

Sunz Of Man, The Trinity

(feat. Omar Conry)

{*winds blowing*}

[Intro: Prodigal Sunn (Hell Razah)]

Yeah (yeah yeah yeah)

Many years in this shit (Young Razah)

I'm still here, we still here, SOM (Young Razah 'bout to talk to y'all)

The Sunn stay burnin'

We don't give a fuck about this shit (SunZini yeah)

(Black Satin/60 Sec Assassin)

(Feel the game)

(Bitch yo Knight 'bout to do it)

[Prodigal Sunn]

Camouflaged through the City Lights, I paint pictures

Faint the scripture fascinated with crime, of brutally the liquor

Searchin' for the answers, Arthur feet down died of cancer

The fall and rise of black people, God is your only answer

A little laughter for the good times and bad times

A day of sunshine, purity and deeper of designs

Steeper of minds, keeper of rhymes, my soul reclines

Build a gold mine and see my fam grow with time

Although it may seem, it ain't what it appears to be

I stay sincerely, dearly, see I can feel with relating

Criminatin', interrogatin', God forsaken

I'm on my heart achin', daddy on the block fakin'

Another life taken, caught up in the hands of Satan

Great minds think alike, think Elevation

I shall proceed to teach my seeds

And I guaranteed indeed to blow trees

and I...

[Chorus: Omar Conry]

I'm searchin', I'm circling for the life

I'm searchin', gon' be a fight tonight

I'm seachin', I'm searchin' for the light

I'm searchin', I'm searchin' for the fire

[Hell Razah]

In this hip hop extravaganza, we the answer

Fuck dancers, pimps, hoes, players and gamblers

We Black Panthers, bandanas with cock hammers

Reporters got recorders, your films, tapes and cameras

Analyse this new grammar, you might catch us in Atlanta

We get around like Sel Antanas

Got rich niggas can't stand us, payin' the banners

And black ballers, we set up tracks with a chorus

Get clapped by my rap supporters, catch you borders

Sleep walkers, get advanced to street orders

Hell comin', drop the dice, no runnin'

From here to London, still the snakes stay cunnin'

Christ descendents, shocked the world with a sentence

Invade your kingdom, now got the first born Princess

Give repentance at the heaven's gate entrance

I rise like a bank interest

Chorus

[60 Second Assassin]

It's goin' on like this one be the site, excite

Never gives a fuck about hype

Babies use it for ya rhymes, aight?

Smoke it for your piece pipe

TNT outlaw before ya niggas seen it right?
F.A. Rock, what up big Divine? Yo Shallah!
Keep them niggas' hands up right
While I fuck these niggas up right
Silence your Lamb, it ain't Sam
I lay dormant in the sand
Come visit my minute glass of mayhem
Jesus Christ and foodstamps, better move man
You stickin' out like a fat ass
It's a wrap player, I went from pimpin' the skag
I left shit in the bag, in them pants fool
Fat like haystack Calhoon, you niggas is a pigeon coup
I mastered physicals

Chorus

[Omar Conry]
Why we fighting? Fighting for the right
Ain't no way we can do the fight tonight
C and them Sunz of Man
We fighting for our souls
Te fighting will a plan, it's burning on my soul