

Wisemen f/ Killah Priest, Vast Aire "Iconoclasts"

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[Killah Priest]

I spit at these lyrics, so vivid, they pictures
On project walls, twelve feet tall, hell grease, ya'll
Fire brimstone, the writer, grim poems, Edgar Allen Poe
with the flow
Goes the silencer, upon the cold nozzles
Of the four-four caliber, *shot shot*
No more challenger, woolie show like Gallagher
Ink pens in my hand, like a spraypaint caint
You can't resist your mind, the black Michaelangelo
Hands'll sculpt, the Eiffel tote, the mics I broke
Residue leads to a trail, another Priest tale
Death I pulled, the witch-lord-king, that rip off wings
When I spit 16, it gets extreme, explicit scene
No more dreams, just cold screams, happening
Re-occurring rappers wanna perform, they need
insurence

[Bronze Nazareth]

My cyclone poem, fix the roof of the Superdome
You crash your plane in my building, just try'nna get on
And it's a vein, cold rain, write my words in propane
Keep the, heat in store, like the stones in Maytag
Carry more blades than grass in your yard, grab your
rake
I'm original, man on the take, burning the shake
Roll 'em, blow, the solar fails out the blood bank
The Wu-Fam armory, my beats got bodies
Know the roly when to grave, with the tip of a shotty
Pasidena lobby, bullet holes from robbery, probably
Veins made of cobblestone, bitches go home wobbly
Capture life like photographs, double stuff hash
Pure mid-serious grim, with verbal whiplash
From the fetus to the oversear, I bleed it
Nigga, your crime'll Crystal Mountain, just to try to go
see it
My life is a movie script, John Singleton reading
The blood flow like magnum, harder then traps in Eden
Send shockwaves, I circles, some objects dropped in
lakes
I spray phrases, til the brain can't operate

Discombobulate, the populate, Texas Chainsaw lock
your grip
Counter row, Wu symbol conglomerate
Team I'd rather far, than be spit in the face
Jesus asked God when I'm dropping my next tape
Nigga, Bronze colored disc, razor blade shape

[Phillie]

End endurance, niggas is rap at spitting raps
Get back to whatever ya'll was doing before that
It ain't working for you, no one's even heard of you
Tried to get ya grams up, wound up with your hands up
I'm a bonafied hustler, slash M.C.
The first on the scroll, and the last to leave
I ain't rich, so the streets is my blueprint
And it just so happens, I can translate it in music
Roll with dutches, long as a pool stick
And make sure everybody down for this movement
Niggas is apple pies, soft as coolwhip
And Detroit cats be the last niggas to full with

[Kevlaar 7]

Throw a rose down inside my grave, massage my dead
brain
With oils of the soil, inside the dirt I bathe
Unclaimed as a slave, with the heart of Virginia
I'm signed for life, years, now it's pitch black, my nigga
Fearing the legend, the reverend, predicted the cold
night
Black ski mask, yo, I'm the cross in your sights
I climb the hill of the ill with a concrete sword
And woe my hood, joe, as the hero of the world

[Vast Aire]

Pass me the dutch, I'll fill it up
I wrote this rhyme in the corner, like I was a dunce
If I, told ya twice, I told ya once
That's word to the Trina' man, that sold you fronts
You be number nine, I did not stutter
The sun is my dad, the moon is my mother
Look dude, there is no other
Like the Three Wisemen, that came from Persia
To bless Je-sus, peace to Baby Jesus
I'm becoming the Buddha, this is my thesis
I am the chosen, I've walked on water that wasn't
frozen
And you can talk shit, but look at your lip, now it's
busted
Sorta like burgundy, bubbling custard
I don't wanna discuss it...
I'm on another level, come on, man, look at my

mustard
That's Grey Poupon, what planet you on?
You wanna take my oil, I show you my rocket
You wanna take my chain, I'll break ya eye socket
Kamikaze, you can't stop this
Divine wind, I'm climbing
To reach, higher states, to drown in
Sitting on the same corner, frowning
This is L.X.G., microphone clowning

[Outro: Killah Priest (Kevlaar 7)]

Yeah... what up... Michael Vangelo...
My nigga Vast Aire.. Cannibal Ox.. the Wisemen
(Killah Priest), Kings Row Music, (K7, the bull Phillie
Illadayz, Bronze Naz, Salute the muthafucking Kid
I told ya'll niggas, Wisemen, we here, Kings Row,
nigga)
Yeah...

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