

# Sunz Of Man, Cold

Chorus: BizMarkie \*sampled\* 3x

I walked away and I lived too cold

Intro: Hell Razah

This goes out.

This what y'all niggaz all been looking for.

A litte story for all my brothers.

You know what I'm saying? Sunz of Man return.

We gon' walk on by and keep it moving.

Just when it got cold.

Cold Sunz we got jewels, we gon' walk on by and keep it moving.

Check it. Moving. Word up.

[Hell Razah]

Aiyyo, my thoughts be colorless

The undercover rich, haters loving it, watch the hell King Tut' with it

Queen's, bathtubbing it, my diamond's cutting it

Sharp and on point, fuck the tricks of the government

Money rules the world, watch my people suffering

Cops busting in, handcuffing men 'til they wrist bleed

Some read what they don't need, give to seed

Black, Lebanese, rabbis in green fatigues

Microphone masked MC's, Macabees

Hard head MC's get told and still they freeze

The truth came in flesh but still you don't believe

The best thing you know is the spots to find weed

Get the knowledge dungarees, we still struggling

Sunz of Man, UK keep it bubbling

We come to clubs, like the ones who bring the trouble in

What, he sold his soul, life publishing

(Chorus: 2x)

[Hell Razah]

Have to walk on by and keep it moving

[Prodigal Sunn]

I remenise all my dark days whenever I phase and kept a blaze

Y'all mental slave renegades, wasn't enough to eliminate

In my lifestyle of hard times and good times

Stood mine with the wines, became nice with the mind

Born intelligent, fuck elegant, I represent

For the ladies and gents, delinquents and presents

Everyday hungry, gun play on the sunny

Crews sweeter than honey, stars fuck for all they money

Stupid dummies, fifteen slugs flood the tummy

Thugs rapped like mummies, sipping remy's

The clip empty, feeling shifty, swifty

Highly intoxicated, simply in fatuated

Never thought he could be faded

Up in the hospital, critical, eating pickles

With no teeth, back on the streets he got beef for little Keith and Tariff

A walking death wish, living selfish, I sort of felt this

The fifth of September, he felt helpless and breathless

(Chorus)

[Hell Razah]

Today, life, shoot out, a dice game, bank loot out

Jewels out, laying on three hundred dollar sweaters

Tools out, last day schools out, nine berettas and better

Carry the eighth or red leather, timberland weather gear

Hands in the air, this is a stick up, don't play for hiccups  
You won't need a body pick-up, money in the laundry bag  
Hungry comrades get their guns from a-rabs  
With the loot that they had, they rob more victims on the av.  
Today cash, examples of the program  
Lord Sun of Man, stop killing your own relatives  
Unknown start giving the liquid to the dry bones,  
We all came from the same throne  
Raise the dead with the brain poem, one is aimed home

(Chorus: 3.5x)