

D-A-D**"L'Ecole Du Micro D'Argent"**

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[Chorus x8: IAM]

L'Ecole Du Micro D'Argent

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo... yo..

I made my name through dedication, Prodigal/Sunz of
Man affiliation

Population Click rollin thick, legit, forty burnin spliffs

Initiation, I kill a whole fuckin nation

Demonstration, the year 2000, date of restoration

Burstin inflation, absorbin degrees

MC's, enemies get hung from trees

Brutalities, based on the adversary

I gets amped for my camp in the station

When I release frustration you'll be a fucked up
situation

Now do you think, you could honestly fuck with me, G-
O-D?

Set up slugs to your jug, I tried to warn you 'bout reality

Ack, saw what I see, too late to plea

Identity, chemistry, rotten in the cemetery

60 Second Assassion, seven days of fastin

Mentally everlastin, write this with a passion

Competition, I feel they struck you with ammunition

Come at my position, then organize my liberation

You dare cross, defy my intellect? Disrespect my
dialect?

Don't need to technical, son I'm nice with my knuckle
check

I crusted condition, a mutilation

Your situation, after a Sunz of man confrontation

echoes

[Chorus x8 over samples]

"M.A.R.S." *scratched* "N.Y.C." "Je reprÃ©sente" "We
represents"

"M.A.R.S." *scratched* "Q.U.E." "Je reprÃ©sente" "We
represents"

"M.A.R.S." *scratched* "Brooklyn" "Je reprÃ©sente"
"We represents"

"M.A.R.S." *scratched* "Je reprÃ©sente"

[Hell Razah]

As we complete the impossible, me and Prodigal
What we assigned to do, sendin our opponents to the
hospital
Of course I'm the obstacle, choppin you
Dreddy cut the fedi, fake apostles who ain't ready
Yeah we drop science that be heavyweight
We meditate to elevate, we confiscate wicked
mindstates
Related to crime rates, you wack? Play the bench
As my lyrics touch the french
Over seas, dumb MC's could meet the Hell Razah's
steez
Trees, Killa Bees'll make a nigga feel the breeze
Shake the fire in an ice hand, I am what I am a Sun of
Man
Understand, Brooklyn's my home as I grab hold
of a microphone, now we explode, we go gold
Peace to the Black Rose, and yo where my francs at?
Cash that shit, where the banks at?
Kill raps, take the whole earth back
Fuck that, Sunz of Man year, I make it happen
No rappin, no laughin, niggaz get they face smashed
in
All these lyrics that we've written in the basement
Your ass get erasement, erasement, we be your new
replacements
You better face it

"M.A.R.S." *scratched* "N.Y.C." "Je reprÃ©sente" "We
represents"

"M.A.R.S." "Prodigal Sunn" "Je reprÃ©sente" "We
represents"

"M.A.R.S." "Hell Razah" "Je reprÃ©sente" "We
represents"

"M.A.R.S." "Music from the Q.U.E." "Je reprÃ©sente"
"We represents"

"Now" *scratched* "Now you get outta here"

[Chorus x8]

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