

## **Bruce Hornsby & The Range**

### **"Saviorz Day"**

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (Prodigal Sunzini)]

(It's beautiful God, love it as peace  
Let's just get out together, man  
In this hard world, I'm just tellin' you  
You gotta fight, man) Got this way?  
(Yeah blood) You gotta move in peace  
(Just peace, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout  
It's real, the stress) Peace (Uh-huh)

[Ghostface Killah]

More prettier than jewelry, more breathtakin' than a  
Farrakhan speech  
with a million people waitin'  
I've been saved, fuck my caves, those is just gifts  
Just imagine if we all wit one page  
Think alike, A, B alike, C alike  
The proper knowledge is needed  
Wit' Satan off my back, I'm at peace at night  
No more cops, no more Rodney King's  
No more peekin' out the curtain wit' the rifle by any  
means  
AIDS don't exist, plus my sex life's terrific  
I get a kick out of life, I bet my bitch on it  
20/20s not enough coverage  
Nightline, big Barbara Walters'  
Specials now appear with more brothers  
See Starks marchin' up to the promised land  
Sunz of Man slid through, made the world understand  
(Promised that's just the way it goes)

[Hook: Madam D]

I just can't go on  
Feelin' the way I feel  
I just can't go on  
Fellin' the way I see, ooh

[Prodigal Sunzini]

Oh what a beautiful vision it would be to see  
Every man, woman and child flow in harmony  
But it's so hard in these gritty streets of New Yiggy  
And every state infested with cobras, mocassins and

rattle snakes  
We hate, battle jakes, escape the thirst before the love  
of freedom  
We travel many beaches and leeches  
Black drums, kingdom comes slum better first day won  
No limitations, no hesitations, we stay sun  
Even though I went through hell strivin' to come out  
right  
Carryin' heat, survival in these concrete streets  
From the '70s era chrome beretta, story of the hood  
terror always stood these streets better  
True princess, sun I'm tryin' to live my life more better  
Soundin' like the strongest of weathers  
Smooth as feathers, the grand loyal  
All from the blood of royal  
A hard head makes a soft ass  
and never spoilt, feel me? word up

[Hook]

[Hell Razah]

We spend our lives in the ghetto  
enslaved by the plague of the devil  
In the graves, we all settle when we raised by the metal  
Crack vials made us act wild  
Gangsters look where we at now  
Behind prison gates or buried in grounds  
Role models of a child mis-educated, wanna be down  
They gave up fake smiles, along with the pounds  
How much time does a man need to notice you bleed?  
And that the God you don't believe is the reason you  
breathe?  
Blessed be the poor, playin' their numbers inside the  
liquor store  
Next door apartment to me, is only coke wars  
Caught four before Allah, we broke all the laws  
I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, when ever we  
caught  
Jum broads became strippers when they used to be  
Queens  
A lot of us became sleepwalkers followin' dreams  
Solomon Kings, that's why we like diamonds and rings  
Pussy and CREAM, with vanity is what it could bring

[Hook x3]

[Outro: 60 Second Assassin]

I see your life without the right  
It wouldn't be nothin' without the S.O.M.  
It wouldn't be nothin' without the S.O.M.

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