

Lavallee Nicholas**"Ghettio"**

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[Intro: Hell Razah (Prodigal Sunn)]

Yeah, D3 Entertainment

20-02, Sunz of Man

Young Raz', (Yeah yeah)

SunZini, Black Satin

Smoke with us, all my niggas gotta toast with us

[Chorus: Hell Razah (Prodigal Sunn)]

You be in it for the fame and the dough

You know the name "Sunz of Man", spit a flame, burn
down your studio

It's not a game son (fuck what they know)

We can't avoid what we planned so the planet could
grow

And overthrow any John Doe (blow and we flow)

To and fro' through the stereo, keepin' it street and
Ghettio

(Yeah hood, gats, SOM live in effect, nigga)

(You know how we do it sun) Ghettio

[Hell Razah]

We stay ghetto like Otis Redding

Thugs pray for the kingdom of heaven with a 3-57

New born screamin' and yellin'

Eighteen and already a felon over guns and drug
sellin'

Shorty sell coke for his winter coat, chick deep throat

After weed smoke, henny and coke

We asked the Lord to forgive us while George Bush
tried to kill us

And bury us with the top drug dealers

The same ones lost be the pyramid buiders

Betrayed for a piece of silver, locked in prison

Some turned Muslim or Christian, religion got us
caught up

Kill a crack head for four bucks

Comin' short with a dollar, crimes be white collar

We live the life of Israelite scholars

Night time drama, the cops tailgate the path finder

Who wanna swim with the black piranha?

We tell Satan better get behind us

You heard the words from the old timers
How they plan to clothesline us
They come to divide us from buildin'
God's children bein' born in the same place we killed in
Ghettio Government, Severe Punishment
Big guns like you hear thunder hit
Either run with it or run from it
We shake New York until we crumble it
Until we crumble it

[Chorus]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Season finale, ladies call me un-aged grace
Blaze that kush from Cali to the face
Live champy, I crib with the four model patchy
Meak thug wanna get sassy, hip hop nasty
I told y'all kids this ain't Milton Bradley
Spilled on the side of your block, I saw a tradegy
Black rim, green suede timbs, SOM
Stay grim live on stage in colliseum
Champagne spotted we toast, we don't boast
East or West coast, post we smoke most
Backward twisted calm we spread bombs
Attack mo', stack gold, face steer the globe
Trample, never sold his soul, I stay swoll'
Who go through the cage streets where I lay heat
Play for keeps, pushin' the white congave jeep
I can't sleep, so I blew shorty back out the panel

[Chorus]

[12 O'Clock]

I keep them niggas in the Cage Nicholas
Rip they Face/Off to let 'em know my style be boss
Drove a 600 and crashed at Harbour Moors
Make a mans report that shows my throat got hoarse
I got mad when my brother copped a bitch a porsche
Tryna be in my family like Ally North
What's the deal huh? It's not appealin' to me
Buildin' is me, make a killin' to this country
Catch me in the cut with my army, rockin' Tommy
Saddam couldn't Desert Storm me
Put a bomb where you moms be
Move out the house calmly in your pops white Hum-V
Rollin' ups and crunchies, big chicken that allow, got
the munchies
Where the bums be, dope fiends spend they money at
the pharmacy, nigga

