

# Sunz Of Man, Ghetto

(feat. 2 on the Road)

[Intro: Hell Razah (Prodigal Sunn)]

Yeah, D3 Entertainment  
20-02, Sunz of Man  
Young Raz', (Yeah yeah)  
SunZini, Black Satin  
Smoke with us, all my niggas gotta toast with us

[Chorus: Hell Razah (Prodigal Sunn)]

You be in it for the fame and the dough  
You know the name "Sunz of Man", spit a flame, burn down your studio  
It's not a game son (fuck what they know)  
We can't avoid what we planned so the planet could grow  
And overthrow any John Doe (blow and we flow)  
To and fro' through the stereo, keepin' it street and Ghetto  
(Yeah hood, gats, SOM live in effect, nigga)  
(You know how we do it sun) Ghetto

[Hell Razah ]

We stay ghetto like Otis Redding  
Thugs pray for the kingdom of heaven with a 3-57  
New born screamin' and yellin'  
Eighteen and already a felon over guns and drug sellin'  
Shorty sell coke for his winter coat, chick deep throat  
After weed smoke, henny and coke  
We asked the Lord to forgive us while George Bush tried to kill us  
And bury us with the top drug dealers  
The same ones lost be the pyramid buiders  
Betrayed for a piece of silver, locked in prison  
Some turned Muslim or Christian, religion got us caught up  
Kill a crack head for four bucks  
Comin' short with a dollar, crimes be white collar  
We live the life of Israelite scholars  
Night time drama, the cops tailgate the path finder  
Who wanna swim with the black piranha?  
We tell Satan better get behind us  
You heard the words from the old timers  
How they plan to clothesline us  
They come to divide us from buildin'  
God's children bein' born in the same place we killed in  
Ghetto Government, Severe Punishment  
Big guns like you hear thunder hit  
Either run with it or run from it  
We shake New York until we crumble it  
Until we crumble it

[Chorus]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Season finale, ladies call me un-aged grace  
Blaze that kush from Cali to the face  
Live champy, I crib with the four model patchy  
Meak thug wanna get sassy, hip hop nasty  
I told y'all kids this ain't Milton Bradley  
Spilled on the side of your block, I saw a tradeegy  
Black rim, green suede timbs, SOM  
Stay grim live on stage in colliseum  
Champagne spotted we toast, we don't boast  
East or West coast, post we smoke most  
Backward twisted calm we spread bombs  
Attack mo', stack gold, face steer the globe  
Trample, never sold his soul, I stay swoll'  
Who go through the cage streets where I lay heat

Play for keeps, pushin' the white congave jeep  
I can't sleep, so I blew shorty back out the panel

[Chorus]

[12 O'Clock]

I keep them niggas in the Cage Nicholas  
Rip they Face/Off to let 'em know my style be boss  
Drove a 600 and crashed at Harbour Moors  
Make a mans report that shows my throat got hoarse  
I got mad when my brother copped a bitch a porsche  
Tryna be in my family like Ally North  
What's the deal huh? It's not appealin' to me  
Buildin' is me, make a killin' to this country  
Catch me in the cut with my army, rockin' Tommy  
Saddam couldn't Desert Storm me  
Put a bomb where you moms be  
Move out the house calmly in your pops white Hum-V  
Rollin' ups and crunchies, big chicken that allow, got the munchies  
Where the bums be, dope fiends spend they money at the pharmacy, nigga