

## Next Up

Sunz of Man

[ 60 second assassin ]

I traveled so far  
Im chewin niggas lyrics for a mars bar  
New era, bust em like reign terror  
So highly mecca nas a nigga died and measured  
The inevitable, beyond the ever so, this deadly technical  
Scribes get revised in the time before celestial  
No being or lyric ever hit precise, double sight  
Take light, through the crypts at night  
Spark pathetic brains and meteorite  
Seven heaven verses the seven wonder, lyrics of thunder  
As lightning strikes snakes out from under  
Cloudy men drips, sinks niles of fine mist  
Worries startin to give, land for the tales out the crypt  
Of the dark, dead senses, gods of heavenly business  
Count dracula told me how to find the eclipse  
I leave your lip stitched  
Cause you couldnt mind your business  
But when it came to this rap,  
You shouldve vacated the premises  
Make way for a chilla, guerilla, down low killa  
Get loopbtin civil, next up

[ prodigal sunn ]

Yo I believe thats me  
[ trebag ]  
Aiiyyo p get on the mic for the nyc

[ prodigal sunn ]

P attack you from the metronome  
Catch you in your groove home alone  
Blowin wit the chrome, nigga  
Im blowin to the bone  
My title be known, cannibal, dynamical maestro  
Sparked and fully hydroed my team of psychos  
Sell it higher than the eifel towers  
Seconds minutes led the hour, wein the power  
Spittin bibles, the sunshower, the wise out on the scene  
They think we forget the dream  
My aura sheens like morphine in your veins  
Pastors saying can you and your crew, oooh stand the rain  
Many men possess the gin in the jungle of sin  
Deeper than, sunn chosen others frozen  
From the explosion, my opposition  
Protect my team of demolitions, full competition  
Keep em drinkin benjin  
Like some chicken heads on the ground  
Bite the trey pound for foes that wanna get down  
Me and my clique sharpen the sound  
Infiltrate the town town town

[ trebag ]

Next up  
[ hell razah ]  
Yo I believe thats me  
[ trebag ]  
Aiiyyo razah get on the mic for the nyc

[ hell razah ]

If I could chew glass to this, true master shit check it  
Hell razah raise from the dead black lazaris  
Hittin ass to this on king sols mattresses  
Bust your gat to this, make sure you hold it accurate  
John the baptist this dip you wit the fish  
Aladdin out the genie lamp grant you on your wish  
Trapped in the studio booth and told the truth  
You better try a video shoot or get the boot  
From bk to beirut we shuttin down groups  
Gatherin the loot while you mackin in a chicken coop  
Duck duck goose tie him in a noose  
Whats the use of havin your troops if you don't put them to use?  
Yall rappers couldnt blow if a windy storm produce  
And sung a kiddie song and wore a power ranger suit  
Salute the first fruit, king david birth root  
Play the earths flute just before I execute  
Next up

[ method man ]

Yo I believe thats me  
[ hell razah ]  
Aiiyo meth lock it down like lapd

[ method man ]

While you proceed to cut the mustard, I cut the cheese  
Mr. freeze givin cold shoulders to mcs  
The sickest of disease  
Johnny blaze at three hundred and sixty degrees  
My plo stees is from here to overseas  
Guerillas in the mist swingin from the highest trees  
Bombin enemies  
See me in the global war being all that I can be  
Camouflage fatigue, hard headed major league  
Got em under seige your battleship in sinkin  
20,000 leagues beneath sea level  
Adjust the trebel on that thang thang got your shovel  
Can you dig it? keep talkin bout it while we live it  
All day, every days a billie holiday  
Lady sings the blues get the street news by the way  
Have you heard crime pay?  
Hit your block like that lava that burnt pompeii, mega hot  
In the melting pot, felt the shot around the world  
We unstoppable like juggernaut baby girl  
Armed and dangerous treat militia, ill make you famous  
Camoradiated verbal going through changes