

Wisemen

"Verbal Joust"

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[Intro: Charles Bronson sample from "The Mechanic"]

The classic fighter is here to prove his point
The object of these fights is, total concentration and
control
They don't actually hit each other
Otherwise one or the other would be dead...
They have had skills for months...

[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, I'm so famous, I dump your body over grand
canyons
Guzzle the sea, trouble with me, you can't handle
Came from a cave, where we toast with lead
Turn a knob, twist a loaf, now I got more bread
I hope you scramble, 'fore they poach your eggs
Approachable MC's with coke lines on the reg
Bled a heavy served massacre, cancer stick asthma
Growth of the cancer cell, hidden cures in Attica
Vocab, slow jabs, hooks and low punch
Your tracks on the bottom rung, mine is uppercuts
I'm quick to flash a pen, regardless
Your splash equal John Wayne eyes, before he reach
revolvers
Ask harlots, I'm strangling an ex-caller
Source Award across the board, kid with Bronze collars
In a black hall, Bin Laden scholar

[Interlude: movie sample]

Get your punk ass back... fuck
Now I know you don't like that
Only muthafucker he can kill...

[Phillie]

Burn MC's to a third degree, Hercules
You get a mear smirk from me, purposely
Before I'm pushed over the edge, I'm redrum
When the feds come, the hair's grow
Plotting revenge, to leave you dead, son
I'm next to none, with extra guns
Twist your lid, like a fifth of rum
It's the unsung, live and unplugged

Young thug, one love, flesh of my flesh
Blood occurs, ride or get rode on, rhyme and flow
strong
Times my enemy, fire to the Phillie, be
Decrease with every pull, glisten my every move
Waiting for the day God or Satan make it approved
Don't mean to be rude, if you see me with my face in
my food
It's cuz I'm starving, gotta make moves regardless
If it means being a rap artist, it's over, B.
Wait til they get a load of me

[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, liver than Claude Dallas, outlaw with raw talents
Wrote rhymes in dope lines, sniffed through your ear
I bleed sounds of the block, and rounds from a glock
Pound like an ox, profound, you get found in a box
Behind a chain link, take the kitchen sink on top of it
Next topper can chop it, like melodic war optics
Doorknobs the closet, where the gun case orbits
So rampage your piece, I keep my heartbeat at pace
For weak hearted that sleep hardest, I still gotta aim
When the thrill is gone, your pillage torn, seeing my
glow
I'm so patient, I can watch a tree die and regrow
While my seeds scatter one in the hole, twenty five in a
hoody
Cuz the zoo is full of scavage and wolves

[Phillie]

That way a ton like Mighty Joe Young
King of the jungle, soak game like a sponge
Coppers think life won't come to a sudden end
Fuck around, if shit don't crack, we make it bend
Got a lot to say, only if your not in our presence
Here's a lesson, better stay in your place and leave
heaven
Leave your science books open, school's in session
Free at no cost, just food for thought
If I'm ever at a lost, toss salt in my wound
Adding insult to injury, is coke to my Hennessey
Sure shot like death to a Kennedy
Don't get too familiar, might kill ya
Spin earth off it's axis, flip your mattress
Rap Harry Potter, the scholar, back in action
Strapped for protection, stashed in a coupe
And a host, of automatic, weapons to shoot
It's all up to you, live or die slow
When you entering my zone, it's lyrical Tae Bo
Stretch, breathe, to all MC's
I quote, protect your throat, be easy...

[Outro: sample from "The Mechanic"]
He practically murdered that guy
Murder is only killing without a license
And everybody kills
Governments, the military, the police
Do you think that your motto's a killer?
Well he's a killer who doesn't kill
For him the rules are important
That's your expert opinion?
That's my opinion...

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