

## Wisemen

### "Honor's Promise"

Visit "[Honor's Promise](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Anthony Chisholm from "Oz" sample]  
My age is my honor and my strength...

[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]  
If it was a million and one people, and I can only help a  
million  
All I would think about is the one I couldn't help, man...  
Speak to me, man

[Kevlaar 7]  
Aiyo, the news hit my eardrum, the slums we came up  
in  
Oakdale, smoke the Crooklyn Dodger weed, within  
Slang in stolen tapes and swollen bags  
Sipping blue, after-hours, cheating on tests, we made  
the honors  
Honest on the block, we sic that Rottweilers on them  
Flaunt it for bitches up in French class, wrote rhymes on  
note pads  
Fronting like we push the newest Benz class  
Bid fast on the grid-ound while you was rifling shots  
Quick stop spots, it was the last time I see you  
I gave you a dap inside the last dream I see you  
I still peep you, talking fast and hustling cream  
Chasing knowledge, the last breath told you set your  
feet  
Teach your lesson, it's a blessing, the destined is gone  
What went wrong? Is a greatest constant psalm song  
where I'm from  
Your land is promised, you living better than us, honest  
It's gorgeous to see your soul resting in honor

[Bronze Nazareth]  
I was conceived in the foxhole, plenty of wolves  
Alligator on my chest, see my face in the moon  
I took AK grammar quote, one man platoon  
Strategise third eye will lift rare spoons  
Racoon hats soon, plus Nia in my room  
Give a gold kiss, my future bright like UFO bliss  
I hand you our page, could you feel my drift?  
My heart is still mine skiff, diamond cave rich

Langston Hughes, intrusion poet at heart  
Flowing like shark fins that glow in the dark  
You can't miss me, sipping Mississippi Masala  
Diamond Dixie, my bitches prissy, keep the pussy  
pretty  
My life is a square with all left turns  
If you step in my direction, it's your essence that burns  
I'm a man of many hats, black hoodies, no furs  
A tangled web of razor sharp thoughts travel in herds

[Phillie]

You know that type be, scrambling the night streets  
Cherished riches, made killers before they're nineteen  
I'm from the D and this is how we eat and  
No matter what, your running the rock beats man  
It's Hell where we sleep, half slept, dealt the boldest  
hand  
Shall we stand some gone, where does the pain come  
from?  
Missed by the floor show, lights shine too bright  
I need silence in the courtroom, it's Fortune Five  
Hundred  
Time's coming, but I ain't buying groceries with a  
bridge  
Thinking big, fucking chain and a bracelet  
His bank slip's no great shit, got too pissed they don't  
play shit  
Be the ignoramus, catch five from the stainless  
Fuck rap, all I hear is the same shit  
Commercialised rap guys with a lame grip, too lazy to  
create shit  
I'm outer space with this rap style amazing  
Evaporate your 'Liquid Swords', inhale a great wind  
Put in approach that was only known to cavemen  
Get enslaved man, not happy where you're spaced in

[sample]

Some people are born where there's opposite sides  
A wiseman knows his own limitations  
You think of me...

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