

Poor Righteous Teachers "Gods, Earths And 85Ers"

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Featuring Nine

[Wise Intelligent]

Yeah

Know what I'm saying?

Wise Intelligent

Broadcasting live from the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro

Know what I'm saying?

Hip hop go wherever I go

For real

Poor Righteous Teachers represent

'96 off the hook we're dropping this hit kid

Watch

Lord how you be madam G peace God

Fuck frauds get yours kick ass leave scars

On Mars I built a school to study life on Earth

Thoughts burst, a million rappers murdered in the first
verse

Now what's than eating dirt, being buried alive

Put to death by surprise in the name of black gods

Ain't I most fly? Young pie don't cry

Dry the tears from your eye and your lover might live

Like to give, like to take, never making mistakes

All wise enjoying everything right and exact

Poor facts, pro-black, Donnelly Homes projects

Learn that time is the same on Casio or Rolex

Knowledge James, chapter two, verse one through six

But try not to judge a man by the price of his kicks

We'll often talk shit co-workers worse than accents

Cause you know Jersey runs things every time boy

Build destroy, Clinton must make noise

Enjoy the fruits of life, need the wife and my boys

My seed won't need for anything, trust me

Black man, 'nuff land, eight hundred acres of trees

Please the seven seas travel regularly

Degrees consciously study everywhere we be

Family daring he who talks enough shit

And come and get the stitch to fix the split of the lip

This status shit provide us

We call us straight civilizers

And true suppliers for Gods, Earths, and 85ers black

[Nine]

Whatever happened to the Gods and the Earths
They thirst for a pot of gold God worth his birth
Knowledge is worth more than diamonds
When the mind is shining, surprise us
Gods Earths and 85ers

(Dedicated to the Gods and the Earths) --> Raekwon
(Dip dip dive-a, civilize an 85er) --> Grand Puba

[Wise Intelligent]

Intelligent, twenty-three, now nineteen five
Hold the mic I'll rise right in front of your eyes
In here six years see what I felt every year
Oh yeah it's ninety-six I'm born and undestanding,
understood
Get the goods, build a school down south
In some remote location that nobody knows about
Teach, add on to the life that we live
God degree, twelve jewels, eat the foot that I give
No pig, strictly kosher mathematics and fact
Poor blacks on track mission to take the Earth back
Cause Whitey got it locked, that's why the whole
world's lost
We wearing crowns made of thorns and being put to
the cross
Lost souls futures told in the Dead Sea Scrolls
God reduced to a savage lacking soul control
Talking lots of shit about his drugs and guns
Several daughters, 'nuff sons, ain't trying to raise
none, yo
Whoa-ho-ho, let me slow up with the flow
Can't move too quick because niggas got to know
The duty of the civilized is to civilize the uncivilized
And make the world recognize
That God is Wise, and Wise is God to the death
And back to life, you Lazarus and I'm the Christ
The fouth coming, like a thief in the night
The wave of light, the key to everlasting life
That shit provide us, to call us straight civilizers
And true suppliers for Gods, Earths, and 85ers y'all

[Nine]

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x2

[Wise Intelligent]

Since I've been away I've been thinking about
How gunslingers turned singers and black culture went
out

Wake up all you teachers tired of teaching and wait
Grass roots, pass truth into the ears of black youths
Watch me talk the talk and walk the walk right now
As mystic as it seems, I bring for real to your dream
seeing

Midnight marauder got it dipped off the block drug
Street niggas bug cause they know we do it for the love
We rose above every limit that they said we had
Who loves your ass enough to strictly educate the
mass?

Come get your cash, fill your mind with swine and dash
For longevity, these niggas we will never be
You will remember we from now till forever gee

I am infinity, lyrics flowing endlessly
You ain't no friend to me so don't even pretend to be
Like O.J. Simpson be sleeping with the enemy
I call you out and make the world know your ass is
lacking

Quoting some lessons but see no parts of
understanding

You standing under my rain, snow, sleet, hail and
thunder

That's why you wonder what's causing this to exist
I raise the mist, distill the myths of many currents
Don't be determined except to life forget the death
Nevertheless you're being blessed cause I'm who God
is

Don't know the time niggas must be wearing Guess
watches

Hands on your boxes, turn 'em up like seven notches
Your Magnavoxes amplify my super conscious
Shit providers, we'll call us straight civilizers
And true suppliers for Gods, Earths, and 85ers y'all

Hold it down kid and you don't stop
P.R.T. represent shop

There's a new set of rules you shall all have to abide by
And the non-lyrical shall be terminated

