

Mood

"Illuminated Sunlight"

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f/ Sunz of Man

[Dante]

You get mystified, on how history lied

and when the troops came around they had to come in
disguise

Unvail some tales of days when the sun failed

and blind with minds thought we all went to Hell

Free energy dwells in deep thoughts like wells

In the age where knowledge is born, clientel

Let it work for you, buy and sell

But make sure it's true cuz I could see your lie in braille

My niggaz lie in jail but can't wait to try and kneal

Elevatin the higher stimulation of dyin, brain cells

I'm dead, I can't tell, yo my think-tank is swell

The invisible indivisible bank sales

Through outputs, I smuggle my views without hooks

Educated myself, work for delf without books

or school, it takes an idiot to educate a fool

We make history while you search for clues

Dirt for tools, genetically alter perfect crews

so they falter and can't offer a damn thing to they
culture

Natural blends, God body, actual men

reclaim the name and make Paegan stations bend in
one breath

I take you hymns off of energy through my skin

and I'm blacker than the Indian, attacker in the wind

I depend off the fouls and sins of a thousand men

[Prodigal Sunn]

This is the final chapter of devastation, fatal steps of
termination

Set up states, deminishin emcee's behind the ancient
gates

The burnin seven arsonists out the Heaven

Severin competition, snitchin the word infliction

Now it's my fiction to tell the truth about the
contradiction

Pay attention, understand my main-dead plan of the
devil's mission

Causin division, collision through Hell's prison

Before you sin again -- stop, look and listen

Foes that wanna taste the flame, I'm slitin veins

Spittin octane, now you're wounded from the hurricane

Fuckin with G-O-D can be a deadly game

Don't be a fool, fake moves and face and ever-lastin
dead pool

I 'scape from the in-forest scene, loaded machine

A beam of stream ignite your elements with gasoline

The radius supreme, AH! Sunn mercenary

Escape the black hole, demolishin, burnin a worth
adversary

Penetratin through the myst of the Abyss

The hired vocalist, mental biologist, the alchemist

Devils combust when the enter the God's region

I'm like your skin meltin, it gets the body swellin

Eternal bleedin!

[Chorus 4X: Mood]

Sunz of Man and the Mood, livin life divine

Genuine, ever-lastin light, sunshine

[Main Flo]

Tortured like army heads or centipeeds, we build on
our centuries

Solar definity, true signs of our enemies

Life-forms beyond the stratus, and halosatomos

with spaceships, we mic-storm planets

They wanna vanish my under-sea labs, no wonder we
laugh

My number-leased staff, my hungerly draft

For decades stored, marks the comin of my sword

My quest is the healin from the lord

Mentally my seed is planed in every mind of the livin

Suprise those who rise, often drifted

I makes a tapes with crystal guides

Like full moons my words are meant to rise

Who the fuck you think sent you the lies?

Before bread I store lead, de-floor Feds

and transport plans throughout foreheads

My ability to warn off the uninvited

Illuminated Sunlight, make moves through planetary
eyes

and doom rise through a storm tide

Balloon wise and also roam skies

of both halves we cause math through the dome staff

Like army war drafts travelled Ghost's path

[60 Second Assassin]

BLOW! Hold fast with the gas, come and flaaaame at
that ass

As thought enters the clip all turentials lift

Set it, I raise yo' asssss like diabetics

Brings the dark to light of hemmoridges, hit the clip

of the magnetic gift, foooooes with the tongue swift

Sharp as ever, slip, WHAT? WHAT? The juggler

Who's next in line, in chime to suffer?

My rhymes waaaave from under the gutter

Below the grits I smotther, there's too much dirt to
cover

Beyond the under, 'vasion, body snatcher

Endin your what? Chapter, chapter

Rapture, niggaz catch Falls like Niagara

Buried so deep that when you peak you see Alaska

Savin chatter while climbin Assassin's ladder

I'm wrappin rubbish, graze y'all full with buzzards

But reign refutious once two thoughts converge

and when I chop into your dead meat like stew

like the vultures on the d-low comin at you

Heat is oooooon, word is boooooond

Plus this fable's splittin your dome piece like the wings
of an eagle

The fore one who keeps it on a roll like a seagul

Makin more moves than Ex-Lax, style is the diamon
needle

My people fuckin plus I'm drunken off that cherries

See God beat niggaz down, Earth style, you know my
steelo

[Chorus 4X]

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