

## Wisemen

### "New Year Banga"

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[Intro: Kevlaar 7]

Yo, Wisemen...

Bronze Nazareth... my nigga Phillie...

Yo... Salute the Kid...

[Kevlaar 7]

It's a struggle on these streets, I'm the son, ya'll the seeds

Innocent young M.C.'s, maturing into trees

Seems I touch with the brush, Kevlaar never spoke much

But one stroke of the Dutch, I smear pictures with breath tucks

Touching the phat techs, I never handle, gripped the three eighty

Shady, I got clocked on the mandible, bloodied my structure

Got bagged, drunk on the streets, so wasted, all the jakes did

Was deliver me home to my bed sheets, sleet and rain

Blow east against the grain, I walk the bloody hills barefoot in the rain

Stained 24 hours, two to finish this joint

Annoint with holy water, Think Differently with a daughter

And civilized planets, revolving around my son

Sleepless nights, with a brain, full of banging guns

A serenade of grenade, shave my pain with metal umbrellas

Story tellers and hustlers, funnel the strugglers restless

Fall to my knees, in the lab, asking the most high to help us

[Phillie]

It's been a long road, God knows, got me a stronghold

Palms so sweaty, legs feel like spaghetti

Yet now I think I'm ready, so long as the lord'll bless me

When I came from crumbs and sold drugs like ecstasy

Hung with killas, dodged bullets, to the next degree

Was wrong, like sex to me, to dead you in the streets  
Over some shit you said to me, Think Differently,  
whatever  
Just let it be, somebody fired my chef, I got the recipe  
With this rap shit, I'm a wolf, ahead of sheep  
Press meat, for the slaughter, I'm Nino to the Carter  
Something you don't want a part of, with the heart of  
David  
Against Goliath, you know this time, and stop playing  
It's time for mic strangling, while life's are left dangling  
In the violence, no lights, no cameras, just live action  
Whether triggers are written, it's all real  
Pencils are reinforced with steel, I got to live

[Bronze Nazareth]

Back in '94, I know math's calling your drawer  
Flyers bust on it, ground work layed, dues paid  
Dutch sauce waves calling, the streets is empty  
Til my veins stay bubbling, that booth, my ice suit  
I win your mic in a dice shoot, and any man who walk  
through hell  
Will similiary feel like I do  
And vision my inscription, you see where I slept  
Sat at the edge of an avalanche cliff, you see where I  
step  
Think Differently in infamy, the most on slept  
Equipped with gems, to blow the mind like turpan Thai  
wine  
Keep the unstoppable odds in my stable, with the free  
cable box  
To pay for studio locks, I rob big locks  
Think not, of the Wise, my death color rhymes'll drain  
your colored eyes  
Look what, I discover, rise  
Without credit checks, bought that board, fucked our  
credit ever since  
So it better work, instead of a beretta to work  
Slitter my lurk, Gun Rule, Bermuda Tri-borough  
Years later, on the furlow...

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