

## **Prodigal Sunn**

### **"Godz' People"**

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[Intro: 60 Second Assassin]

Chill, man, chill, g!

See you don't know what's going on, man

I see right now, you don't know what's happening

There it go, there it go

[Chorus 2X: 60 Second Assassin]

Our common enemy, commonly known, check the rules

(What - type - of man)

The only difference between them, is me and you

(Tell - the - truth)

It be the tricks the devil pull, you don't exist

(This - is - scam)

So don't expect no help from them, Godz People

(No - one's - do)

[Interlude: 60 Second Assassin]

A black man's vote means nothing today

By any and all means necessary

They done turned it around on us

And left us poor folks behind

And want us to swallow up the legislature

And your paper, where I don't think that the truth

Can satisfy the human race

I said it before and I'll say it again

The Devil has scored a point on God's court

It's at the top of the 9th inning

And our people must step up to home plate

I need a team, I need a team

To move with one mind

I need a team, to move with one body

One soul, I need a team, I need a team

[Armel]

What else can be said? I'm first to admit

My people's fucking hard head, and soon to be dead

I brings to my eyes to see a young black man die

And don't know why (It's a shame)

Who's to blame, the player or the game?

If things don't change (we all lose)

You can lead the horse to water, but you can't make

him drink  
So why you actin' like (shit don't stink)

[Shareeka]

Ain't no comparison' to what we do  
Weed, enough bread and from the struggle, scuff  
bumps  
And rumbles, poverty and hunger  
Sodomy, child abuse, if adults don't teach the youth  
Then what's the use? This ain't got  
Nothing to do with sales, it's the truth  
And the message from me to you, hoping it'll see you  
through  
They should build and be the rule, and droppin' jewels  
a must  
Ain't no justice, it's 'just us'  
Government fuckin' business up  
Yeah, y'all fed up, get a dick to suck  
If my niggaz fall down, I'mma pick 'em up  
First move, foundation, what?

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yeah, I keeps it straight up 12 O'Clock, since back in the  
days  
Macks and trades, and roam away from the PJ such  
Where it take checks, no tolerance for disrespect  
Face mask, noodies woodies, berettas and techs  
Young cats up in the discotecque, chin check vets  
Triple threat, through the system they fret  
Through Knowledge, Wisdom, overstand, collect  
Mad respect to my fams, all my mans, all the world that  
I met  
Now I'm a grown man, movin' with the plans of a winner  
Fightin' with the snakes, realest tenors  
Killin' for the thriller with thinner  
Brick face, on the hunt for dinner  
We set it on, contenders pretenders  
Beginners trynna stop the agenda  
Heavy hitters on the grind, like Brenda's  
Go hard to the grain, baby, never surrender  
Play the scene like black marbles  
Never will I follow a man, due to my self  
Rather train, bus, dollar van (what type of man)

[Chorus to end]

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