

Sunstorm

"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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[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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