

## Woven Hand

### "Grand Verbalizer What Time Is It"

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grand verbalizer what time is it...  
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[Verse One: Brother J]

African.  
Very African. Come and step in brothers temple see  
what's happenin  
From the bass low, coming down from below, Tell me  
what a sissy know.  
Funkin lesson is a new flow  
stalking walking in my big black boots.  
Living off the earth eating herbs and fruits.  
The children await me by the mountain in the river.  
and gather round the fire for the scroll that I deliver  
coming immaculate from the sand the the sky.  
and devils taking pleasure want to measure how high.  
Your body reveals you. your mind can't catch it.  
The nation of a God goes far beyond brackets.  
come into my oven devils come and you burn.  
I can always catch a fire when my strenth is Black word  
Yer pissin me off because you swear yer higher level.  
Back to your cave. Get yourself together  
Silly and Magilla. Chocolate and vanilla.  
How could polar Bears swing on vines of the gorillas.  
please  
yer just floating cause there's something amiss.  
I'm up in the clouds. You're down in abyss  
your freakin while your teachin and your speaking rap  
rhymes.  
It's halfway to the sun. That's the mortals last time.

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Brother J]

[How deep?]  
Deep. Deeper than atlantis  
Deeper than the seafloor traveled by the mantis.  
You copycats will never know.

For you the funk will never flow... and that's another  
blow.

make your move beef appretice, I never step.  
I'm a tribal move your master hasn't figured yet.  
run your weapons through my swords and shield  
What's the higher level if your shit ain't real  
My mystic magic, What cha gonna do.  
Think befor youe step upon the rebel silly mortal you  
you try to come but your mind won't catch, it's like  
cookies in the oven  
if you want to burn a batch you just burn.

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Brother J]

like this like that like that like this  
how sharp is a word. how firm is a fist.  
originals come from the sand and the sword in the  
concrete,  
fighting wars in the street.  
The day of outrage history another page.  
You lack the word of this, but now there is a brother J  
We're the warriors, of the masses.  
all the benelovent, punks playin asses.  
You damn sissies always flunt for the glory.  
sissy bomb is coming, but that's another story.  
So many people forgot where they came.  
Disrespect religion, but their living is lame,  
Black watch how you living? (zoom)  
flow in the nile (zoom)  
then record the seconds, The time of a sundial.  
What we see for the Gods to be  
What it was, what it is and again shall be.  
What's my mindstate if my state ain't Black,  
but Moses, Malcolm and Huey your back.  
go from [?] go from verb to verb,  
Sit back and take heed, brother  
YOU MUST LEARN!  
Swimming in the books, but the books ain't hittin.  
The scales of a Blackman.  
Ways of the livin.

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