

Bloody Choices

Sunz of Man

Sunz of... Sunz of... Sunz of Man
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It comes down in the last days to makin Bloody Choices
Word up, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yea
Killah Priest

What you gonna do with God inside you?
Where you goin to when Hell's around you?
Heaven is the place, we on our route to
Destroy you right now, we about to
The sin is to the devil that divides you
Knowledge of self will civilize you
Civilize you and you and you

Yo, yo, yo

Yo, in this universal tournament, I warnin it
If my knowledge, you not absorbin it
After I thought of it, my brain recorded it
Then I track slaughtered it, went on tour with it
Longer than life or death, stalkin it (stalkin it)
As I inject this in your ear drums, here comes tons of intelligence
Fatter than elephants, I lock a mental slave instead of level my Dead
Presidents
Why should I kill fool who tried to kill me?
Walk thru this industry with a bond to my chest for victory
History heals me, shields me, force fields me
With the truth, goin out like a troop
At war and able with my gun ready to shoot
Righteous bullets keep the minds wicked-proof
Any day you be a target aimed off my roof
What? What? What?

Yo, yo, in these revolutions, they never end
Do mental and physical calystetics
Sharpen my tactics, live Allah's Mathematics
Movin in the sun's shadow, devistation, agrivation
Stalks my nation, death of temptation, Saten's allegations
The fire in us will charge for the wicked to burn
Only concerned, levitate, elevate the black germ
Thru the process effect your domes with my vocal tones
Those who is stoned, elevatin gases thru the microphones
Roll with the stroll, rebellious, to weak knowledge
I seek the sheeps, will only bring forth the Killah Priest
Fatter geristics, automatic, clear as plastic
Tragic, drastic, killin all psychopathics
On my journey from the house of steel
Where Gods reveal the silk, devils distill and kneal
Witness the blood spill

Life tell lies, death in our face
Every other day we killin off our own race
Rather drugs, guns, somethin common known
This is the place that we all call home
Life tell lies, death in our face
Every other day we killin off our own race
Rather drugs, guns, somethin common known

This is the place that we all call home

Yea, yea, Sunz of Man, Wu-Tang Clan
(Represent for the whole New York City)
Word up (West Coast, South Coast, North Coast)
(Word up, all across the globe) 60 Sec.
(Universal) Hell Razah (Prodigal Sunn) Yea, yea
Killah Priest (That's how we do it)
4th Disciple come down on the tracks ('96)
(The trackmaster, 4th Disciple) Wu-Tang
Killarmy (4th Disciple) Yea, yea
Royal Fam (Population) What? What?
Begga Clan What? What? (Yo, Sunz of Man, baby)
What you gonna do with God inside you?
What you gonna do with God inside you?
What you gonna do with God inside you?
(What you gonna do?) What you--what you gonna do?