

# Sunshower

## Godstar

[RZA]

Yo... this song is...

Aiyyo Dunn this song is called Sunshower

Cause we approachin the final hour

You know I ahh all I can say to my brothers and sisters right now

Is stay close to your families, and all your loved ones

Cause this globe is about to explode with hatred

They killin for pennies, knahmsayin?

Peace to the Gods, we got a heavy job... yo, yo

Trouble follows behind a wicked mind, 20/20 vision

of the prism of light but still blind

because you lack the inner, every sinner

will end up in the everlastin winter of hellfire

Throw on this mix just picks your third eye out

you cry out your words fly out, and sounds die out

You remain unheard, sufferin eternally, internal external

Along with your wicked fraternal from generals to colonels

Releasin thermonuclear heat that burns you firmly

And permanently upon this journey

Through the journal of the book of life

Those who took a life without justice

will become just ice ice ice

It's been taught that your worst enemy can harm you

as much as your own wicked thoughts

What devils fought we wrought, and let's annoint

Now you're bein persecuted by that universal court court court

Iron hell with the strong blend of rape and blend of sandal

with rose petals and jasmine, as men use talismans

Burn some incense, chantin witchcraft to reach high dimensions

I'm convinced, Allah is God always has been always will be

You could travel every square inch of the planet Earth and still be

ninety-three million miles away from the sun

Til you realize you and the sun is one, like the knowledge

Know the ledge to where your heart is

or fall off into the internal hell that's uncharted

Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second

through time and space, until it reach a target

And once we're freed of darkness, and show em where the path

Yo as the Red Sea was parted, into these straight  
at the narrow gate, but why that's a road to destruction and hate  
What you thought life was a sport? A game?  
One hundred years short, know the soul is immortal  
Walk through many portals, and those who go astray  
will pay a judgment day, and these few years of wicked bullshit  
ain't worth the eternity inside a sulfur lake  
With dragons and snakes, and any pain you can imagine  
Instead, I chose to become a newlywed to the true bread  
of life and fed God Degree of light to my head  
It's been said, the fool who sleep is already dead, so I stay awake  
And take care of my brother, and uncover reveal the skin  
so we can see each other, cause every color  
that makes the light appear duller, who's the colored man?  
Who's the original, who's the biochemical  
Who's the grafted digital, digital, digital, digital  
Digital.. yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Two hundred thousand million atmosphere cubic feet of air we breath  
While niggaz minds are trapped twenty thousand fathoms beneath  
the sea of reality, they can't inhale deep, devils have em  
Stagnant, a trapping, the .45 magnum  
And shatter bone fragments  
Cops love the block you gettin backed up by Dragnet  
Thrown into a six by eight steel cabinet  
Flippin weights readin ancient tablets, back on the block nobody's havin it  
Those who haven't learnt get returned  
You freaky ass niggaz get burned  
Some walk around like they ain't concerned  
with the hell goin on inside the world  
Why do grown men molest little girls?  
Is it because the girl's breast has swelled  
to the size of a woman, although she's twelve  
The whole world is sick, sick, sick  
Trapped up in six, six, six  
I started off as a pawn in this marathon of life  
Tryin to carry on, wishin I had a bomb to blow up Babylon  
A vagabond, tryin to steal his corpse we're from paragon  
goin in circles, like a ferris wheel  
Undernourished meals I cherish hope, drown inside the sea of life  
Use my third eye for a periscope, and take flight to the edge of night  
To far heights so dark that even wit a bright light  
you couldn't see a spark of light  
While others play ball, I recall, me and GZA, Dirty  
hangin in halls, bangin on walls

Kickin rhymes three hours straight with no pause  
Boostin from Freeport sunrise to Amityville morgue  
Kept razorblade between the jaws, breakin all laws  
Started out writin fables to makin beats on lunchroom tables  
to wearin long cables that hung down to the navel  
So pack some crack and fat sacks of skunk  
to funnel the P-Funk, smokin woolie blunts  
Dust cocktails and primos, shot more dice than casinos  
Back when Wu-Gambinos were called F.O.I. MC's  
All and together now crew B.C.C.  
REC Posse, G.P., D.M.D.  
Ol Dirty stalked East New York GZA maintained Franklin Lane  
I was going to Thomas the Jeff, where students got slain  
Old Earth got nervous walked me to Shaolin sent me to Curtis  
Took share time in Marquis, U-God general contractin service  
While Meth Chef and Deck was off the Nu-dol  
For white boys who took steroids  
Buildin up bicep tricep pectoids and deltoids  
Back when our girlfriends was virgins  
Cuttin class with Ghost tryin to bag hoes in Mary Birchem  
A Maybeldine beacon night school Washington Irving  
These young Gods was seekin  
Hoes in Westinghouse and Clara Parton and Medina  
Girls who sung like Sarafina  
On the corner of Belmont and Picket Avenue I seen her  
As if I dreamed her  
I was dead broke, now I will use key notes to make G-notes  
So it's always hope  
See subway train run through the city like blood through the veins  
To the heart of Medina, but Shaolin is the brain  
So take heed to these words  
And feel the power of the Sunshower  
  
Approachin the final hour  
Power equality, Allah sees everything  
Let's come together under the wings  
And take flight, Wu-Tang, the saga, Ryzarecta  
In your sector

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