

Funkdoobiest

"Rock On"

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As sure as the sun rises in the east
It also sets in the west

Verse 1:

Our sons done it the gods never fronted
whore nuns fuck a devil when the weight got hunted
my soul was sweeping my mind keep stepping
in the depths of hell yet I fell from the lesson
my soul leaves the body the situations nody
original invisible to the ones who are tardy
a class for the better cause I be writing letters
setting shit straight one laugh at one shepard
her face turns purple and demons in the surb
I held my breathe and I left out the wound kinda fertile
from the east the light shines onto the west
a test for the gods cause that's just where they rest
a tune for serenity, fucking up the enemy
if anyone makes it then that's the way it's ment to be
tryed her, the times of a fighter
cause I'll supply Phife then step out the side door
If your soul loves the sun, Money rock on
If your soul loves the sun, Money rock on
If your soul loves the sun, Money rock on
If your soul loves the sun, Money rock on
rock on, rock on

Verse 2:

The gods keep praying, saviors aint saving
nobodys soul yet the devil keeps playing
and kicked out the heavens I rest on the seven
west of 85 if your chest type are warring
now is the mystery one peace for victory
cause I know gods that will put you out your mysery
justice will lead em, deprived you of freedom
the beat broke the seal even though you don't need em
the beats and the Harlet, the land is a target
the truth will prevail but not many say far fetched
from 24 elders and half it's 12, ruler
bitches mess with knowledge of sale

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Verse 3:

Lets see, it started with the serpent
messing with Eve cause she wasn't certain
nobodys got a temper, a spiritual dilemma
enter in the realm where the spirits in the center
fuck perpetrating, cause they'll murder Satan
see faith broke the seal while the world be waiting
he left it all to Jesus, I'm picking up the pieces
friends that's deceased can never read my thesis
don't be resurrected and times got so hectic
demons aint elected while the money gets collected
the gods get theirs and the word is born
I mean the signs of the future is what they saw
and the four living castles, lifes got no hassles
it's all real real just one big feascal
no soul held me hostage, angels kill the nonsense
bond is my word, but first do the knowledge
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