

Sunz of Man Court

Sunz of Man

Yeah, Scientific Shabazz, the Holy Psychiatrist

Coming down with that spiritual rain

Six thousand years of darkness

Four hundred years of pain

As I attract the wicked into the Sunz of Man Court

He shall be tried for his ways & actions

Death shall be his penalty

As I embellish, mentally I nourish

Resuscitate a mindstate that has perished, you shall inherit

his blood I require back, to Earth

we rise out of spiritual darkness, six thousand year curse

The lost disciples, bound, to the midst of the

bottomless pit, trapped behind the gates of the wicked wilderness

I hear the sound of the trumpets, blowing across the heavens

It's calm, prepare, for the storm, of the seven

Shabazz, the Disciple, the holy, exalter

Condemning those, who sacrificin, babies on the altar

I hear the cries of innocent black babies who are aborted

and unmercifully slaughtered

Loud screams echo, skulls of angry slaves

turning over in their graves

The white sheets are like white flags, you need to wave it

To the soldier, of the Lord, the warrior King David

I come to kill and crucify, those who trick and lie

In the eyes, of the most, high

The pale-face, devil race, caucasoid germ

Grafted, from original, black man's sperm

Thin-blooded weak, grafted-brain punk

Your power's a third of mine, you drunk funky skunk

How dare you use Jesus name to shell your filthy religion

My tongue be the sword, to slash you with precision

The justice system is his, the court'll only acquit him

And eighty-five percent of y'all are going to hell with him

The walls of hell, are closing in, disciples, we rose again

the Sunz of Man, chosen men

Like lightning, striking, from the East

The Holy Psychiatrist, 4th Disciple, and Killah Priest

Unlimited volts, of energy, striking, the enemy

The righteous vicinity, death be the penalty

So come on and swing it low, sweet chariot
Pick up your righteous load, and yo then carry it

To a new home, and i-dentity

For my people, death'll be the penalty

Uhh, and for my folks I mad a-love

Keep your eyes on the prize and you'll rise above
And yo Shabazz, make sure you sing it loud enough
Peacein out to the righteous stay rugged and rough
And y'all get on down, come on now get on down

Swing it low sweet chariot, get on down

Come on now get on down, swing it low sweet chariot

Lawd, I'm in this culture

The microphone and I'm joinin

Sharpen your sword, we must be aware

Them trick knowledge, they use to deceive us
You've been plagued with the mental diseases

You worship false portraits of Jeehsus

The grafted image, of worshipping Ceasear

I hear the snap of my great great grandfather's neck
in a noose, hangin from a fuckin tree whipped-in mentally
abused, visions of great great cousins

Runnin across the field, unarmed

Ran down, and killed

I be the star to dispel the darkness

Cast upon your soul by inhabitants of Mount Caucus

Who praise the dead, and not the true and living

Killed Jesus and said, that he died for their religion

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