

# Sunz Of Man, Shining Star (Remix)

[Intro: Beenie Man]

All american girls are shinin shinin shinin  
And all the latino girls dem shinin shinin shinin

[Chorus: Beenie Man]

Father Abraham have many Sunz and  
we're the Sunz of Father Abraham  
So are the Sunz of Man and so are you  
So let's just sing this song, come again

[Killah Priest]

Hip hop started out in the dark  
Yo, we used to do it Lafeyette Park  
Yo, Back in '83, I rocked Boss and JVC  
I'm by Allah, what, who wanna MC?  
Don't panic, I push the Panasonic button  
I transhore, rock, express myself somethin  
I microphone fiend MC's that watch me freeze  
I body rock till I flat top, then I squeeze  
I bring block partys to anybody wanna rob me  
I beat em till their legs are wobbly  
Screamin sorry, pullin out my shotty  
For anyone who wanna copy  
My style, that was just a mere hobby

[Hell Razah]

Go read your bibles, y'all worship idols  
We number uno, black or latino  
We be teachin so that you know  
So understand that the rhymes that's deep  
Learn your lesson before you even carry your heat  
Eh yo, it's been a long time  
I totally left you without another rhyme to step to  
Shining Star ladies in the jam, we crept thru  
Chk-chk-glocks up, don't make me have to wet you  
Y'all niggaz want a beef, we can shoot at you  
Whoever wanna killa, we could do that too  
I got death scared to come around me, angels surround me  
I hold my breath, go underground, why let you drown me  
I let the King's of King's County, make em bow, crown me  
We too rowdy rowdy, niggaz couldn't never clown me  
Check the blacksmith, shoot affair, wanna smack shit  
Everybody wanna be involved in this rap shit  
We on some never die Chirst is black shit  
Breath the same life, sword sword in the mask is  
Turn the poor life, Hell Razah turned to Lazurus  
Very hazardous, BK be my Nazurith, same address  
We use the hot burners under the mattress  
Never scared to clap it and act like it didn't happen  
Eh yo, don't buy if you won't start a riot with it  
If you gon' live by the sword, you gon' die wit' it

[Chorus]

[Hook: Beenie Man]

All american girls are shinin shinin shinin  
And all the latino girls dem shinin shinin shinin  
And all the caribbean girls dem shinin shinin shinin  
Listen to the DJ's song

[60 Sec. Assassin]

When 60 strike a mic, I recite precise the hype  
So get it right, make my brothers unite  
I pimp-up scripts and suck on clits

Vex on wet, niggaz slip and get tossed in a Abyss  
Take yo' last breath cuz 60 sure 'nuff means death  
Comin back like I'm avengin a company's debt  
Recollect, shake your vest thru your chest  
I shoot back, smack the war with blood as evidence  
I done contracts, skip that, for that, you heard it  
Sunz of Man war track, play it back  
Who thought we played that? The Hay stack Calhoun of rap  
Straight jacket, don't beam, yo, track it  
Record settin, department, corrected international business section  
Empolyed by wettin, for whoever in the Hell wanna come contestin

[Prodigal Sunn]

Well bless the sun and the flesh  
Dunn, of course I'm fresh  
What you ever though that I was writin?  
I'm fuckin, I beg your pardon  
Right in his Ac, crucify tracks and break backs  
Since the '80's, black, ladies attack the young mack  
Generate plaques in place from state to state  
Before 88's snatchin tables, turn turn to turntables  
Rockin stage doors, project hoes, we makin dough  
and I blast at crews with 4-4's, elevate the poor  
Educate more, dampin horse, stamp your whore  
Settle the score, I'm hardcore  
For the top to the bottom, bottom to the top  
Prodigal Sunn, y'all and I just don't stop

[Chorus]

[Beenie Man]

Yo, don't disrespect it, respect it, dunn, follow the motion  
Can't test the man, then go and beat the poor man  
Don't bother this, who me? A real Jamaican  
With a book, come read it to teach a nation  
King Salasi tell us 'bout education  
Marcus Gavi tell us 'bout our poor creation  
With a crowd up in a confusion  
All them trifees do is walk in fling pay cons  
God, nah educate my D's with prostitution  
Wanted men of rasta in a rasta-tution  
Fun, yo, they messin up the situation  
Listen DJ's sing the conversion  
Lyrics never bear now the mic is in-a mi arm  
Knowin come and feel the Sunz of Man  
Who I am? Come here, man, don't ask me where me from  
Summon black will ogel me a pro black man  
Listen to the DJ's song

[Chorus]