

Sunstorm

"Who Are The Sunz Of Man"

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[Chorus x2: Hell Razah (all)]

When I say Sunz of, you say Man
(Sunz of Man, Sunz of Man)

[Hell Razah]

When my lyrics touch the frozen, you frost the lost
As I've rosen out my mental grave, livin dead, trapped
in my head
I know the ledge and still learnin, the ignorant brain
surgeon
Here's your permanent effect of a death servant to all
satanic maniacs
When I give these raps, your mental will collapse
Back down to the surface of the Earth with these
murderous disasters
For all wicked pastors, they turn to ashes
And prudent churches, with verses, curses
Now we bury them in metal hurses, submit his clothes
Fuck his tombstone, the unknown dimension
Don't close ya brain yet, be my guest
The holder, when I release the stress, unusual
Runnin over you, with my rhymes with jewels, rituals
Dealin with your spiritual reality, mentalities come from
enemies
Through the outer me, disbelievers get amnesia
A trip to the outer galaxy, my soul leaves a white hole
I tried to swallow me, demons don't follow me

[Prodical]

I be the planet inheriter, master, soul controller
Writer of the lyrical manifold, I explode with the
Craftmatic scroll
Givin you a taste of death, seven bullets through your
chest
Then I rest in peace, then you die in stress
I torch your carcus in the middle of the Dead Sea
You drown in misery, lost his shroud in reality
And through my mental chemistry life is propelled
In this pit of collision, America, for surely call it Hell
It came in text that I was sent as a visionary
I travel with the humble, still bled through the struggle

The last of survival, soakin knowledge, both sides of
the equator
Science and mathematic refills my attic
From what I visualize I'm stranded in the wilderness
I'm forced to fight, driven into the darkness
Opposin war with mercenaries and devils
With the Sunz of Man I stroll through Hell, defeatin
fuckin rebels
But feelin the wounds of?, I let the lead pull the fire,
persecutin the
Liar
It said the meak shall inherite the Earth
For what it's worth I teach my seeds so they eat or
bleed durin child birth

[7th Ambassador]

Tensions in the atmosphere so you're best to beware
Or be burned by my flames of fury cuz I be the
executioner, judge and jury
And once I've reached a verdict your ass will be
murdered
In a second, execution style, decapitate your head with
my wreck
When I fling it like a frisbee, I know two LP's
Could bust a dome down into three different parts
Plus I have some CD's aimin for your heart
As I shoot 'em, they're left, lodged in your bone and
your flesh
But shootin through the surface of your chest
The fluids are still leakin from your neck, what a mess

Can be created, when my explosive temper's activated
Niggaz don't know the anger I possess, within
The conscious capability of sin, it's killin me
Slowly, even the unholy can't control me
When I'm on that different level, go to Hell with the
devil
And the God that ya must say I must pray to
Before I lay my head down to rest, peep the thief
When ya gamble with ya life, you should send over
your place for keeps
Situations made my trife, should you depend upon the
streets?
It's Hell in these days that we live in

[Chorus x2]

[Killah Priest]

Two kids fought in the womb
One brother will be stronger than the other
The mother, Rebecca, Isaac was the father

Abraham, the author, one white, the other slightly
darker
The children, the prophecy, Genesis twenty-five, verse
twenty-three
The elder shall serve the younger, I heard the thunder
Passed out from hunger, plus I was thirsty, I begged
for mercy
Am I worthy to be the Priest? Behold seven Greeks
I pulled the sword out my sheet, but the vision, made
me weak
Emprisoned in the deep, my mind risen from the East
The wisdom of the Killah Priest, now take you through
60 Sec. of the elect

[60 Second Assassin]

Ahh... a new era, I'm like raisin terror
So highly mechanised, nigga die
To measure the inevitable, be on like episodes
The deadly technical, whose scribes givin rise to time
Before celestial, don't beam my lyrics out precise
The double sight, I take flight
Through crews, the trips of night
Spark synthetic flames, a meteorite
Seventh Heaven burst seven horn to lyrics of thunder!
And fight to strike snakes out from under
Cloudly men trip six miles of flyin myst, words of the
gift
Playin tricks out the crypt, of the dark dense senses
God's Heavenly business, count backwards, a Total
Recall
Deep in an eclipse, leavin our lip stitched
You couldn't mind your business, so when it came!
Throned to this rap, you should have vacated the
premises
And make way for Attila, thriller, down low killer
Gettin civil, turn back, get burned
To a pillar, fought, total loss, which way I swing from?
The East to North, two in a row, one pitcher
The Land of the Lost, on the Av. screamin "Warpath!"
A mad cash in the stash, you can't last, a psychopath
I packs a mag. in other words a 'matic
Magnetic gift of gab, why need a jewelry when I
strapped up under the
Booty?
Doin major damage, throwin lyrics like ceramics
With enough kicks, flush the bullshit, you could cram it
Along with the dildo, straight to your ass like a field
goat
Hush! Your mouth's closed, so yo fuck all that Willie
boast

[Chorus x4]

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