

## Wisemen

### "Wisemen Approaching"

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]

The Sun'll fall before I lose...

Yeah... put your dice up on this shit, man...

Throw your bags out, kid, get the shit ready...

Yo... heavy as the Chevy... yo, yo

[Bronze Nazareth]

A blow nicely like Ron Isley

Word dice, we roll, Mice or Men, behold

Ice grill on my '86, slice the pie slightly

Flee or fight me, end up floating up in Bightley

I scope and deliver, rhyme quote Gran Turismo

Drown you in a sea of nickels, sip a fifth slow

Crash around the main bent, straight, no chaser

Silencer on the mic stand, scope no laser

My bitches stand heels, tie up around the calf shields

Leaving movie reels, exquisite ruby hills

Glance and feel the dreams, dirty as Bronson

Head filled with more schemes, than snakes in the garden

I tippy toe like Samurai, slit a throat, don't stand by

Interview in fields of landmines, perform live

During outbreaks, Ebola virus, outline the mic case

Pace gracefully faster than swimmer from shark

I'm known for a spinning darts toward your melenin in dark

Stopping ain't at number one without a shotgun

Platinum platinum, or just Bronze, I'm out, one

[Chorus: Bronze Nazareth]

The Wisemen Approaching, we come from the hills

Leave your science books open, counting all the shells

Approaching a black hoody, Timb size twelve

Escape with the knowledge of self, polish your health

[Phillie]

M.C.'s who believe I'm not king of Detroit

Indestructable, like a bullet proof Rolls Royce

The common choice, I bring fire to the beef

Fuck mic fights, we can get it on in the streets

It's calm and usually peace, beyond the Cuban Linx

I see wild times, of sound mind, be cautious who we  
meet  
Gave a sigh of relief, when Bronze finally got a piece  
In a magazine, catastrophe for all wack M.C.'s  
New begins, revolutionize, organize the business  
Your rap kinds is bygones, so long to pretending  
Return of the gutter and grit, the streets have been  
thirsting for this  
Since Re-Birth of a Prince, back to  
Niggas who spit, darts that shatter bricks  
Grimey as a park bench, built in a cement  
Sick like a Cedar Point trip, mobster down  
When a roller coast' erupt until now, that's on some old  
shit

[Chorus]

[Kevlaar 7]

Build my lab with black bricks, sip the liquor frequent  
On Sam Cooke nights, my mind sits inside the present  
Indecent as delinquents, running cash to the street  
pimps  
Hethens deal stones, to clones in an oasis  
Gates is open, I stole the pens out the hinges  
Blair Witch darkness, I need a harness, I travel so far  
Park the '84, and saw a scene so raw  
Take one, I'm straight, son, we niggas running from  
our caper  
Invade a brother mind, and resurrect, the records  
crackle  
My derelict speech, at the speed of a statue  
My face don't move, my words, they show and prove  
Disect the earth plates, and exhale a sandstorm  
Transform and crash with impacts of 9/11  
7 Kevlaar, God, me or the reverend

[Salute]

They say you are what you speak, so I read the truth  
Heard the beat in my sleep, wrote my thoughts in the  
booth  
If it's war, I'm on the line, first nigga to shoot  
Pulling nines, like a nigga with a pain his tooth  
Dark clouds got me feeling like I'm caught in the phase  
How I'm living, not the sick kind, bundles and trays  
Hustle hard, can't survive, pitching minimum wage  
Seeing glory in the middle, but I'm lost in the maze  
Blame the concrete jungle for my animal ways  
I ain't saying I'm the greatest, but the one in the flesh  
Place the game like my blood line was mixed with  
Artest  
Ain't no cameras round here, got the media scared

Just a bunch of niggas hoodied up and fully prepared  
Wisemen, so I do, wise things, believe  
From the 'jects, no regrets, my respect, no easy  
Shit is dope, what make it even harder to cope  
Seeing hell, not the light, through the end of the scope

[Chorus]

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