

Hell Razah & Blue Sky Black Death f/ Prodigal Sunn

"Written in Blood"

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"I want you to cry..." - vocal sample repeats throughout
(except during verses)

[Intro: Hell Razah]

This is just the beginnin' of your endin'
Or the endin' of a new beginnin'
It's where we start off at
Yeah... yeah... it's like...

[Hell Razah]

It's like a never-endin' documentary, I knew eventually
we'd strike back mentally at one common enemy
My thoughts be a bomb threat to vets in the industry
We ahead of our time like the twenty-first century
Vyin' with the energy of Marvin in the seventies
This is for the comrades who facin' death penalties
I walk with a bop with God like Enoch
In Nike Airs, I don't rock Reeboks, OK ock?
On shibop, we give our most high props through hip-
hop
We certified worldwide of this Maccabee hive
The more truth, the more lies, gotta watch his disguise
Now we rise as The Phoenix comin' out of the fire
Niggaz broke over forty, then they need to retire
We need cashier cheques and bank wires
More 'dro we can crush up on party flyers
Freedom fighters, Maccabee machine gun riders

[Denzel Washington sample from "Training Day"]

You ain't never killed nobody
What's gon' happen?
It takes a man to kill
Hit me right there!
Hit me! Hit me!

[Prodigal Sunn]

It was said it couldn't be done, The Return of the Sunn
The burn of the guns, the seven seal, a million to one
Buildin' my funds, diplomatic, twistin' some cabbage
Raidin' any static fanatic with the heart of an addict
Spark on the sabbath, the truth keeps me shook like

rabbits

Sort of like the fiend with a habit, the death of a savage
Written in Blood, forbidden, smitten, bitten by love
It's like the hand that broke through the glove, the
flight of a dove

The strike of a thug, similar to all the above
I watched my brother killed for the drug and died for
the slug

A lot have fell from the tree of life, deciteful and trife
One with the garden, a million pardoned, march with
an arson

From Brooklyn to Parson, stay alert, tear through the
riot

Stare and apply it, don't make me have to air out ya
kayak

The team's supreme, free from the dreams, the
schemes

Four kings, slicin' the ring, black tools, jewels it seems

[Laurence Fishburne sample from "Deep Cover"]

I had killed a man... a man who looked like me...

Whose mother and father... looked like my mother and
father...

And nothing happened...

And the police didn't come after me... no one did...

I could have killed others if I wanted to... and gotten
away with it

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