

Wisemen

"Founder of Pain"

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[Intro: Salute]

Word... king perfect..

Salute the Kid.. Wisemen, niggas

We here, niggas...

[Chorus: Kevlaar 7]

In stages hunger comes faceless, Purple Haze

One miss step my pagers aimless, I die ageless

The movement need a facelift in these days when

Death is where the days went and life climbs from the
basement

[Salute]

I'm a comet, like the world eclipse

I'm into ghetto chicks, drama queens, asses and hips

Hard to move when you waken everyday to a ship

Through the struggle old bitch, I just focus and lift

My knuckles bleed, fingers feel they bitten by frost

How can life be the price when the death is the cost?

Hard to settle for a win without accepting the loss

Only future to a pirate is becoming the boss

But these are the days of our lives 'cause the world
don't stop

Fuck a bitch man, I married a block

All I need is some rocks in the low-key spot

Black hood fucker suit, best man be the glock

'Cause niggas rocking suits fam is stiff in the box

And I ain't going out like that for the Wisemen to watch

I got two daughters to watch, two daughters to feed

Plus my mind frame is crazy and I'm down for my team

I'ma get it how I live it, while y'all pay homage

If it's death, I ain't scared 'cause this life ain't promised

Way ahead of my time like a premi' at birth

With the keys to the lock of a permanent curse

[Chorus]

[Outro: Salute]

Yeah, word up...

Watch yourself...

K7, nigga...

Salute the Kid...

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