

Prodigal Sunn f/ 60 Second Assassin

"Betrayal"

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[Intro: Prodigal Sunn]

Yeah, traitors, man

Yo, this goes out to everybody, man

Everybody that's been betrayed, youknowimean

Maybe once in or twice in your life

Snakes in the garden, feel me, yo

[Chorus 2X: Prodigal Sunn]

They say the, strong shall remain, over the wicked and
vain

Keep your eyes on your back, and your face on your
stacks

Some living for the lie, while others die for the game

You catch these slugs, engraved with your name

[Prodigal Sunn]

It was the night for December

Remember leaking from my hand to my wrist

Choochoo slug hit, split through the flesh in my fist

Breathing heavy, unnecessary, mandatory, I tell y'all
the story

These cats, I loved it, tried to take my glory

Episode one; gun in my face, filled with disgrace

Half a million in the metal face with quarters and apes

Internal bleeding was the reason for treason

It was chasing, left my heart aching

Damn, it was my man Nason and Nathan

Forsaken, wrote the code for realization

For fascination, and fabrication, the work of Satan

Blatant, contempt of mind, I was always knew

The revelation of a Judas in every crew

I called a flash in the back of my head

When my ace note said; "Sunzini, some of these kids is
feds"

Jealous for the love of hate, snakes snitching for
dollars

Sniffin' white collar, made a brother wanna holla

Betrayed by the ones I loved the most, hard to believe

Deceived by the thieves that breed, dwell amongst the
mental

Stealing out my temple, I'mma leave these traitors

crippled

Leave these traitors crippled, crippled

[Chorus 2X]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Now as the saga continues

I move in freely in the trunk of the rental

Music blasting through the street, cause it's all so
simple

Nickel plated in the crotch of my jeans, it's safety
routine

Stay prepared, for the secret's ravens, know what I
mean?

I treasure my life, measured through the pain and the
strife

Hard to except bluff from the grain, jerk after we trife
Revenge is mine, I'mma make these cats
remember the times

When we was, kids in the hood and we did it for crime
I got my hand free on the baby nine, blunt on a handle
Waiting on the trunk to pop, to blow out some candles
I struggle for the cell in my sock, designed for
moments like these

Hit the God; 60 Sec., and let him know the steez

[Interlude: 60 Second Assassin (Prodigal Sunn)]

Peace (yo, peace, what up, Six-O, yo, I'm hot son
These niggaz got me, man) Who? Who? (Nason and
Nathan, man, yo)

Where you at? Where you at, son?

(Shit I'm in the trunk, up in somebody's car, man
I don't know where I'm at man, but I'm hit in the hand
I'm leaking man, yo, get they family members a shot
And let them know it's not a game) Word to mother, we
on the way

Hold on, son, hold on, we coming, hold on (get me out
of here)

[Prodigal Sunn]

The moral of the story, leave with these jewels to
swallow

Blessings I earn, lessons we learn, the tables got
turned

A miracle I made it, by the grace of King David
As it was written, one was shot, the other was smitten
Thanks to the coalition, I'm alive, well and kicking
They tried to do me in, like the Indians on Thanksgiving
Stop me not, my purpose is to stay on top
I'm pledge allegience to the Sun, the committee that
rocks

Never catch me slipping again, I move with the sight of
ten
Me and them mighty men, stronger than gin, gin.
Yo, it's real out here in the field, son
You gotta survive, eat to live

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Prodigal Sunn]

Hahaha... it's all about eating, it's all about living
It's all about surviving, kid, it's real in the field
Keep ya head up, keep ya gun up, it's real
I tell you a story, about betrayal

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