

Laurnea

"All We Got"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

What's today's Sunz-ematics?

[Hell Razah]

Date of birth, '92, the first group out of the Wu
Ten years, paid our dues, of writin' these jewels
A "soldier" in the "dark", "five arch angel" with heart
Ain't "no love without hate", can you tell 'em apart?
It's "bloody choices" from prophetic voices
Anointed by the RZA noises, 4th Disciple and Supreme
'98, Red Ant signed us, Cathy was beside us
And linked us with Earth, Wind & Fire (you're a shining
star)
Label went bankrupt, album went gold quietly
Got out our contracts, happily free
Now it's D3, 2 On The Road and GG'z
We ain't regular M.C.'s, we prophet M.C.'s
Wu Killa Beez with a Sunz of Man beam
With four diamond rings, we already been kings
Now it's time to transform the hoes into queens
Opposin' my team, is like souls in a dream
I watch brother show off and die off of CREAM
I speak for the dead souls that's locked in a bean
I speak for the dead souls that's locked in a bean
I speak for the angels with chopped off wings

[Chorus 2X: Madam D]

All, you're all we got, you're all we got
All we got, all we got is us, through the good and the
bad times

[Prodigal Sunzini]

Even though times is hard, I stay divine, shine for God
Some people change, money exchange, the love of
fame
And it's a cryin' shame, my brother's lyin' dyin' in vain
Supplyin' the game, livin' out the next man's name
Complete your steps, we got to move quiet as kept
Seen a lot of teens get swept, cause one man slept
And all we really got is us, who can we really trust
Silly of you, to think that I would hate us

Movin' as one, ain't nothin' new under the sun
Same fiends, same drugs, same guns, relax a little
Focus on tracks and make classes
Black sounds of Satin, grace and satisfaction
Hold my fans to the very end, we all we got
Through thick and thin, we rise as the world spins

[Chorus]

[LA the Darkman]

Feel like I'm locked in a cell, LA the Darkman, Nelson
Mandela
I gave out consignment, fuck you, nigga, pay me
Elementary, dear Watson, gats keep poppin'
Drugs keep clockin', and feds keep watchin'
So I stay low pro, always keep the calico
Beemer or the Benz, both got the stash, yo

[Chorus]

[Outro: Madam D]

You're all we get, you're all we got
All we got is us, through the good and the bad times
Stress, yes...

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