

## Wisemen f/ GZA

### "Associated"

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[GZA]

Associated with metal detectors, loud mouth show-off  
To stand out like bite reflected  
Words to vibrate like the bass guitar  
With the least amount of weight, you should replace a  
bar  
You can tempt me, with looseleaf paper that's empty  
I write it in a code, for your average DaVinci  
From the era of the REC Room and cassette tapes  
Putting empty, rhyme on anything except greats  
Too tech mix lay parallel, the place got marks  
On the spot, move around like parasail  
The sight sailed obscene, testing ground for new  
theories  
Cuz some DJ's formed the team  
Torrential down pour, you hear the sound, more  
Nature's fury, and this town is bound for  
Hip hop, most violent, most beautiful  
Wind gusts, from Justice scenes in the musical

[Bronze Nazareth]

The blade runner, face gunner, mace never cold case  
Kept a base stretcher, erase your bass set-up  
Freestyles wet up, written, hit your kitchen ketchup  
Mass grown, hand feets'll shout, whatever the weather  
Body white, sheet stretcher, mic aim leary's atcha  
Rapture rhyme graphter, smash the camera  
Arm & Hammer hand jammers, slam-a-grammer,  
Ghost standard  
Everything you touch turn Bronze, I'm like the old  
stanza  
Handle vine cables, swing 'em like Tarzan  
Divine rhyme plant pay you, digits to farlands  
Peace to my cousin, who smoking clouds, open house  
Prepare once a month in the Source, like the  
menstrual's out  
Guns accumulate, devout, get my pension with the  
pencil out  
Thoughts stench on my potential droughts  
Resume the rain, no matter the windchill  
I make you think, still Detroit/Killah Hill

Deeply my footprints build for bodies to feel  
Raised by the dumpsters, black, the Zombie-ville  
Gun Rule burglars, with murderers masks  
Known to filter out the snakes that be burning the grass

[Kevlaar 7]

Associated with black steel, in the hour of chaos  
Unreal, like niggas in the seance  
Some say I, and grab you with the pen  
If you murder the king, I live forever in the end  
I've been evil, through the eye of a needle  
Just when I grab the steel, as black as Don Cheadle  
Feeble and weak, I peep Samson niggas  
Revolution come, I pull hair and then triggers  
Invented the cause, when pause was indented  
Face the follow leads, the flame, my mind painted  
John Lennon gats, clapping out of my window  
Lay low, one shotty, loo the lasso

[Phillie]

I snap shop, pop out like Polaroids  
So wild, we still riot like the middle of Detroit  
The SWAT, South West A-Team, the block  
Do say, when grace hip hop, the Beijing around-the-  
way cops  
Hold me in, like rhyme flicks, phoned in  
Still pitched dope, any zip code I'm in  
Capture the souls of men, and women alike  
Last flow, pin the mic, begin to strike  
It ain't no slouchers here, we out this year  
Ya'll about that, we about this here  
From small cats to the top, in here  
Got cares, like we really got a option here  
Going all out, GZA on board, now we pedalling  
Mainstream, the model still CREAM, that's how we  
handle shit

[Salute]

Niggas just actors, not really factors  
Putting on shows in the street, that bring laughter  
What happen to the jabbers, uppercut, scrappers  
Confrontation now, bring nothing but gun clappers  
Stains on the concrete, blood on the mattress  
Mind runs deep like the Nile going backwards  
Hip hop dead? Then I'm here to resurrect it  
Big Daddy shit, with the "Kane", I'm an expert  
"No Half Steppin'", break show amazing  
Mad situations, leave the gun blazing  
Seeing Vietnam through the eyes of an Asian  
Cold hearted lungs, but my tongue spit Cajun

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