

Woven Hand

"Verbs Of Power"

Visit "[Verbs Of Power](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verbs of Power - now here's the sum of another drum
Now mortals aware, now prepare for illogical son
My Verbs of Power are the spiritual spank
My deep, deep Blackness, your mind gets dank
Revelation to Genesis, something you cannot dismiss
Keys to Crossroad, come to abyss!
And find a verb-stick swingin' while I'm livin', giving the
rhythm
Heed the word, and the bass-drop given!
A funk down, super sound, lyrical, visual
Illogical wisdom, forever continual
You're living simplistically, yet speak of reality
Your science, elementary - Dare speak? You can't get
with me
Look at the wax, it's hieroglyphic, it's actual fact
I'm not reading and striving to wanna be Black
Here's the move 'cause I see none
I never boast, I never brag, I get the job done
I'm not the [?Buckley?] political, nor am I the physical
The rhythmical spiritual, the mystical magical
Movement is circle, never 90 degrees of a square
I'm the gorilla - robotics will run in a scare
Just to find that the zero's the ground
Come into my temple, have a seat at the round, feel
the power

[Professor X]

Brother, Brother, Brother, how you make 'em get
down?

[Brother J]

Professor Overseer, I've got pimp in my crown
It was the pimp that drove the mountainous elephant
It was ignorance that made this irrelevant
I'm not the pasta boy, I'm the African, call me by name
I'm the original, I taught you to set up this game
You silly mortal, keep on playing the Trump
I think they're gonna have to get me,
From stompin' and kickin' your rump
Once again, now it comes in the trend
I said "Free South Africa!" - you went to Berlin
Now there's the problem, I stand firm, beating my

chest

You think a silly polar bear could ever put this to rest?
And yet they still will apologize, while I will epitomize
Embrace my children, show them Creator's eyes
Onto the path of the mystical teaching the math
No more to suffer - it's time for the wrath
Feel the power

On to the throne, the throne I come forth
Weapon of our rule, the verbs of great Thoth
Look at the sundial, look at the child of man
Where's the faith in the Spirit, the master plan?
Opportunity - the spoils of religion of God-man
Hero to rescue the drum jam
Fire, water, air and earth, I am the fool
Teaching power that I never could learn in school
I am the teacher from the far and beyond
Turn an apple to a lotus, turn a rib to a wand
To compare me or dare me is foolish, it's more than a
job
No entertainment - illogical odd god
Has come - straight from Amon-Tet with the herb dish
Come with the Verb Stick, the bag of the new tricks
Stronger than ever, my antenna of the universe
Coming of immortals is the strength of the verse
That's the power

Visit [Woven Hand](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.