

## Sunz Of Man

### "Valley Of Kings"

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[Intro: Hell Razah, (Killah Priest)]  
[Imitating the beat]  
Yeah, yeah, uh, 9-7 y'all  
Yeah, uh, Sunz Of Man y'all  
Yeah, uh, New York to California y'all (Valley Of Kings)  
Yeah, huh, yeah (Valley Of Kings)  
Yeah, uh, yo

[Chorus x2: Hell Razah]  
To make the worse get better  
We gotta come together  
As one mind that's ready for whatever

[Killah Priest]  
Singin our holy anthem  
Lampin with all my handsome grandsons  
Strong as Sampson, inside my gold mansion  
Built upon a hill, located over Israel  
The city of emeralds, the land of many treasures  
May our flag stand forever, band together  
By the ancestors, until they transgress ya  
Put his hand upon the letter  
We used to conquer everywhere we wandered  
Reign with honor, until we stepped upon the  
Fertile soil, royal, shinin like alumuninum foil  
Ancient kings from the Bysatine, blowin steam  
From our nostrils, hostile, listen to the gospel  
To alternate the mind state  
Spillin wine from the blood of grapes  
Over my iron breastplate, got my opponent in  
checkmate  
Egyptians is my musicians, Christians is my beauticians  
The sound of the trumpet gives me comfort  
Peasants bring my presents, for a blessing  
A restin under the moon crescant  
Haven't search the whole earth  
The outskirts of the universe  
KP, your majesty, the magnificent, heaven sent  
God's gift, ever so swift  
Another round of applause and encore as the lions roar  
The chief war lord

[Prodical]

In these dark days of Vietnam  
Death is a pawn, that's word is bond  
Sound the alarm, we surround calm  
Barin arms, spark a megatron  
Rockin charms, true and livin Islam  
Supreme's wisdom becomes a realistic sitcom  
On the grounds of Brooklyn  
Central Booking through good Crooklyn  
So, until then I make ends meet, war the beast  
In the streets of heat, move industry, formation  
concrete  
Medina soldier, mathematical, alphabetical  
Quote an intelligent sire, contain the element of fire  
Mental igniter, who said to school ya 'bout the liar  
As it was bitin, writin in the books over Ovadiah  
I shower tiger soul with papaya  
Original soul writer, the golden fighter  
Swift, clever like the tiger  
So, on the contrary, you can get bloody like mary  
Head flown like the tooth fairy, crushed like some  
berries

[Chorus x3]

[Hook: Hell Razah]

Birds of a feather fly together  
The wise and the clever last forever  
Never say never

[Hell Razah]

From the ghetto, not the suburbs  
First ye observe me, come serve me  
All high under my Godfather's derby  
Style that be Earthly, you heard of me  
Satan can't curse me, I prefer my by bein dirty  
Stayin sterdy, watch the birdy, make you beg for some  
mercy  
A motionless attempt to want to hurt me  
Out for big cops that wanna search me  
But their justice don't deserve me  
This world don't concern me  
Children of the prophets in the projects gotta hustle for  
a profit  
Before we hit Apocalypse, thieves dig your pockets  
Begin to notice they're Earth's hostages  
The wicked rule, cash rules  
Stash jewels in your head that be brain food  
Show and prove, go back to black schools  
I smack fools, tryin to give me back the shackles

Don't make me clap you  
My niggaz carry glocks, gettin sexed up in homemade  
mariotts  
Sit back and we plot a lot  
Move with the ninja type and the Nazis like society  
The wisely, FBI's can't even keep an eye on me

[60 Second Assassin]

Blessed be the meak...

Blessed be the meak in the valley of the kings

Yo, I be that maker, owner, cream, when I'm plannin

Was schooled by my man, but my name ain't branded

Branded as the world turns, from the clause, FA mob,  
what

Shhh from the start, best to roll from your heart

Puttin 'nam on the map, FA rock full of trap, diamonds  
and emeralds

And nothin but tools, for the knowledge of a fool

Is the wisdom of the dead, drownin in the pools

I've been schooled, we trade gold, drinkin royal wine

While me in my mind, some roots

They're in the Valleys of Kings, truth

In shinin armor, both kings killin rap in your drama

Since one the rhymer, made kids bring the drama

FA rock, your last stop, bringin it off the curb

The last serb on the other side of 1-23rd

Anti-up the chump, you're bitchin, tough

It be the kings callin bluffs

To make the worst get better

We got four kings who love it wetter

Bring on your bloodbath, we'll let ya

And it'll be a 60 Sec. pleasure

[Hell Razah]

Supreme Kourt, yeah

[Chorus x2]

[Hook]

[Chorus x2]

[Hook]

[Various talk from Hell Razah to fade]

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