

## Wisemen

### "Illness"

Visit "[Illness](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus 2X: Bronze Nazareth]

Flashes of brilliance....

Cash in abundance...

Swallowed by these buildings...

Peace of mind, but I don't tell you 'bout the illness...

[Phillie]

Swallowed by these buildings, never seen the Sun

A young outlaw, sworn to the almighty gun

Get robbed for your funds, it's jobs to be a thug

Little knucklehead nigga, it's trouble ahead, nigga

Some say just one dead nigga, a waste of skin

Sands of law, took it personal, the hatred of men

Had a nack for escape, show flashes of brilliance

Resilient, to capture a master at disappearing

One day his luck was up, running with the pistol

They never saw him throw it, and bullets was on the menu

His family sued and received an abundance of cash

But you know, black folk, they ran through it fast

Leave you with peace of mind, the streets designed

To make a self destruct button, we must leave the blind

Through the labyrinth, throw 'em to the lion's den

In the end, pride is the ultimate prize to wind

[Kevlaar 7]

The illness is peace of mind, he ain't slept in years

Rip Van tears, in glock buildings

Healing held up, a chemist king perfect in threats

The serpent in buildings, he silently calling for help

The cousin of Grim, death, prison walls captured him

An early abundance of greed, of green land

Cash in hand, in houses at seventeen

Like cream wool Jesus, he wore brilliant Muhammad pieces

And leases geoses and clout, rerouted innocent brilliance

I could of filled him with knowledge, from night to dawn

Knowledge to born, now it's federal prison horns

Claps of thunder torn, a Gun Rule b-boy in a song...

[Chorus 2X]

[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, we show flashes of brilliance, with evil in his eyes  
Used to carry mom's groceries, when she be in the  
house  
We used to fight over Tiana fat ass, throw my chain in  
sixth grade  
So I took this nigga Kool Moe Dee tape  
Now I hear he run with nominated soldiers, and my  
man June  
Got beef with anybody, leave that glass off that coster  
Meanwhile over turkey sausage, niggas is flossin'  
In the middle of a weed draught, I'm coughing  
So Sixth Month, dialled his man, who he cop from often  
Guess who walked in, Tiana with a Grace Jones fade,  
yo  
And her man said, "You that nigga that stole my Kool  
Moe!"  
June stood up, my numero uno  
Bullets travelled through the heart, now we arrive at the  
funeral  
Swallowed by these buildings, drowning in beers  
His grandma said he already been dead for years  
All I saw was the face of his moms, was fearce  
How after the laughter, then comes the tears  
And I don't go to funerals, they keep me away  
But in his casket, I left a new Kool Moe Dee  
But wait, they threw June cell keys off in the abyss  
I tried to give you peace of mind, when I don't tell you  
about the illness...

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