

## Sunz Of Man

### "Black Or White"

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[Intro: Prodigal Sunn sample (Hell Razah)]  
Life is reality, reality is life (Sunz of Man album)  
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Life is reality, reality is life (Sunz of Man... album is out there)

[Snuggle Up]  
I gotta be the best at this  
Fingle what the next man say  
When I spit, shit get serious  
Competition I devour  
God made devil to show and prove god power  
No matter day or the hour  
Special, quick to gun test you  
Sneeze, I bless you  
Hollows may distress you, rest you  
Six-foot under, pop do what the bumba  
Rise, what happened to my sun? he got done  
And yeah, the whole Olympics couldn't run my lap  
I said it don't matter what gun, it ain't my gat  
I said it don't matter what gun, it ain't my gat  
I said it don't matter what gun, it ain't my gat

[Hell Razah]  
Cops is racist, death comes in many phases  
The courageous stay cuffed behind iron bracelets  
Minimum wages, shoot-outs and court cases (get off me, get off me)  
Even plans of gettin' money how Bill Gates is  
Young lives being taken by the.45  
Genocide'll rise 'til glory die  
Every other hour more bullets fly  
Victim of the crime, big brother's rise  
Some'll wonder why father's wanna cry  
Different world, same characters in the facts of life  
It's your jeopardy to sell-out, when the price is right  
I'm your turn from the Wheel of Fortune, who wanna spin?  
You got thieves that'll rob ya coffin, who wanna sin?  
We born walking in this Street Monopoly  
If it ain't truth, it's philosophy

You better use your words properly

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn sample (Prodigal Sunn)]

Black or White, I write it for the world to hear  
(This goes out to my people all over the world)  
Black or White, I write it for the world to hear  
(Every man, woman and child, boy and girl)  
Black or White, I write it for the world to hear  
(Through the hard times, drama and tears we still  
here)  
Black or White, I write it for the world to hear  
(I write it for my fam, who not here, who do care)

[Holy Smokes]

Yo  
They said Smokes' in the place  
You better pat him on the waist  
Caught another case  
Slept through my court date  
Bombs in place  
Firearms embrace  
Still belt-buckles and brass knuckles  
And fuck youths when I tussle  
Ghost spread this quick, sick contagious  
Gossip, snake-pits, it's filled with targets  
Marksmen, sharpen the ammunition  
Crushin', lumpin', whatever's tucked in  
He said she said she willin' to give me head  
If I pay Carned  
Chronic blows to the nostrils  
Stainin' my clothes  
CO's smell one whiff of the breath, piss-test  
The top Abbot, habits I have it  
Shots they stay fabric

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo  
Fifty-to-a-hun' and statistics of a father and son  
Die from the mouth of the chrome metal  
We so shallow in the ghetto with crumbs, we settle for  
none  
Stay mellow to the snare and drum, we wear one  
I dare not run, son of a gun, to come in cases  
Hood to the centre-stages, jus' my sound ages  
Treble high, we smoke berry haze to this  
Spend days in this, complete glazed to this  
Stereotype deliver more truth through mics  
Keep the youth right, don't give a fuck who you like  
Through day and night, the pain restrain  
For the fights of the fallen battleships  
Panels on the strip, a little laughter for the good times

Tears from the blood-drips  
Shorty barely sixteen strippin', tricken' for tips  
It be the same, all over the world  
Ghetto blues, as we rise to the top of the chart  
Sparks fuse

[Hook]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Write it for my fam who not here who do care  
Through the hard times, drama and tears we still here  
Black or White, write it for the world to hear

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