

**O.A.R.**  
**"Flaming Swords"**

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[Reverend]]

My sons, absolutes, and friends  
I like the idea of being a soldier, in the army of the lord  
(continues preaching)

Arch Rivals

We got the Kingston young ones over there running  
scared  
They aint seem to have a problem and its a bad one  
Ahh man, Sunz of Man teaching everywhere  
got the children over here, teaching them the problems  
And its the real one  
Ahh man now we got the ???? over there  
The Sunz of man solving problems, yo this the right  
one

[Verse 1]

Guess this is the end, whatever how never, depart  
clever  
But not deadered to be real or to be severed  
A double-header, the black mecca respecta  
Catchin wreck from whatever soul, clever, from chives  
to chedders  
For the first setter who loves it wetter  
Well I can make it better  
In a bloodbath you letta  
black soggin, treaty, the ledger  
Government minted, cheddar, promisary and lettered  
New order, enough to register kill or be killed  
measurers  
Take you beyond the heist, forever so  
Doin out Little Italy to Mexico  
Now who be the next to go  
Will it be Sam, will it be Fran, or will it be Cisco  
Or strictly back to disco  
However though one and my own one, soo  
Never pet yo, full deck pro  
The most sensitive intensity the world could ever  
expect, yo  
Between two steels  
to keep it real I remember we used to pick cotton out of

fields  
got it real got it down, yo

[Verse 2]

As I break yo fuckin bones into pieces  
And make ya death the sweetest  
Punch a hole through ya cleavage  
By the way how was Jesus  
I hope you been baptized  
Fucked up and meet ya maker, with two black eyes  
And broken legs, a broken hip, and an IV attached to ya  
arm  
I remain calm, for the storm  
As I shake my javelin up in ya abdomen  
And then I grab ya friend  
And break his fuckin back, watch him collapse  
And my servants clap, a standing ovation from the  
whole nation  
Yall want more, I crank the chainsaw  
Next thing ya knowin, his head start rollin  
His body swollen, his fuckin tongue is stolen  
No more groin or colon, he's just moaning and  
groaning  
Exciting, clash of the titings, thunder and lighting  
Reveal the sword of the viking, it's frightening  
Put down yo fist they'll be no fighting  
Just sacrificing, tonight is a good night to take yo life  
And leave your carcass in the darkness  
Where the jackals prowl upon your grave  
Yo hear a howl from the cave  
Then I snatch out your arms and give to your moms  
Sing along sing along sing along

[Verse 3]

Storm in my fiery harbor, til it get dark  
silver darts melt in your heart  
Then we begin to march, until we rip this whole fuckin  
world apart

[Verse 4]

My team be strong, we live right or wrong  
death come calm, sweet wit a charm  
As I speak from the throne in my temple  
My samurai sword made of metal chop through ya level  
Devils in the mist, hate we exist  
Clique form my fist, punch you in your shit  
Styles murderous, sordid justice  
Judge those who bitch, cut those who snitch  
Modern Egypt, diamond presidents  
Drug measurements got us dead on cement  
Robbin for rent, guage in the trench

Slave ever since, return of the prince  
Constantine the great, never go for bait  
Sunz of Man plan, gold in every state  
From Railhook to Libya deliver ya sword to the bombery  
My armory run the economy  
Rule is our policy  
The deaf dumb acknowledge me  
Like love peace and honesty  
The thugs on the street hustle to eat  
Cover you with sheets, we bury you in beats  
Fasten my seatbelt my flame is soft melt  
We bomb like a stealth and give food for health  
Not a friend of me...

[Verse 5]

Watching enemies stare, hostility floats in the air  
If I have to blaze yo I just wont care  
We roll in pairs, packin machines, movin supreme  
My team gleam, like matches and gasoline  
soldier fanatic, seven slugs punctured the attic  
He died a tread, It was passed the asking  
In a bad position, ya should of stuck to yo fuckin  
religion  
Im worse than prison, send yo bones to the pigeons  
The demolitioner with the codes of honor  
You want drama? I'll bomb yo and yo mama...

(Reverend talks till end)

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