

Sunz Of Man, House Of Blues

(feat. Madam D)

[Intro: Prodigal Sunn (Madam D)]

Yo, I speak the truth (Preach it Prodigal!)
Let it be known
there's no seekers in the game
No seekers in life

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn *Madam D ad-libs*]

You can't see all the shit we go through
Paid my dues, my baby boy needs some new shoes

[Prodigal Sunn]

A pure example of an unjust world glamorous is, stupid men
Women simple minds, foolish at times
but in the hood, we strive to stay alive
nickle and dime, read through the riddles and signs
Avoid crime, the best way I can
It's hard being a black man
See every hand is against my head, you understand
I speak from my hungry mouth, gun in my crouch
Bloody tears, so many faces died through the years
Question myself "Where do I go from here?"
Do I take it all, escape from hell, disappear?
It be the glare of a living legend, I got a son, seven
Brother Jamal seven, I plan to give him heaven
I died for his blessings, God, I learned my lesson
Made the devil burn in my prescence
I made my daughter speak ebony essence
From the tree of life, aiyo, we free tonight
I hope y'all people see the light

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn *Madam D ad-libs*]

You can't see all the shit we go through
Paid my dues, my baby boy needs some new shoes
Aiyo, we live from the House of Blues
We did it live from the House of Blues
Aiyo, we live from the House of Blues blues blues
Yo, I got nothing to lose

[Prodigal Sunn]

Political, critical times, unforgettable minds
Through the cold nights and rainy dayz, the sun still shines
Memories of my deceased fam, rest in peace
But a release from green, flash, remedy for stress relief
Fresh like a thief in the jungle
eat amongst the humble, keep the numbers all in them bundles
I gotta, gotta secure my family
School my son, my nephew, the man he claim to be
Modern-day segregation, in these streets we roam
Heart-breakin', to see my brother die by the face of the chrome
My ace be leasin' up-state, doin' seven bones
Heard my cousin Kasheen, we soon be home
Put 'em on, let 'em know we got no time for wrong
Dedicate this song to young, gifted and strong, song

[Hook]

[Prodigal Sunn]

This attraction be the black of the slums, the cracks and the guns
Fiends, snitches and bitches roll ones under the sun
On the avenue, scarred, bullets seek through cars
RZA bars help me vision Allah
Speak verb to any peeps in these streets we breathe

All I wanna do is eat and achieve
Teach my seed, to stay away from envy and greed
'Cuz these devils in the mist wanna see a nigga bleed
You know the hood is trife, only few taste a good life
Stand to my rights, stuck through mad days and Winter nights
I promise, to never play with mics
Say what you like, when I spray pipes
Scatter your composition of rice twice, sharp with the dice
Study the Art of War, take my advice or lose ya life, life, life, life

[Hook]