

Weekend Players

"People Of The Sun"

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Yeah people come up

Yeah, we better turn tha bass up on this one
Check it, since 1516 minds attacked and overseen
Now crawl amidst the ruins of this empty dream
Wit their borders and boots on top of us
Pullin' knobs on the floor of their toxic metropolis
But how you gonna get what you need ta get?
Tha gut eaters, blood drenched get offensive like Tet
Tha fifth sun sets get back reclaim
Tha spirit of Cuahtemoc alive an untamed
Now face tha funk now blastin' out ya speaker, on tha
one Maya, Mexica
That vulture came ta try and steal ya name
But now you got a gun, yeah this is for the people of
the sun

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again! Uh!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again! Uh!

Yeah, neva forget that tha wip snapped ya back
Ya spine cracked for tobacco, oh I'm the Marlboro man,
uh
Our past blastin' on through the verses
Brigades of taxi cabs rollin' Broadway like hearses
Troops strippin' zoots, shots of red mist,
Sailors blood on tha deck, come sista resist
From tha era of terror check this photo lens,
Now tha city of angels does the ethnic cleanse
Uh, heads bobbin' to tha funk out ya speaker, on tha
one Maya, Mexica
That vulture came to try and steal ya name
But now you found a gun, you're history, this is for the
people of the sun

It's comin' back around again!

This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again! Yeah!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around!
Of the sun
People Of The Sun (Original, as on Bombs & Bullets)
Bastard son is in, swimmin' in a sea of funk
Clear the lane, I'm gonna have to dunk ya
Up and down like a donut in a caffeinated drink
So take the sink, I'll take ya to the brink
Check the rugged style I flip (some versions say
"bring")
If the price is right, I'll take you on a trip
In my old school '62, two-tone white and blue
One that ya never wanna step to
Face my baseline, feel the earth quaking
Sweat is on site at appamatow
Mistakin' for my culture
White boys who came and tried to steal my name
But now I got a gun, this is for the people of the sun!

This is for the people of the sun!
It's coming back around again!
Yeah it's coming back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
Yeah

I'm not a silent one, I'm a defiant one,
Never the normal one, 'cause I'm the bastard's son
Trip the way before the sky gives birth
And now I trip the way from mother earth
I'm tearin' off a, big fat chunk of the funk
Clear the lane I gotta dunk, never smoke the skunk
Or the cest
The Humboldt, the showman of the buddha
Gotta product six shooter, so fuck the hoota
Face the baselines feel the earth quakin
Sweat is on site at appamatow
Mistaken for my culture,
White boys who came and tried to steal my name
But now I got a gun, this is for the people of the sun!

It's coming back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's coming back around again!
Yeah it's coming back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
For the sun!

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