

Sunstorm

"Wicked Ways"

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Featuring 7th Ambassador

And that's my word... that's my word

Chorus:

If you're blind to the wicked ways
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind (check it out)
If you're blind of the wicked ways (yeah check it out)
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind (yo)

Verse One: Killah Priest

The President just ordered the Navy to hit the borders
of Haiti
Slaughter babies from the waters of Euphrates
Maybe they sent germ that's polluted our sperm
And made us live uncircumcised in the serpent eyes
And told us certain lies, and each day a servant dies
But in the halls of Pharoah the walls are narrow
And religion is like a prison for the seekers of wisdom
This be the dance of the graveyard
So do the spank with the dead zombie
Here comes the tanks of a Red Army
The real Jew is you, Jeremiah fourteen and two
Enforced by the Hebrew
Ya hovered by the eagle, America is evil
Let no man deceive you, beat you, or mistreat you
The tribe of Edem, stole your freedom
And Edem means redneck
I'm throwin bullets in my Tec
Nah, I'm goin out like Joshua
With a pen, an army, and an apocalypse

Chorus:

If you're blind to the wicked ways
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind
If you're blind to the wicked ways
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind

Verse Two: Hell Razah

I remember
The six doctors, that wanted to take my brain into a
laboratory
Destroy me, since birth
My baby talk was psychic thoughts
Flashbacks, all the past blacks trapped in the present
Killin for dead presidents, where every ghetto
residence
is evidence, and the future, there will never be none
If we don't be-come, unity
Or get them devil made guns, and leave them demons
bleedings
Give em BACK with tons of speeding bullets
Fuck your tech-nology, it's trick-knowledgy
Tellin lies to my vision, I was given, enough time
To master, the criminology
And Mr. Pastor, teachin demonology
Words of dope knowledge, I demolish
Evil men, with an easy win
When my thoughts are spaced out, come down to
EARTH
The devil crawls, cuz he's only, jealous
And a victim of the unholy ghost

Chorus:

If you're blind to the wicked ways
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind (mind)
If you're blind to the wicked ways
The devil plays mad tricks on your mind

Verse Three: 7th Ambassador

He listens to the cries in the distance
of the next victim, wishin, that he had some assistance
And right before his eyes it appeared
Beware when the shadow caster, demon master's in
the near
He blocked the true light from your sight
And transformed your brightest days, into your darkest
nights
I had your blind man praisin the grave
Cause he feel the cross, that lays in the dirt
And think he's in the church, not even aware
That death is near, and he's one step from his grave
A naive mental slave if he had, his third eye sparked
He mighta been scopin
Them demons that be lurkin in the dark
Always keep your glowin eye open

By knowin who your enemies be
I can see you but you can't see me
Escape from your chains like, Great Houdini
And dissapear, like a majestic genie, in midair
Vanish, that's my advantage
And then I transform to a hurricane storm
And rain holy water, for seven days
And seven nights, the chosen ones spark the light
Of the Sun, that's killin off villains by the ton
Sealin all the doors to the Hells, correct spells
That were cast on my peeps that were weak
Made to keep, my peeps in a deep sleep

Verse Four: 60 Sec. Assassin

Behold! The angels out the heaven
Who professes a whole new rap, session repossessin
the gossip
back so black, better hand over your act, or trapped, to
Seven fifty three, who have received the law
By the dispositions of angels, and have not, kept it
Transgressed it, better burn your testaments
Ain't nothing changed niggaz is gettin arrested
Beat down like wrestling
On the count, of false impression, indiscretion
Advise em all with the glimpse, of a third eye
The silent sleep, and wicked
I work you niggaz out like physics, I blast out from the
heart
of Brooklyn, like an arrow, just stick to my point
It's narrow, I shoot niggaz back, into the time
like Pharoah, I smoke up on your brain, leave it
burnt as Sahara, that leaves desert, with a rock storm
Leavin niggaz buried and puttin them at Lou's lawn
Headquarters, of the Zoo, what part, wasn't reviewed
Or didn't you understand
I'm drillin niggaz back under the surface of the land

Outro: Killah Priest

Show the righteous man, stand in great lonliness
Before the face, of such that have afflicted him
And may no account of his labels
For they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear
And shall, be amazed at the strangeness of his
salvation
So far beyond all they were lookin for

