

# Sunz Of Man, Honey Tree

(feat. 2 on the Road)

[Intro: Hell Razah (60 Second Assassin)]

Uh, a Sun of Man letter right here, this one is written for ya'll  
Another scripture, this one is written for the young black sister  
(She was a run away life, sweet girl from around the way)  
Though went through hard times, still beside with us  
(She was a run away life, sweet girl from around the way)

[Hell Razah]

She was only 15, but looked much older when she in jeans  
Loved to go downtown malls and spend CREAM  
Wakin' up late, cold sweats and wet dreams  
Over sex, she barely got raped by 18  
Already had two abortions and blamed the ecst'  
When the doc said it might be a cause of death  
Then she popped positive on the pregnancy test  
That's the cause and effects when there's no latex  
And if daddy found out, he'll be mad upset  
To know his little baby girl ain't graduate yet  
And when she should of been in class, she was given up ass  
And been in bed with every drug dealer nigga with cash  
She ain't know who could pass for the baby dad  
And when she asked, everybody, son, it made them laugh  
It's like her heart was a plane that was made to crash  
From the thought, she was sinkin', baby, put it in trash  
(She was a run away life...)

[12 O'Clock]

Listen to the smooth pimp talkin'  
Load up walkin', met the baddest wiz in Boston  
She was seventeen and half with all ass, young Stacy Dash  
With a pair painted on bill plaques  
Said her birthday comin' fast, I tricked that ass  
She wanted ice, I copped the class  
Her pops was Jamaican and Arab, sellin' that skab  
He bought her a lab and a brand new Jag'  
She attended the coochie school in A.T.L.  
Leavin' in June, and sure she shared the room  
With a chick lookin' like a racoon, with thirty-six size tits  
D's with hips, face lookin' like a mechanic fist  
Nasty ass chick, gonna kiss you, with a wish

[Chorus: 60 Second Assassin (Madam D)]

She was a run away life, sweet girl from around the way (run away)  
She was a run away life, sweet girl from around the way (run away, away, yeah)

[Prodigal Sunzini]

Little, from Tahiti, caramel sweetie, honey complexion  
Money, love and affection, all she wanted was heaven  
Lessons, blesses, hugs and kisses, a thug is vicious  
I met her on the Isle to Port of Riches  
Sportin' nice ridiculous Nike's, conspicuous, shinin' my talk  
Divine spine, style of New York, shorty had the face of dream  
Feel of a queen, real as a scene, remind me of the purest of things  
No time to waste, no oil sheens, her soil was clean  
Beauty was keen, sort of like the flowers of spring  
She said she lived the law by king  
Kept her mind, body and soul free from poetry  
Healthy and wealthy, house, car and the keys  
Graduate, college degrees, baby was me  
I said, in time, baby girl you'll soon be mine  
Let's connect like the stars above, forever shine  
(She was a run away life)

[60 Second Assassin]

Mine was like one, queen of soul  
Walkin' like a pimp, plus you shinin' like dough  
Acknowledge me, while formin' the mind  
Of a culture of blacks, day and time  
Have you not heard, that you the queen of the Earth  
Plus you're precious, womb to home of God, physical birth  
Sun of above, it was a gift of surprise  
Created by I, the God, the glow in your eyes  
Of course, you're complexed, in reference, it's my creation  
I make sure, you vision, I'm about elevation  
I seen the jazziest of women, the swiftest of men  
Fall from the top of glory to the bottomless end  
Pimps, pushers, sniffin' cocaine  
Why Harry hold the shot, at a young sister's fame  
Brothers runnin' round claimin', to be mad  
Sudden sisters virgin, for a ten dollar crab  
Sister of potential, but known not they skills  
Pure days lies in the crack dealers build  
Latin Queen, can you see my universal diamonds and emeralds  
And nothin' but jewels, the governor hustles, and masters the fools  
These people like cups on they shield  
Still tryin' to get the emeralds out they dollars and bills

[Outro: Hell Razah]

There you have it, scripture written  
Hell Razah, Prodigal Sun, 60 and 12 O'Clock  
All the young ladies understand that  
We all need God, to every black man there's a black woman  
Word up, we gonna rise, we gonna build and feed food for the multiply  
Knowhati'msayin? S.O.M., Sunz of Man, to the world  
Rewind it and read it, study it and understand it  
Share it with your family, let your baby listen  
It's all good, understand us, we all hood