

## **Lavidia Cornelius**

### **"House of Blues"**

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[Intro: Prodigal Sunn (Madam D)]

Yo, I speak the truth (Preach it Prodigal!)

Let it be known

there's no seekers in the game

No seekers in life

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn \*Madam D ad-libs\*]

You can't see all the shit we go through

Paid my dues, my baby boy needs some new shoes

[Prodigal Sunn]

A pure example of an unjust world glamorous is, stupid  
men

Women simple minds, foolish at times

but in the hood, we strive to stay alive

nickle and dime, read through the riddles and signs

Avoid crime, the best way I can

It's hard being a black man

See every hand is against my head, you understand

I speak from my hungry mouth, gun in my crouch

Bloody tears, so many faces died through the years

Question myself "Where do I go from here?"

Do I take it all, escape from hell, disappear?

It be the glare of a living legend, I got a son, seven

Brother Jamal seven, I plan to give him heaven

I died for his blessings, God, I learned my lesson

Made the devil burn in my prescence

I made my daughter speak ebony essence

From the tree of life, aiyo, we free tonight

I hope y'all people see the light

[Hook: Prodigal Sunn \*Madam D ad-libs\* ]

You can't see all the shit we go through

Paid my dues, my baby boy needs some new shoes

Aiyo, we live from the House of Blues

We did it live from the House of Blues

Aiyo, we live from the House of Blues blues blues

Yo, I got nothing to lose

[Prodigal Sunn]

Political, critical times, unforgettable minds

Through the cold nights and rainy dayz, the sun still  
shines  
Memories of my deceased fam, rest in peace  
But a release from green, flash, remedy for stress  
relief  
Fresh like a thief in the jungle  
eat amongst the humble, keep the numbers all in them  
bundles  
I gotta, gotta secure my family  
School my son, my nephew, the man he claim to be  
Modern-day segregation, in these streets we roam  
Heart-breakin', to see my brother die by the face of the  
chrome  
My ace be leasin' up-state, doin' seven bones  
Heard my cousin Kasheen, we soon be home  
Put 'em on, let 'em know we got no time for wrong  
Dedicate this song to young, gifted and strong, song

[Hook]

[Prodigal Sunn]

This attraction be the black of the slums, the cracks  
and the guns  
Fiends, snitches and bitches roll ones under the sun  
On the avenue, scarred, bullets seek through cars  
RZA bars help me vision Allah  
Speak verb to any peeps in these streets we breathe  
All I wanna do is eat and achieve  
Teach my seed, to stay away from envy and greed  
'Cuz these devils in the mist wanna see a nigga bleed  
You know the hood is trife, only few taste a good life  
Stand to my rights, stuck through mad days and Winter  
nights  
I promise, to never play with mics  
Say what you like, when I spray pipes  
Scatter your composition of rice twice, sharp with the  
dice  
Study the Art of War, take my advice or lose ya life,  
life, life, life

[Hook]

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