

Lauryn Hill & Mary J. Blige**"Say, Say, Say"**

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[Chorus: singers]

Say, Say, Say what you want
But we don't give a fuck about you
Say, Say, Say what you want
But we don't give a fuck about you

[Prodigal Sunn]

Chemistry black soul, old gold complexion
I hold the future lessons, blessings, shoot you with the
weapon step in
With the shilla God, the impression is hard
Crimes on the boulevard, that shit is small like lard
Baby girl tried to whisper in my ear some jewels
She said the wise man's swifter, plays a part of a fool
I learned that in Allah's school of gratitude
Bad attitudes we leave black and blue
The project news, Sunz of Man new and improved
16 cuts on your CD, compare it to blues

[Holy Smokes]

Get this one official stamp, boost the amp
Increase ya camp, by chance you might enhance or
learn to dance
I rock with the champion image from start to finish
Compress Spanish, youth offenders, slice of your
dinners
Brain chemist' cross gimmicks and mimicks
Whatever stick they sent us, it's up top criminal trial
'Fore your mind is blind, create my rhymes in brail
Hop, skip, jump bail, and off with tail
Hot stairs in the suburbs, wise words
Anyone can get it like his or hers
Why you sippin' on sys-urp, hittin' Brooklyn curb
Evidence scattered in Pittsburgh for six birds

[Hook x2: Hell Razah & 60 Second Assassin]

Say what you wanna, your shits a goner
Smokin' marijauna, drinkin' the spring water
Bagged me a dollar, turned out to be a quarter
Next time you step in, make sure you steppin' on her

Chorus

[Hell Razah]

You better step your game up, Sunz draw quicker than
a paint brush
Y'all got 16's that ain't bust
Some I float got bodies on it
Got killers that's paid, wanna pay me to copy off it
Get my mic rock inside your office
You're an industry talker, I'm in the streets
Death to infinity, we gonna make sure y'all respect our
vicinity
In this Matrix, my bitches is trinity
Get popped in the back of your head like John Kennedy
Born in the seventies, mind be where the Heavens be
My body in Hell, where the wicked be
I inhale mistakes and breathe out victory (Nah)
I don't deal with no witchcraft or trickery (uh-huh, uh-
huh)
No man, no idles, no mysteries

[Snuggle Up]

I save a thousand dollars a day, 7 times 4 times 12
Yo I'm eatin' and I don't touch nothin'
I go to college, learn a trade to get paid, now who's
frontin'?
Bitches fuck me cuz they see clear, knowin' that in two
years
70 thousand dollars if I go that route
But the most they can get is dick and they out
I keep this rap shit on the low cuz I already knew where
the dough was
So make sure you nice so you can raise the price
All this before a deal, oh what a way to come in!
If this is Different Strokes I'm Phil Drummond

Chorus x2

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