

Valley Of Kings

Sunz of Man

[Intro: Hell Razah, (Killah Priest)]
[imitating the beat]
Yeah, yeah, uh, 9-7 y'all
Yeah, uh, Sunz Of Man y'all
Yeah, uh, New York to California y'all (Valley Of Kings)
Yeah, huh, yeah (Valley Of Kings)
Yeah, uh, yo

[Chorus x2: Hell Razah]
To make the worse get better
We gotta come together
As one mind that's ready for whatever

[Killah Priest]
Singin our holy anthem
Lampin with all my handsome grandsons
Strong as Sampson, inside my gold mansion
Built upon a hill, located over Israel
The city of emeralds, the land of many treasures
May our flag stand forever, band together
By the ancestors, until they transgress ya
Put his hand upon the letter
We used to conquer everywhere we wandered
Reign with honor, until we stepped upon the
Fertile soil, royal, shinin like alumuninum foil
Ancient kings from the Bysatine, blowin steam
From our nostrils, hostile, listen to the gospel
To alternate the mind state
Spillin wine from the blood of grapes
Over my iron breastplate, got my opponent in checkmate
Egyptians is my musicians, Christians is my beauticians
The sound of the trumpet gives me comfort
Peasants bring my presents, for a blessing
A restin under the moon crescant
Haven't search the whole earth
The outskirts of the universe
KP, your majesty, the magnificent, heaven sent
God's gift, ever so swift
Another round of applause and encore as the lions roar
The chief war lord

[Prodical]
In these dark days of Vietnam
Death is a pawn, that's word is bond
Sound the alarm, we surround calm
Barin arms, spark a megatron
Rockin charms, true and livin Islam
Supreme's wisdom becomes a realistic sitcom
On the grounds of Brooklyn
Central Booking through good Crooklyn
So, until then I make ends meet, war the beast
In the streets of heat, move industry, formation concrete
Medina soldier, mathematical, alphabetical
Quote an intelligent sire, contain the element of fire
Mental igniter, who said to school ya 'bout the liar
As it was bitin, writin in the books over Ovadiah
I shower tiger soul with papaya

Original soul writer, the golden fighter
Swift, clever like the tiger
So, on the contrary, you can get bloody like mary
Head flown like the tooth fairy, crushed like some berries

[Chorus x3]

[Hook: Hell Razah]
Birds of a feather fly together
The wise and the clever last forever
Never say never

[Hell Razah]
From the ghetto, not the suburbs
First ye observe me, come serve me
All high under my Godfather's derby
Style that be Earthly, you heard of me
Satan can't curse me, I prefer my by bein dirty
Stayin sterdy, watch the birdy, make you beg for some mercy
A motionless attempt to want to hurt me
Out for big cops that wanna search me
But their justice don't deserve me
This world don't concern me
Children of the prophets in the projects gotta hustle for a profit
Before we hit Apocalypse, thieves dig your pockets
Begin to notice they're Earth's hostages
The wicked rule, cash rules
Stash jewels in your head that be brain food
Show and prove, go back to black schools
I smack fools, tryin to give me back the shackles
Don't make me clap you
My niggaz carry glocks, gettin sexed up in homemade mariotts
Sit back and we plot a lot
Move with the ninja type and the Nazis like society
The wisely, FBI's can't even keep an eye on me

[60 Second Assassin]
Blessed be the meak...
Blessed be the meak in the valley of the kings
Yo, I be that maker, owner, cream, when I'm plannin
Was schooled by my man, but my name ain't branded
Branded as the world turns, from the clause, FA mob, what
Shhh from the start, best to roll from your heart
Puttin 'nam on the map, FA rock full of trap, diamonds and emeralds
And nothin but tools, for the knowledge of a fool
Is the wisdom of the dead, drownin in the pools
I've been schooled, we trade gold, drinkin royal wine
While me in my mind, some roots
They're in the Valleys of Kings, truth
In shinin armor, both kings killin rap in your drama
Since one the rhymers, made kids bring the drama
FA rock, your last stop, bringin it off the curb
The last serb on the other side of 1-23rd
Anti-up the chump, you're bitchin, tough
It be the kings callin bluffs
To make the worst get better
We got four kings who love it wetter
Bring on your bloodbath, we'll let ya
And it'll be a 60 Sec. pleasure

[Hell Razah]
Supreme Kourt, yeah

[Chorus x2]

[Hook]

[Chorus x2]

[Hook]

[Various talk from Hell Razah to fade]