

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Soul Survivor"

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Yeah, live from New York City
I keep risin' to the top, the soul survivor
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We keep risin' to the top, soul survivor

Critically acclaimed, snakes tried to slither and vain
Physically I twist up they frames and hit up they veins
You don't know who you fuckin' with, man
It's P-Sunn, Zini the flame, catch me car, bus or train
A royal flush in the game, it tames, sustain
Heavy on the brain, claim, reign in the hall of fame
And I'mma keep on doing my thing, diamond from the rough

I can't get enough, we puff that sticky stuff
The bigger the bluff, the quicker to snuff
Face in your drink, and cunt blamed for stickin' it up
And that's the penalty for thinking you tough
Me and the kings, gleem extreme, bean pack a mean
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Clips, whips, drips, they call it the American dream
Accumilatin' stacks of CREAM, that black redeem
King on the scene, supreme, I stay clean
Ladies love what the Sunn bring, better than bling

I keep risin' to the top, my moms and pops said
Give it all you got, give it all you got
I'm from a block where them ratchets go pop
Criminal cops, and cash money drops, cash money
props
Livin' the city life, we won't stop
Makin' it hot, yo, I give it all I got
Give it all I got
Sleep if you want to, baby, we won't drop
Non stop, we give it all we got, give it all we got

Gotta admit it, when I heard it from the mockingbird, it
shocked me
In thirds, the Sunn, lives by the code of the word
And have you not heard, that your word is bond, and
bond is your life
Spit it precise, heavy like, blocks of ice

Sunn an O.G., twist the honey, bury with berry
And stay on the lurk for them Larry, Tom, Dicks and
Harry's
Treasure every move, body soul, rhythm and blues
Big steps, brand new shoes and I'm still payin' dues
They say if you, snooze you lose, so I watch for fools
Smudgers and leechers, try'nna suck my energy pool
Don't mean to be rude, but I tell it like it is for the kids
Feature leaders on the rise, nobody beats the biz
Graduated from these mean streets, make ends meet
Zini gon' eat, and shine like aluminum sheets
Since day one, I did it from the heart of the slum
The spark of the drum, created the allustrious Sunz

His baby momma's leakin' tears, on his face in the
casket
Hit by the ratchet, another tragic, fatherless bastard
Heavy in the hood, stash up goods, twist up woods
Wise like the granddaddy clock, did what I could
Do what I can, the Sun of Man expands his hand
Did twice, one time too many, so I changed my plan
For every breath step, I take, eliminate snakes
Generate, food on the plate, then I stay fate
Walk a straight line for rattlesnakes, half baked, cop
real estate
Cultivate, land, women and cake
Moves to making, I'm still getting harassed by jake
Cream meditate, never ever rest my case
They call it the American race, some die by the waist
Live for the chase, fast cars, drunk in bars
I plan to go far, young Gua Arzh Dubar
Shining Stars, inside out, you know who we are

Soul Survivors, yeah, what up, Yung Masta
Shinobi, G-O-D-Z-I-N-C, Inc., yeah
Chi-King, 12 O'Clock, Brooklyn Zu, the whole Wu
Two On Da Road, you know how we do
Don't forget it, Franklin Ave
Gates Ave., Nostrund Ave., BK
Yo, we out...

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