

O.A.R. "The Law"

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* LP on Red Hook

[60 Sec. Assassin]

Now children go when I send thee
Uh, now how should I send the law?
I'm gon' send the Killah Priest
Through the Sunz of Man
I'm gon' send in Bethlehem
It's the Sunz of Man, I'm gon' send in

[Killah Priest]

A world premier on the frontier for a year
Those with the ear, let 'em hear
I ride the camel, wearin' golden sandals
Gold shield, war force field
Silver spear, jasper armor flooded with onyx
Silk garment, a silk cape, a nickel plate breastplate
A golden helmet, a purple robe clothed with the velvet
Pullin' my diamond sword through ya pelvis, collar
shinin like Elvis
Studied clubs, a golden club, roll out the white glove
I'm above, show you love for the general
Bag me the emeralds, never end the jewels
Attendin school of thoughts, red curtains, white
turbans
Purple silk, blue quilt, sippin soy milk as the scales tilt
Holy tablets made from the Abbot's finest fabrics
Crystal glass, gold rims flooded with gems
The son of Shim sung me hymns
Enjoy the royal smell, golden bells
King Soloman's spells, holy veils
Instruments of excellence, new testaments
The annointed, flamboyant, rap for your enjoyment

[60 Sec. Assassin]

Now children go when I send thee
Uh, now how should I send the law?
I'm gon' send the Prodigal Sunn
Through the Sunz of Man
I'm gon' send in Bethlehem
Through the Sunz of Man, I'm gon' send thee

[Prodigal Sunn]

My lyric condition, critical, political
analytical, controversial, diversal, verbal, daily
rehearsal
My ora, presidential, we shed your mental temple for
life
I born supreme knowledge to make the wisdom my
wife
No time for strife, decrease releasin through the mic
device
You better think twice, precise or get crushed like ice
Ever since I been an MC, never knew nothin to be for
free
The recipe consists of space, time and energy
Physical isolation escapin, revelation every since
creation
I see the slaves in my nation came to make a change
Live out my name, sustain The Grain, consider the
strange deranged
Even insane in the brain, I felt the strain of pain
from the migranes and bloodstains, now I know the
game
and only a few stay the same

[60 Sec. Assassin, (Hell Razah)]

Now children go when I send thee
Uh, now how should I send the law?
I'm gon' send the Heaven the Hell Raz'
Through the Sunz of Man
I'm gon' send in (Brooklyn, Bethlehem, Bethlehem)
Through the Sunz of Man, I'm gon' send in Bethlehem

[Hell Razah]

What up, son? Nuttin but clouds and the UFO's
What's goin' down? Nuttin but souls as we open scrolls
I was born as a grand Sun of Man from Abraham
Brooklyn was my Bethlehem, I blessed the land with
children
Keep a gun in hand, must understand my plan
you drown in the quicksand, hair wrapped like arabs
from Iran
We crash clubs, black blood, shed for money love
Backstabber's hugs, little kids follow thugs sellin drugs
Unlawful marriages, miscarriages, savages livin
fabulous
Buildin drug palaces, players play 'til that day of
repentance
A one way entrance, a death or life sentence
I'm like the banker, when I thank a wave my interest
Hell Razah, I come with prophecies, missionaries

possibly
Animosity, keep you watchin me
The golden owl, while you approach
I make your coach throw in the towel
Use you consonants and vowels
Precious jewels stress them fools, drop your tool
Stop repentin, now go where I sent him

[60 Sec. Assassin]
Now children go when I send in 60 Sec.
Uh, now how should I send the law?
I'm gon' send the one by one
One was the ity bity baby
Two was the palmentor, south pole
Three was the hebrew, children
Four was the son standin at the door
Three was the hebrew, children
Two was the palmentor, south pole
One was the ity bity baby
wrapped all in that
I may know what you gon' name that
A stranger that's born, born as a Sun of Man
You and you, Sunz of Man want you
You and you, you and you
Sunz of Man drop jewels, you and you
You and I Vs. to make the Sunz' shit work

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