

Prodigal Sunn

"Dead Birds"

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Bla-awww-ah-ahhh (dead birds)
Four scores, thousands of years ago
Ahhh
RZA, Killah PZA, Shza, chosen
Aiyyo camouflaged samurais...

Aiyyo camouflaged samurais, battle scars
Analog, his hands are claws, bears or Gods
Digi {blank} criminals, alkaline generals
We stick you for your minerals
You speak subliminal clues in interviews, log on
We send the news as Brooklyn Zoo, like psalms
Turn around disguised, standin on the roof with Merlin
eyes
A wizard suit, I hurl these rhymes, down
Like twirlin dust devils, amongst the bad luck ghettos
I give 'em hope

Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke
Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke
Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke
Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke
With wings that's broke, with wings that's broke
With wings that's broke, with wings that's broke
With wings that's broke, with wings that's broke
With wings that's broke

Metal blades, hand of the spade, duckin grenades
Cuttin through brigades, 20 men searchin for aid
Hurtin for days, murderous ways, left 'em decayed
I creeped, I creeped through the shade, back with that
green jade
My teammate, rainin fire for dead gates
50 renegades send 'em leakin to the grave
My teammate, rainin fire for dead gates
50 renegades send 'em leakin to the grave

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