

Infinite "Wise Guys"

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Verse 1

It's like kliq klaq we barrie dat bark 'em wit da chrome
I got your house surrounded gasoline floodin' ya home
Line up a target, some men deh walk and deh chat
But if a guy get outta hand I'll tare a match and try to
light dat
Look, my spirit ain't tryin' to see no badness But if the
devil interferes I'm going out like Mr. Gladus
It's on the weather if my my mood is gloomy or shinin'
But if the sun ain't shinin' den you check me bad timin'
My mind is free from all the dust, gotta bust
While I'm wisdom knowledge, I guess you through me
off misunderstanding
My mom's is having nightmare of me dying
Which devil is tryin' ta slit my throat I don't know
But meantimin' out in da world, a man might swear I'm
on some insane shhhh,
Put 'em in his own trunk and roll his ass off a f#@!n'
cliff
Try to understand my mind body and soul
Everything is still cool, but try to snatch you get ya
head blown

Chorus

Streetlife and the laws, Wise Guys are never wrong
Ain't nuttin' sweet,
Cross pendants to dirty kronze
Prepare for the worst, but if your grain don't miss
Dirty gauge supports my hip, wrap tools in
hankerchiefs
Infinite, Wise Guys are never wrong
Ain't nuttin' sweet,
Lye down flat just for da cause
Prepare for the worst, but if your grain don't miss
Dirty gauge supports my hip, wrap tools in
hankerchiefs

Verse 2

I'm standin' out ya gates wit all ya f'in' windows open
Look straight inside my eyes and see if dis kid here is

jokin'
Nothin' but darkness lookin' in now all your fear's are
open
I never eat meat that's one thing I'm not promotin'
Forget what he say
Get off da freeway, my rhyme ain't never going dat
way
So here what I say, your gettin' caught up in a knot
Watch what ya talkin', I'm puttin' kikos on da spot
Great minds think alike but you mind is different from
my mind
It's set like thirty three of bones going down ya spine
So what, a scawer pad to scrub da rust go call ya boss
I got somethin' to burn and turn dis 'ish into a holocost

Chorus

Verse 3

Line up a food, these fools is out to get served right up
da block
Already cocked and switched it off lock grab papers
and rocks
He kept the mudge in his socks
I glanced a glare of Roosters siren
It wasn't us the Rex is heat up, like movin' amos in the
mouth of madness
Right through da top where skulls crack
We smarter den dat, he's sprawled out on the flat of
his back
Deh scared just by day way deh rap and I ain't gotta
prove dat
Just by da way dat deh act with Infinite so wheel it back.

Chorus

(Outro)

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