

Rosewood

Sunz of Man

Sunz Of Man, First Testament

Rule the land, we on the ghetto fab. burnin shit
Nat Turner shit (Gon' raise ya borns to a higher planet)
Rule the land, we on the ghetto fab. burnin shit (Higher altercations)
Rebel slaves

Yo, enter the gateway to the valley of turmoil
The brick road I walk 'pon is hot rocks, makes the heat boil
Plant seeds in fertile soil, a dominant monument
Comin through steppin, crackin of cement
A secret agent, in contempt with fire power
Bringin the rain showers over the control towers
The cats and dogs continue to paw for a couple of hours
I make it happen, don't make me have to peal and reveal you
Ship you off to Hindu, smoke you into mildew
But tattoo written in Hebrew, says 'Imperial'
Your quarentine is in the igloo, if I don't dig you
Search who?

As I contribute

I speak to who's listenin, turn rap shows into a Christenin
Roll with fishermen, 'til we burn down Switzerland
Stop bickerin or be in a bad predictament
My crime felon-ment, peck the bones off of skeletons
Clubs scared to let us in, cuz the melanine
To all states, we not sellin-in, mind-embezzlin
See the flesh be irrelevant to Hell and president
Breakin up your concentration with a conversation
As the government will starve the nations for information
They love us for the heart of Satan, sacred agent

Born in the PJ's, great-grandmoms was a slave
Calm perms, jeri-curles and waves
Nappy-head dreads, fades and braids
Sister with straight combs and bangs
Niggaz with gold chains that hang
Belt-buckles would show the name
Toe-to-toe with the knuckle game
Get your eye punched to the back of your brain
No pain, no gain, the fact still remains
It's just an everyday thing
Grand-dad's laugh drinkin Miller Genuine Draft
Just relaxed, not worried about the aftermath
Hot peas and butter, throw the belt in the gutter
Runnin all day without no hunger
Right before we started baggin numbers
Took shorties to the roof-top
Pebble Beach is where they got their boots knocked
Washed up, head back on the block
Jams that rock until the gunshots
Last night somebody got shot

So don't come up in our neighborhood
If you ain't, up to no good
Niggaz get shot while they rollin up they Backwood
What? We turn this into Rosewood
What? We turn this into Rosewood

Round one, all competetors come, get redder than rum
From lead of a gun, here's the microphone magnum
Instead of a crumb, we want the whole lump sum
We come from where the kings was once bums
Poor millionaires got robbed for many years
The day's comin back where we sat in gold chairs
Y'all wack and who cares? We came to interfere
Y'all wack rap artists be givin me gray hairs
Yea

I'm in control of perverse Godless souls
Antagonizin like pain from sercumsizin
The agony, in the tragedy, of a python
I shine in mind and leave the flesh in bond
The boa constrictor who bit ya, switch hitter
Who sacrificed your sister and left her with a blister
Loaded off the thug passion mixture
The holiday swine got intwine off banana '99
Lost to the track of time, niggaz chased behind the comcubine
You bind, they lose they life line