

Sunz Of Man

"Five Arch Angels"

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featuring Shabazz the Disciple

Intro/Verse 1: Sixty Second Assassin

Yeah...

Give it to me now...

Uhh! Yeah...

Bring it on..nuh

(Yeah) Uhh!

Neh...yuh!

Give it to me uhh! (Give it to me)

Make way for the war path

The psychopath on the astro blast

Killin' something off I ?breaka had a bat?

The improbable on ya way down scream "Geronimo"

From Qu'rans it go my mission imposs-eezible

Leavin' lyrics in tha hospit-able

?Then it drops 'em? Fuck the bill, tongued, double-edged

Slice to kill! ?-----?

Chop they heads, ?we pickin' cases at the Feds?

On the D/L, what the hell dead ?self-for-delf?

Screamin' "Hell" with the angel's death still bodies trail

City wants the killas be killas

But though, I'm the deaf villain

Whose contracts I don't fill-a...

Body-bags by the millions

But that keeps me illin'?

Plus I need a ?---? to cap one off

My killa raises ? before the calm--Deadly

In arms! Call the Desert Storm and swing a blast of
mega-bombs

Keep 'em ?sane off the champagne an gat-claps?

Man, that's from breakin' through the fatal camp

Perimeter, of the angel's death, *nyeh!*

That's, the way to leave the lyrics in a total wreck

Verse Two: Shabazz the Disciple

This is a journey, through the halls of Hell!

A journey, that'll burn he, and all, who dwell

The wicked, are afflicted, condemned, and convicted

Imprisoned, in darkness, where men, are heartless

Absolving artists, through ya fire and sparklers

Drag him down, in the tabernacle by his Adam's apple!

And suddenly, the angels, of death will hang you!

The power, whippings, by matters, of degrees

Calcium absorbed, by evil dead babies!

You get rabies, from the bat bites

Dirty germs, and scabies, from the rat bites!

Your skin, decays, as you choke, and gasp

With the fumes, that consume, the poison of the asp!

As ya body releases solid liquids and gases

Thirsty worms suck the fluid--Ya life flashes!

You lay down in the dust, body bubblin' with hot pus

He lay naked, and unsacred

Blasphemed the Sunz of Man but didn't make it...make it...

Verse Three: Hell Razah

Started off at Jesus' left

Nevertheless, death, not restin' in peace, ?sweet leap?

Express, across my mental, cut the beef, had it, every week

Potential, every day I release bombs, deep like thunder

From the bottom, of a well, of an attack of spells since my eyes

Opened up in Hell, my mind, think faster

And it passes by, but ?one convinced?

It makes no sense, cross ya heart, don't hope to die

You can climb into the sky, life is only ?high nuclei? in ya mind

Lost senator, it takes one to survive

There's too many ways different for the world to just stop!

?We lost ya common?

The doctor said, "Forgot 'cha brain was in ya head"

So I hell-raised and said to reality, "Look inside of me"

For the battery, the result, is tragedy

Through the minds, of my enemies, my horror, is ?

The Devil's lies, are chokin' me

Hopefully, I'm gettin' to open the minds, that's
supposed to be

Died, ?-----?

As it begins I, to spy?, and I recite a homicidal action

What's happenin' is now

The future brings the answer

A crack fiend--the Devil don't wanna dance

So I leveled, God bless me! 'Cuz I ain't gonna wait for
YOU to do it

Your brain must got a hole the way I just ran through it!

Interlude: Killah Priest

So as, we travel, through, the mists

Of the Bible, the renowned, six deadly snakes

Look, and they perish, right before us

Bring the wicked before me and slay them before my
feet...

Verse Four: Prodigal Sunn

I contain the science, to make an angel bleed through
his vision

More land and places trapped behind the walls of
mental prison

The limitation a nation of my creation

Mass confusion ?babies rollin' dead in isolation?

Inhale the pollution, release the chemicals, my
psychological

Analogy, burns, a hole through reality

Eruptin' mad levels, devils committin' sin

But who will ?-----? will we face then in the

fuckin' end?!?

Verse Five: Killah Priest

I raise pain, seperation to ya whole frame

My mic is changed, when I rap and make ya ?framed?

A chief chancellor, when I rap I leave no answers

I go into the crypts and give a nigga bone cancer

When I deliver, I give 'em shivers

You wicked souls, meet your creator, the Darth Vader

I send that evil ass back to the incubator

Fuck with me...ya better off eatin' pork on the grounds
of Mecca

The Killah Priest! The lethal rap injecta!

I'm full of fury, and anger...

Which is my slogan...ya pops shoulda BUST you in the
Trojan!

You wanna battle? Here's ya teethin' ring, and ya
fuckin' rattle

And ya horsey and ya saddle...and ya fuckin' pacifier

I'm gonna baptize you, then BLAST ya ass to FIRE!

You better check my rendezvous, before you have me
sittin' on a panel

On fuckin' Donahue

I'm fuckin' sick!

You better check my past life...I'm Killah Priest!

You better fuckin' ask Christ!

And when I'm finished, ya ass'll be a Jehovah Witness

Or Richard Simmons, searchin' for a fuckin' fitness

I don't give a fuck if you exercise, do you expect to try?

You be the next, to die! The Killah Priest!

Hear me testify!

Outro: Killah Priest

The testimony, of the five arch angels

The Sixty-Second Assass, the Holy Psychiatrist

Hell Razah, Prodigal Sunn, the Killah Priest...

And so it is written, the four ran to the four corners of
the earth

And the fifth ran into the sun, with a book, that read

"Your ass is miiiiine

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