

Sunz Of Man, Dear Psalms

(feat. Smooth From Skin Deep)

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Night-Crawler Entertainment
Chapter one, verse one
Gospel of Razah
All my ladies

[Hell Razah]

She was a virgin until she started sleepin' with servants
Now bein' pimped by business merchants behind closed curtains
Got a King but was uncertain
Then they relationship stopped workin'
and left her hurtin'
Now artists love her as a Goddess
Got her smokin' weed, gangster and cold-hearted
From a loyal-wife to a hartlet
Became a widow when she lacked the knowledge
to get her nails polished
She was like Jacob's ladder
when King David had her
He played the harp with her daily by her gall-bladder
She had a sweet sound that brought laughter
She praised God when nothin' else mattered
to the last chapters
She even came off of slavery ships
Now her mouth is full of cursin' and bitterness to sit with the rich
It be the poison of an asp that be under her lips
She ran through my Blood-line and even slept with a Crip
A prostitute, get her thrills outta studio booths
She divorced off the truth to get used to the sport
Took her three-fourths off to put on poom-poom shorts
She be in strip-clubs givin' thugs reasons for rubs
She ain't the same lady she was with the last poets
She been played-out rewindin', now she fast-forward

[Break: Hell Razah]

Chapter two, verse one
Turn the page

[Hook: Hell Razah]

Dear Psalms, I miss you since the day you was born
We used to sing-a-long, now you in somebody else arms
I was charmed by your love and your spirit was warm
While you was out doin' wrong, I wrote you this song
Sweet Psalms, I miss you since the day you were born
We used to sing-a-long, now you in somebody else arms
I was charmed by your love and your spirit was warm
While you was out doin' wrong, I wrote you this song

[Hell Razah]

The more I showed love, was less hated
I kept warm with my Dear Psalms
on days I was cold and naked
Instead of break bread, I learned to bake it
It's either Christ or the synagogue of Satan as she turned Atheist
What's a family without order?
I poured slaughter on the grey horse and sat upon many waters
Playin' in suits with them evil-doers
Old white nose and needle users
who used to be the rulers
Havin' cyber-sex on computers
She got murdered, what's the one that shoot her?
Smart, but can't fool her

She went from singing me gospels to drug novels
Now she's all about bottles of Cris'
Diamonds and whips
Tell the men that she sleepin' with to call her a bitch
I got jealous so I flipped, and I read her a script
Psalms 43 brought her back to me
Actually I caught her being manufactured for another factory
From the first-time I met her, it was love at first sight
She was with me all the days of my life
My virtuous wife
Cheated for a small price, this love-letter I write
So we could be together as one, singin' to Christ

[Hook x0.5]

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[Outro: Hell Razah]

Remember where you came from
You just heard, my hip-hop love letter
Written for all the souls
Born in this womb of music