race
Rather drugs, guns, somethin common known
This is the place that we all call home

[Outro: Hell Razah, (Prodigal Sunn)]
Yea, yea, Sunz of Man, Wu-Tang Clan
(Represent for the whole New York City)
Word up (West Coast, South Coast, North Coast)
(Word up, all across the globe) 60 Sec.
(Universal) Hell Razah (Prodigal Sunn) Yea, yea
Killah Priest (That's how we do it)
4th Disciple come down on the tracks ('96)
(The trackmaster, 4th Disciple) Wu-Tang
Killarmy (4th Disciple) Yea, yea
Royal Fam (Population) What? What?
Begga Clan What? What? (Yo, Sunz of Man, baby)
What you gonna do with God inside you?
What you gonna do with God inside you?
What you gonna do with God inside you?
(What you gonna do?) What you--what you gonna do?