

# Soldiers Of Darkness

Sunz of Man

Attention, Soldiers! Kill every one of them!

Ha ha! Another (yeah) f\*\*kin' live-ass track from the Temple of  
[Shaolin monks] Shaolin! (yeah) What, nigga? Word up. Yeah! Keep it  
real. Killah Priest, you know what I'm sayin'? (yeah) The Prodigal  
Sunn, [rah] Sunz of Man. Madman (yeah) representin' for the Killarmy.  
The Killa Sin, (ha) the RZArectah....

[Killa Sin]

(Yo, yo,)

I gotta get a grip, an edge on life, I'm livin' trife, G  
I'm shiesty, now I see why nobody likes me  
It might be the image project that I selected  
But eff it-shit is mad real, as well as hectic  
Inspect it, your vest and got tested  
Suggestions molestin' my thoughts I manifested, protect it  
My mind was designed for crime, the bottom line  
'Cause it's my time to shine with the nickel-plated nine to a spine,  
And ain't no remorse in my source of madness  
But my temper, my anger rises like my status  
Because I'm known on the borough of Shaolin  
For wildin', don't think that it's peace when I be smilin'  
A heart stone-cold is what I own  
For niggaz who brag, I break bones, leave 'em ungagged, and hear them moan  
I hate snakes on that fake shit  
I get mad, leave 'em shaken up bad like when the quake hit  
I got a steezo that's raw, man  
Another brother provoked, and gun-smoked, now that's all-damn  
By any mortal, the brothel of horror,  
Knowin' full well that he won't leave to see tomorrow  
Be on your guard when I start to flip shit, I'm sick  
Word to God, it's hard to get a grip

[9th Prince]

I brings a streakin' iron flame, concealed in steel weapons  
Clips and shovels deeper than the shallow trenches of the brethren  
I burst like lions among the slaughter  
Then I assume my human facility-I plan a hit to the governor  
Open, open, behold the gift, designed to kill many men  
I stick 'em for billiard pins  
Like cavin' some world in, flashin' death like lightnin' from the Heavens  
Leavin' rappers sufferin' the thirst of a silent curse  
That came from the Earth when the planet was reversed.  
Here are the needles, see that he dies  
From the effect of a drug, come bleeding out of his eyes  
I chop off his feet, so he can't walk and talk, then he claims to stalk  
I shove him with pitchfork and stack up dead corpse  
A Soldier of the Darkness, kidnap an MC for a hostage  
Then break loose on the stage  
Tradin' places like slaves bein' trained, I'm under pressure  
Thoughts be actin' wild like a child molester  
Mad man terrorism, today's journalism  
Goin' to war across the country with another organism  
Killarmy madness is how we kill 'em

[Prodigal Sunn]

Since the calculations of time which held the life that held the day of

expiration, steady creation  
Mental death—the source of the abomination  
I emerge from the house upon your territory  
This one, alias Sun of Man no longer deceived by Satan's blend  
Here's a ministry fightin' wars of demonology  
Soldiers have got knowledge, rewritin' your sins of reality  
Lyrical space, the black neophyte, run a satellite  
I should jump deep beyond the depths of my inner sight  
Visions of me on the night of a solar eclipse  
A-boardin' the mothership, takin' my last whiff from this polluted mess  
Another soul's vibration escapes this cold tunnel of fire  
Show alliance, usin' your brain from the lord sire  
I tie your f\*\*kin' brain up with barbed wire  
Infused thoughts left ya bruised, him been condemned  
To the rims of Hell, afraid to walk  
Reaction, slow-motion, in shock from the explosion  
Symptoms of death—left ya chokin' on your own breath  
You better study your literature, seek the scriptures  
Biblical folds 'n' scrolls, laced in velour robes  
Killah Priest precise, the messenger 60-Second,  
Hell Razah, bless 'em, overcome the oppression

[Killah Priest]

Hearken as the night darkens  
You've been warned that the Priest will soon swarm  
Now you'll be done away like the unicorn,  
With night time as my uniform  
And death as my sword, the universal warlord  
The Sunz of Man came together for one accord  
You can't read about it, it's not a myth  
Here's a puncture, to your rib, (pshaw) for a gift  
And the only present I'm dealin' with is now  
The supreme slayer, I wrote the book of Isaiah  
Layin' bodies down by the layer  
Burn 'em before the assembly  
And watch his ashes go up through the chimney  
They have disguised me as brass before his prayers  
And though his words be lost in the air  
The reason you felt chained is 'cause I've been ordained  
I tie you up and throw you off a f\*\*kin' plane  
And fill up your parachute with more dead bodies  
Don't ask me why--it's a f\*\*kin' hobby!  
Burn 'em with the fuel, put down ya tool, I laugh at you  
(Why?) Because MCs are my footstool

[60-Sec. Assassin]

You enter the hocus pocus, perhaps the dopest  
Tote this, for those all with dope shit  
Focus, I blood-shot your lyrics with cirrhosis  
Ferocious sound effects break the "glaucosis"  
Insanity enters humanity like an enemy  
Invade your central nervous system like an advent  
Mathematically schematic, I'ma panic, couldn't hold on to a tablet  
Semantic, goes through your system like an addict  
Bomb glistenin', watch for the blow, I deliver it  
Faster stroll, you wrote, minute, barrier, delinquent  
Grabs your soul, magnetic flux be out of control  
I'm leavin' peeps serviceable, sell his soul to the toilet bowl  
All your possessions I own for my own  
The chemical, you clone, "comatosis," the syndrome,  
The Rip-Van, the Winkle, twinkle twinkle  
You caught up with your days now, organism star  
What part, whistle heart, intruders travel so far

Not even the master chart would put ya arteries back apart  
From Allah, this technique is so odd, odd, odd...