

Prodigal Sunn

"Sunshine"

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[Intro: Prodigal Sunn (Madame Dee, Scotty)]

I put my time in, time in, time in
Shinin', shinin', I stay grindin', yellow canary diamond
(The Sunn will keep on shinin')

[Chorus 2X: Prodigal Sunn (Madame Dee, Scotty)]

I put my time in, I stay grindin'
I stay shinin', yellow canary diamonds
(The Sunn will keep on shinin')
I spit that music, so the world can feel it
Raw footage, baby, how you' gon' get it, get it, get it
(The Sunn will keep on shinin')

[Prodigal Sunn]

I came a long ways from living wild, Viva La Bam
Me and my Fam, a bunch of Sun of Man, sun in my
hand
Under my pants, ready for war, Indian dance
My nigga RZA gave me a chance, to advance enhance
See the game for what it really is, the industry kid
Sound blockades for decades, the original spade
Mentally and physically, I never switch blade
Get straight to the point, broken teeth, bones and joints
Legendary in my own time, did over a dime
Still enough spite, with the cobra, keep a silver mind
Soldier designed, Shinobi speaks, the hope is divine
My brother's dyin' on the frontline, time after time, it's
real

[Chorus 2X]

[Prodigal Sunn]

As long as I'm living, I stay breathing, leading,
achieving
My enemies will face the feature, while I'm lacin' the
beating
Vacation, no time for wasting, the game, but disgrace
Full of copy cat, snitches, homos, snakes and jakes
My thoughts precise, think twice to same my life
Cuz hell is trife, some sell they soul for pussy, gold and
ice

As it was written, Zini the King, play my position
Born to fight, inherit the planet, thief in the night
My head right off that green light, my team tight
In and out of sight, power the mic, not the coward type
I bring the essence out of this hip hop shit
Never flip flop on discs like R. Kelly, you wish

[Chorus 2X]

[Prodigal Sunn]

No rehearsal, never commercial, yeah, spit it with
verbal class
Take a drag of that purple herbals from urkel glass
And better to last, breaded from a solid past
I never went to college, but I acquired the knowledge
To inspire the market, the kids; be the main target
I teach 'em that it's real, unlike these lean artists
Survivin' the Brook', every hood; be the same
regardless
Crack spots, sizzlin' blocks, criminal charges
Price of fame, nigga, shifty like the dice game
Ice in my chain, a small fragment of the dark campaign
The squad shall reign, double '05
We still alive, resurrection of the phoenix out the
beehive
Thirty million in the archive, recorded, no jive
Like John Travolta, I'm just 'stayin' alive'
And rest in peace to my brother, O.D.B
Your legacy lives on, forever, through the Family Tree

[Chorus to fade]

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