

Children of the Sun

Digital Underground

Children
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I had to brrr stick it
Ha ha ha kick it
To the homies cause you phoney
You don't really doe me only
Top notch you say you date no hesitatin' to G me
They startin' celebratin', what am I, a TD?
You see me on TV and thinkin' "Ooh, he cute"
But if I ain't make no hits could I get that dookie shoot?
Without that boo-coo look or if I ain't shoot no hoop, could I scoop?
Cause every booty stink when they poop

You could be rich and fake an attitude to say "Pass you"
But I ain't mad at you (Freakiness with that) and I ain't rad at you
I padded you on your back for your good deed
But the extraordinary mood swings I don't need
Plead guilty cause your booty filthy, pull a riggy riggy
Touch base and now I'm feelin' stinky sticky
Sit me on it bone it if you have to top-notch a hood brat
Your booty ain't all that, you bastard

Children
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Children of the Sun (Children of the Sun)

I talk about the boujee puddy cat
That scrooped a shoe buyer in no time flat
Now come on, baby, why you wanna treat me like that?
All I wanna do is sit down and just chit-chat
Now why is it so damn complicated
To get with a cutie that's college edumacated
I simply stated, frankly, I think your drama's overrated
But I got the pin for your balloon to be deflated
Now waddup waddup with this boujee attitude
Nowadays a compliment represent us being rude
Now what if I was to say you lookin' through and lookin' [?]
The complementive attitude that's lookin' hella screwed

Take a Gary or a Mary, Hakeem or a Nancy
And they [?] a spot that everybody got it
Type A can reproduce with type B
When them aliens come, you won't be dumb of who your family be

Do you wanna chill with me witcho glooty-us-maximus?
(It's like jelly)
Come on peel with me, bring that glooty-us-maximus
(To my hotelly)
Come through soon, we can get a movie
Your glooty-us-maximus (Seems ready)
Just don't act like you're better than me
'Cause your glooty-us-maximus' still smelly
'Cause everybody butt stink (No)
You know what I'm sayin'?

I don't care who you are
Rich, poor, high, low, black, white, candy stripe
Yeah (One people)
Kick it

Space people, universal love
Ain't not one race (Ain't no one race) of people
(Yeah)
We're children of the Sun (Am I lyin'? Look it up!)
Space people (people, yeah) universal love
Ain't not one race (Ain't not one race) of people
Children of the Sun (Children of the sun)

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Children, children, children, children, children
Children, children, children, children, children
Children