

# Children of the Sun

Digital Underground

Children  
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I had to brrr stick it  
Ha ha ha kick it  
To the homies cause you phoney  
You don't really doe me only  
Top notch you say you date no hesitatin' to G me  
They startin' celebratin', what am I, a TD?  
You see me on TV and thinkin' "Ooh, he cute"  
But if I ain't make no hits could I get that dookie shoot?  
Without that boo-coo look or if I ain't shoot no hoop, could I scoop?  
Cause every booty stink when they poop

You could be rich and fake an attitude to say "Pass you"  
But I ain't mad at you (Freakiness with that) and I ain't rad at you  
I padded you on your back for your good deed  
But the extraordinary mood swings I don't need  
Plead guilty cause your booty filthy, pull a riggy riggy  
Touch base and now I'm feelin' stinky sticky  
Sit me on it bone it if you have to top-notch a hood brat  
Your booty ain't all that, you bastard

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Children of the Sun (Children of the Sun)

I talk about the boujee puddy cat  
That scrooped a shoe buyer in no time flat  
Now come on, baby, why you wanna treat me like that?  
All I wanna do is sit down and just chit-chat  
Now why is it so damn complicated  
To get with a cutie that's college edumacated  
I simply stated, frankly, I think your drama's overrated  
But I got the pin for your balloon to be deflated  
Now waddup waddup with this boujee attitude  
Nowadays a compliment represent us being rude  
Now what if I was to say you lookin' through and lookin' [?]  
The complementive attitude that's lookin' hella screwed

Take a Gary or a Mary, Hakeem or a Nancy  
And they [?] a spot that everybody got it  
Type A can reproduce with type B  
When them aliens come, you won't be dumb of who your family be

Do you wanna chill with me witcho glooty-us-maximus?  
(It's like jelly)  
Come on peel with me, bring that glooty-us-maximus  
(To my hotelly)  
Come through soon, we can get a movie  
Your glooty-us-maximus (Seems ready)  
Just don't act like you're better than me  
'Cause your glooty-us-maximus' still smelly  
'Cause everybody butt stink (No)  
You know what I'm sayin'?

I don't care who you are  
Rich, poor, high, low, black, white, candy stripe  
Yeah (One people)  
Kick it

Space people, universal love  
Ain't not one race (Ain't no one race) of people  
(Yeah)  
We're children of the Sun (Am I lyin'? Look it up!)  
Space people (people, yeah) universal love  
Ain't not one race (Ain't not one race) of people  
Children of the Sun (Children of the sun)

Children  
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Children, children, children, children, children  
Children, children, children, children, children  
Children