Illusions

Sunz of Man

[chorus: sunz of man]
Aiyyo this rap game ain't what it seems
Artists get cream turn fiend
Selling people a dream[hell razah]
Aiyyo, you rappers don't amuse me wit your crystals or oozies
Industry groupies, living after movies
They scarfaced my race, some support hate
Lifes a court date, some die to escape so hold your weight
You niggas brag too much, fuck wit us we bag you up
And use the same clique that you thought would back you up
Its nine eight eliminate bait and open gates
Enough with chains and whips lets make brains eclipse
We all claim we rich, hold thugs in crypts
Forgot about the seeds growing up seven to six
Fuck a benz wit tints I got the razor prints
Yall rappers love idols there it is I'm convinced
Burn my contract, mental combat
And stomp your battle rap wit a vietnam track
Red and white sadaam rap sippin cognac
I bet you didnt loopb know that the real jews are black
I tell the truth cat where your mind chooses at
The world or the heavens?
God or the reverend?
Your girl or your weapon?
Christ armageddon armageddon (geddon)[chorus] (4x)[60 second assassin]
Here in this life
Big cities a dream on the low is the scheme
A fiend that clock green without jockin somebodys sting
About the plot
You pull the ox who pull the stash outlock
Yo wuddup i, about ready to pull the rabbit out the top
Platinum gold oops upside your knot
Now nigga stop now nigga please
You ain't really ready to roll them sleeves
With your three degrees forty below nothin but recipes
Tight jeans, hype and don't know what nuthin means
Acting like you billie jean selling how to be a fiend
When your loves about black marketing a nigga for his cream
And the big apple it ain't always what it seems

You might get fooled she's a queen
From out of town wagging her swing
All around with she glasses and women asses is what made men jack asses
Everything including your company jacket
And niggas asses for your ransom
And next thing you know they got a nigga dancin
Chancin him out of his advancements
And how y'all gonna pay back these back taxes?
This ain't healthy for your assets
Its like your face done been bashed in your career ain't happning
After the monkey wrenches and forks done been stabbed in[masta killa]
Intruiging to the ear but bitter to the heart
I begin to take part in the art of dart throwin
Starring the wu-tang swordsmen
Raindrops fall the block remains hot
Steam rises from the street which forms the clouds that I move through
Renew my stainless sword style
Allah has spoken the golden code of silence has been broken
Mic terrorist shroom brew wickedness improves
As I ascend and expand extend I seen men
Fall from greats trying to trace the origin
But there is no beginning or end to the lifeline
Sunz of man forever shine through the mic line[chorus] (4x)[prodigal sunn]
I say a case of a rap star, permanent scar caught in the rapture
Of the bar code, he was more sold like old gold
Paraseuco industy whore bitches adore
Truly yours, feeling me more enemies fall
Ill and hardcore ready for tour shakin breakin jaws
Makin new laws open the doors healing my sores
Blessing the poor, the art of war we less a boar
Verse one we guard a star and the starting artist
Another target on your market style is garbage
You get bombarded whole clique slapped retarded
Pussy harded mcs bleed slugs to the body
Its physical domination lyrical laceration brutal termination
When you fuck wit the federation, collaboratin wit my nation
Discussing allegations conversating about the downfall of satan
Ghetto frustration keeps my head piece achin
Constant motivation keeps my world in rotation[chorus] (8x)Cars? women? huh livin lovely? phat houses?
What you think it's about?
Not gettin paid? havin fame? havin everybody lovin you runnin up to you?
What you think it's about?
Think it's about teaching? think it's about givin up jewelz?
Givin something for the children to look up to?
What you think it's about?This rap game...y'all gotta figure that out...this rap game

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