

Wisemen

"Introducing"

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[Intro: Kevlaar 7]

Feel this, uh, yo

[Kevlaar 7]

Introducing a Wiseman, I rise seven flights
Above life, civilize the mic, in my a-alikes is I write
Breath life inside the dead, ran the chizzel, word,
disturb visions
Got me grasping prison bars, and flipping birds, if I get
caught
My seeds'll be fatherless, I run wild through the
gauntlets
And flaunt shit, my brothers die for a while in diamond
caves
Raised with Stevie Wonder, thunder claps when I wear
shades
I saw heaven, shine in my iris, for seven nights and
seven days
Amazing scenes from my heart, is unseen, believe a
nigga like me
Can't live for the CREAM, it's a dream, I'm Ray Robinson
My hemoglobin force me, to watch my niggas die
horribly
I'm here to ressurect, if you feeling me, take a walk
with a nigga

[Interlude: Phillie]

Walk with me, no matter.. no matter how..
Yeah... Wisemen...

[Phillie]

Introducing a Wiseman, Simba of these Pride Lands
High off damn, not only am I an artist, I'm a fan
Got plans, got love from the streets, got heat
For the cold hearted, anybody budge and I reach
It's real here, the beast is starving, you just a snack
Rap's been wack for too long, bring that old thing back
We too strong, Bronze carried the cross, we all bear
It's all fair, when he get on, see us all there
In the flesh, in the sight of our enemies, make history
Instant classic material, drop hits continously

Shine bright as any diamond at Tiffany's
We oppose the globe, make home deliveries
So distinguish me, taking over the industry
Blessed in our abilities, all we needed was chemistry
Spar from Wu Killa Beez, 7 Wisemen
Have arrived, it's showtime, do or die, man...

[Interlude: Bronze Nazareth]
Yeah, no matter how, any means necessary
Come through, mask and blue truck
That's what's up, kid, speak

[Bronze Nazareth]
Introducing, a Wiseman, crafting plans
Black mask, casket stain on hands, plaster the halls of
famous lands
Just like smog inside the lungs, cramp, monthly flows I
unveil
Walls of life I run down, paragraph body, well endowed
Ninjas at your entrance now, each sentence it sound
Like 25 to life, you feel my bars, first round face scars
Pace cars with speed of quazars, ricochet like Bat
radar
Spray bars, and in the myst, I dislocate hearts
Feeling your laws grow large like them amphibians in
jars
Deal me in, even the pool sharks, they still grow hungry
Looked at the mirror in my life, and realized it was so
ugly
I'm Bronze, leave my arms inside of Father Time's
palms
When he say to me, raise it up, sound bullets from Haiti
struck
I want a green bay of bucks, whether it's the day the
lotto struck
Or your face my bottle struck, I get it without that luck
Nazareth hazardous waste, splattered inside your
cabin space
Food for thought in your cabbage space, your brains I
elevate

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