

Postmen

"Curriculum (feat. Sonny D, U-Niq, Ganza & E-Life)"

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(Sonny D)

I pump fear in your eighty-five shady life soundscans
Cover underground standing up and down land
The type that hold the mic and disco all night
The way I shine I inspire the light
Up in the docks banging snow-white
Playing my cards and holding aces
Your rhyme-styles are standard I'm more basement
To keep fans crying and waiting my name is written
over pavement
When I die I'm gonna be all statement
Count me in for whatever it brings
Cut the pie take the slice kid whatever it brings
My life dedicated to God word to my mother
If you disrespect her you soon soon discover
Haters get punished or rubbished we are overcomers
Stretch rap video act chopper the hummers

(U-Niq)

Unemployed hoodrats become diplomats from the
streets
Cause now we earn money by teaching over beats the
city sleeps
Only if time dies I'm feeling this
It's obvious that money talks louder than any
communist
My motivation is to struggle and my puzzle is deep
Scramble the pieces when I was weak
My innocence kept me on second level environments
Driven by ignorance but its past things you see
This thug nigga for life you wanna be this is where we
live
Nigga are catching cold where the heat is
My speakers are where the street is
I'm keeping all my dogs posted by using telekinesis

(Ganza)

Guns on vinyl CD's tapes plus it gotta face haters on
flyers
They are tired of seeing us gain
Some declared war based on their own fuck-ups

thinking they know me
Behind the smile your labeled phoney don't let them
know who's your tenderoni
You on top they cock block what never done heard of
that pump diesel
Go against us we burn tiers leave tracks of bad
memories
Stretched across your empire
Here y'all talking while we sparking more like lying
That nosy critic dissin the product he should be buying
Rap gets any nigga facts with no money in the pockets
Swinging like Dirk Diggler boogie back for them
dockers
You entertain lame I know the game it's far from a
noteblock
Just do your public relations and chill until the bomb
drops
Niggas bought Timbs do-rags now they are thug-o-
saurus wrecks
Fuck that nigga calling my phone making death threats

(E-Life)

You can rock twenty backpacks all at the same time
Or do some windmills on the floor while throwing up
some outlines
Or you could drop a rhyme while youll be backspinning
on two broke
Geminis, I dont care, cause none of yall is fucking with
mine
I redefine E-life, born to be trifle
You will cram to understand that I will die as E-grand
Ridiculous land, curriculum is written on mic-stands
What you think I just reached out and shit just fell up in
my hands
You side swing; I will be foul like Don King
Put one and one together, Eleven beyond things
Why you stress it, I will grab this mic and bless it
I stand tall like a sphinx in Sinai desert
We turn Neanderthal and fire arms, come out
unharmed
While you niggers acting like bitches and sound the
alarm
Tripwire shit, youre not suppose to play with them guns
Protect my funds, check the resume

(Mis)

Who done and wet those, you're still a silhouette
Guns did explore for the ghettos
Where villains turn rappers and killing rascals
Miraculous use of guns at the club shooting let the
bullet travel

Those who run seduce the level we on
Beyond management my flair of elegance
Intelligence it ain't relevant that's how we mix with them
My curriculum did speak extravagant
We cause what'll never be yours I fear non of them
Unload six guns on them watch them go for the floor
We talk big guns business for yall lying rapflow with
balls
While you're dickless holding yours watch me strip
them
We flip pictures throw bricks on them smash till I'm rich
with them
Lyrics I'm sick with them major I politic with them
My peoples hold dick with them stick with them 'till the
end
Where only the realest can rely on the fact they
gunmen curriculum.

(Shy)

Curriculum be killing em softly
Its ripping em often hard you a softy
some balsy rapper with nerves to alarm we
You serve we hardly use words to smack you back first
From where it starts it ends with no attempt to tempt us
To let off relentless you ment us in segments of
patterns of rhymes
I recong cant hate what regulates a revolutionary
weapon
When years turn month's week days hours minutes to
seconds
Y'all checking so effectively it landed where we
planned it to happen
Restacking for more no superstar status struck caught
of balance
Liable to lose talent when fans turn violent and silently
start wildin
Ignore you on the tours you used to pack no echo in
silence
That's why I never follow hype cause when its right I
swing left
With the science if a lion when a rip it to death
Becomes niggas who confuse us for a here gone
tomorrow
Tears turn to sorrow you want us we're here.

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