

Flaming Swords

Sunz of Man

Reverend:

My sons, absolutes, and friends

I like the idea of being a soldier, in the army of the lord
(continues preaching)

Arch rivals

We got the kingston young ones over there running scared
They ain't seem to have a problem and it's a bad one
Ahh man, sunz of man teaching everywhere
Got the children over here, teaching them the problems
And it's the real one
Ahh man now we got the ? ? ? ? over there
The sunz of man solving problems, yo this the right one

Verse 1:

Guess this is the end, whatever how never, depart clever
But not deadered to be real or to be severed
A double-header, the black mecca respecta
Catchin wreck from whatever soul, clever, from chives to chedders
For the first setter who loves it wetter
Well I can make it better
In a bloodbath you letta
Black soggin, treaty, the ledger
Government minted, chedder, promisory and lettered
New order, enough to register kill or be killed measurers
Take you beyond the heist, forever so
Doin out little italy to mexico
Now who be the next to go
Will it be sam, will it be fran, or will it be cisco
Or strictly back to disco
However though one and my own one, soo
Never pet yo, full deck pro
The most sensitive intensity the world could ever expect, yo
Between two steels
To keep it real I remember we used to pick cotton out of fields
Got it real got it down, yo

Verse 2:

As I break yo f**kin bones into pieces
And make ya death the sweetest
Punch a hole through ya cleavage
By the way howard jesus
I hope you been baptized
Fucked up and meet ya maker, with two black eyes
And broken legs, a broken hip, and an iv attached to ya arm
I remain calm, for the storm
As I shake my javelin up in ya abdomen
And then I grab ya friend
And break his f**kin back, watch him collapse
And my servants clap, a standing ovation from the whole nation
Yall want more, I crank the chainsaw
Next thing ya knowin, his head start rollin
His body swollen, his f**kin tongue is stolen
No more groin or colon, he's just moaning and groaning
Exciting, clash of the titings, thunder and lighting
Reveal the sword of the viking, it's frightening
Put down yo fist they'll be no fighting

Just sacrificing, tonight is a good night to take yo life
And leave your carcass in the darkness
Where the jackals prowl upon your grave
Yo hear a howl from the cave
Then I snatch out your arms and give to your moms
Sing along sing along sing along

Verse 3:

Storm in my fiery harbor, til it get dark
Silver darts melt in your heart
Then we begin to march, until we rip this whole f**kin world apart

Verse 4:

My team be strong, we live right or wrong
Death come calm, sweet wit a charm
As I speak from the throne in my temple
My samurai sword made of metal chop through ya level
Devils in the mist, hate we exist
Clique form my fist, punch you in your shit
Styles murderous, sordid justice
Judge those who bitch, cut those who snitch
Modern egypt, diamond presidents
Drug measurements got us dead on cement
Robbin for rent, guage in the trench
Slave ever since, return of the prince
Constantine the great, never go for bait
Sunz of man plan, gold in every state
From railhook to libya deliver ya sword to the bombery
My armory run the economy
Rule is our policy
The deaf dumb acknowledge me
Like love peace and honesty
The thugs on the street hustle to eat
Cover you with sheets, we bury you in beats
Fasten my seatbelt my flame is soft melt
We bomb like a stealth and give food for health
Not a friend of me...

Verse 5:

Watching enemies stare, hostility floats in the air
If I have to blaze yo I just wont care
We roll in pairs, packin machines, movin supreme
My team gleam, like matches and gasoline
Soldier fanatic, seven slugs punctured the attic
He died a tread, it was passed the asking
In a bad position, ya should of stuck to yo f**kin religion
Im worse than prison, send yo bones to the pigeons
The demolitioner with the codse of honor
You want drama? I'll bomb yo and yo mama...

(reverend talks till end)