

Information Society

"Concrete Jungle"

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bees buzzing

[Prodigal Sunn]

Ladies and gentlemen: Sunz of Man
Uhh, Jungle of Concrete
yo, yo

[Chorus x4]

In the jungle, we gotta rumble with the bees/wee
Ain't nothin sweet, we gotta eat

[Timbo King]

Yo, we come from starvin days, runnin up in Dr. J's
Rock away, so the mega trades, diggin, pockin days
Yo, the aids wasn't in, calm braids all trimmed
Army suits snatched and Timbs
You'se a friend, snatch a gem

[Prodigal Sunn]

I spent a lifetime of doin crime, hustlin dimes, guzzlin
wine
Smugglin wives, one of a kind
Under the sunshine, movin as one mind, the genuine
Star child, Allah's style, many say their barber's wild
When I element the foul, prowl, upon the weekend of
sweet
I gotta eat, generate with the heat, demolish beats
Collectin sheets, war with beast, Islamic warrior
Livin the mass hysteria, the bomb shell of America
Swell competitors, explicit lyrics from the editor
Realistic predator, the rhyme writer, climb heights
Rhymes ignite, MC's reputation, blown out of sight
On the mic device, my crew get nice, shoot dice
Doin callistetics, young diplomatics with automatics
The asiatic, fuck a fanatic, I split his attic
You don't want no static, I make you carriage for the
rabbits

[Chorus x2]

[Hell Razah]

We've got to take what we want, let these others
rappers front
Yo, take that, you ain't goin get it laid back
Best record what I say, ain't no time to playback
That's right platinum hits, yo, before the age at
Gather millions, acapella in the streets, today crack
Fuck opinions, I'm hittin to the nights endin
A new beginin, takin over men and women
Thoughts used for sinnin, neighborhood no grinin
Thug religions, expeditions, startin for a mil
Stick the student for his intuition
Beyond college, street knowledge, got to eat
knowledge
Off the tree of life, while seek wallets
Credit cards, some trust for their gods
In the Wizard of Oz, you get it all to get robbed
Price is on the food and the Earth's precious jewels
Ain't the golden rules from the golden black jewels
Steppin out the furnace, only run with fast learners
Burn cash and we stash burners
We be the underground childs, mainstream now
Sort of like Apocalypse, bloaw, blaow
Take what you own, must return to your home
Claim back your throne, we're on a higher zone
Black Lazurus, plus we're not havin it
Pass the diamonds on the wrist, we're on some take the
earth shit
Demolish every tool, that y'all niggaz work with
The barcode, bio chips be short circuited

[62nd Assassin]

Here in this jungle, jungle, jungle ?
I'm livin through, your crew on the subject
The loot, I'm new improved
Plus my time piece is bullet proof
I need a bulldozer or crane, that stains like in vain
You be the blood and I be the drainin on
Forgot to burn your proper on, with the tool stone
Written, founded dead on this spot
You emergin, believe I'm the surgeon
Rhymes leave your brain on all right, double scenes
Back hand, slap you, clap thoughts, like evil raps
Play that, what it slap right back
You was seen, soak the zeen
Self esteem, so common, even suckers die
Major League, total assassinator, rhyme complicator
The devil and the sword bring death, feed Jamaica
Rain or hurricane, step on my house
Into the house on severe pain, strong like a pyramid
Nothin but various parts of the house that Jack built
The little house on the praire, I huff and I puff

And I blow your brain to a seizure
Before you step to me, you should of called off
Ceaser's father, mercy words, I'm no joke
I cancer smoke, I reply, "your brain and told"
I live for my tech 9, uzi, grenade, all cause of one
rhyme
Better believe, sleeves, I buck you chicken
Make you love us, my mic around your neck to bug it

[Chorus x4]

[various talk to fade]

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