

# Sunz Of Man, Israeli News

Intro: Killah Priest

Oh yeah. It's time for us to unite.  
All tribes. Uh. Hispanic brothers.  
Black brothers. Mexicano.  
Know why?

Chorus: Killah Priest

In the ways of the world today  
It's so easy us to stray away  
Go to keep our mind from all the drugs and crime  
Material things keep us blind

[Killah Priest]

I hear the souls of the fallen soldiers  
Calling for Jehovahs, bitten by the king cobras  
And boa constrictors which convict ya  
Nothing but hoes in liquor stores  
Cops who handcuff us in the figure four  
I try to endure, but when it rains it pours  
Amongst the pure and the poor, I'm sure there's war  
Bless the child, born naked and wild  
Life hectic and foul, I used to watch crowds bow  
Until I was exiled from miles, must of landed reptiles  
And the gentles, trying not to lose the mental  
Abuse a gin for a while, taking straight shots  
Hold my brother behind the gates, locked  
Beat and backed by the state cops  
Stripped of our language, walked around nameless  
Amongst the strangest, a heart full of anguish  
Taught life is dangerous, devil 'copter aimed at us  
Society is to gain our trust, fuck a nine to five  
I squeeze the 95-0, watch 'em die slow  
Cuz you know that I know

Chorus: Trebag

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[Trebag]

Stop killing your own, hitting your peeps with sticks and stones  
Off the negative roams, is what the babies bring home  
Teach 'em self-condonment in the dome, make the brain a stronger bone  
Why pull a muscle in this tustle  
All your hell is a high kettle, burning cuz I'm black  
My realm is shillack, my wooden floor's got a crack  
Millonium, laced a strayed with the plutoneum, land mines I'm blowing 'em  
Nuclear geranium I aiming at 'em, grenades I'm throwing 'em  
Walking through my war field, you yield to my heal  
Regurgitate to a lead vile, when your ill  
I see the blood spill, aspirin needs the pill

Chorus: Hell Razah

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[Hell Razah]

This one is for my brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers  
Y'all money lovers, killing one another  
Some think the life of a millionaire's the way to go  
Chasing hoes through tunnels, streets, convertibles  
Go out and spend they dough on weed, cars, gold  
Expensive clothes, something black owns  
They pack chrome, kill where they live at  
Still got to go home, catch the jewels from the Macabees  
For tracks from my honeycomb ways of the world  
Got girls on they needs, shorties showing they privacy  
For a bag of weed, before she had a seed  
And bit off the greed off the money tree  
Can it be this world of simplicity, negativity runs the city  
Plus the slaves around me, like lost in king's county  
Like lost in king's county

Chorus: Killah Priest

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