

Wisemen

"Mixture of Muhammad"

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[Nas sample *scratched up*]

"And this is war..."

[Kevlaar 7]

Aiyo, guru of rhyme voodoo, guns big as metullus
Room two realms, yo watch me cool off hell
My grill ain't icy, but for real, I get dicey
And slice three books into the gospel of me
Fifty states of mayhem, in my bridge, bread
Dred scott for the basis, give me my brush to paint this
Aim razors at faces, the man dated us nameless
Now flavors are tasteless, the wind just takes it
I have a gift and gender to uplift, come on
Vocal sample lady, yo sing that shit
I came and went, blazed and bent
Drawn from a hard aiming and paid my rent, god damn
it
Specializing, life times of rhyiming and climbed
To do crimes, man, to spit full time
I seen ray rock inside beams of sunshine
Inhale rell, exhale scenes of lifetimes
Islands are heavy, steady spit deadly hybrid
Climbed ten ladders, leap inside my brain matter
The rap Mad Hatter, splatter alpha all over the grand
delta
Melt the beats, and put 'em off my shelter
Felt the lightning strike, when pipes compress
Digress, see my fatigue, painted thoughts come
across, it's raw
Forces, ain't eating pork, declare law as I put
John Hawkins, in every icy fort
Torch the good chip, black coles in a poor pit
Forfeit the North, bitch, 7 and floss this
Sativa reef advantage, feed the mirror
Intense insence, spread fear and icy whispers
Deliver, flaming labels, spit omega fables
Cradle graves in my arms and lay in level angles
Angels visit basonets, whistle clarinets
Cuz I rush my last moments on murky clouds of death...

[sample]

Who is that man who's to bear
Who looked into my soul..

[Nas sample *scratched up*]
"And this is war..."
"And this is life... and I'm the hardest..."

[Canibus sample *scratched up*]
"My offense is a mixture of Muhammed..."

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