

Poor Righteous Teachers "Word Iz Life"

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Wise Intelligent]

Yo turn the mic down a little
Yo
Yeah

Word haha
Poor Righteous Teachers y'all
You know what I'm saying?

Just like knowledge is infinite
I'm God and I'm living it
Giving it all that I've got
Shots lick and Bic lighters flick
I strike a pose strike my mic with these flows
Am I nice? I suppose
Heaven knows I'm on some other shit
Sisters and shows call me boombastic
I feel I'm dime-blasted
Stamp on it girl, I'm telling you
For truly strong like that's the God that's in me
She was my agony, and no idea, see
I educate you through the teacher in me
There ain't no reefer in me
One swig of malt licquor end a nigga
I touch the mic and universally greet
Rising earths with peace
And you know how I'm like that
Do this for blacks stranded in projects
Cashing welfare checks, we gots to do what we gots to
My peoples flip for the slang I spit
Shots ring, I trip, grip this plastic
I gots to stay refined, body and mind
Poor Righteous Teachers, word is life
Stay refined, body and mind
Poor Righteous Teachers, word is life

Word is bond, (word) word is life
And word is life, (word) my word is life
(x3)

(Word is my life G)

I sip a bottle of tonic, strictly Zion root
Ginseng and juice, chew sticks I chew
We watch lecture spots, shake hands with the ock
Heads'll clap non-stop, dock and yes give props
Hip hop fly on top all blacks up on lock
P.R.T. crew drops life in your head-top
One hundred thirty seven one third miles per hour
I put your planet in continuous revolution
Penetrate, dry mist from a lake
Create rain, snow, sleet, hail and earthquakes
Snowflakes under the surface of the spot that you
stand
See God is a man, and you can't deny that
I set it off, let it off it pops
Fuck track backdrops for fat raps I rock
Knowledge, me going deaf kiss the sky like Meth
Rise above earthly matters watch the truth undress
I saw the moon turn to blood, watch the sun go black
Sisters crying come back, cause now the whole world
lacks science
Recognize the infinite size
Poor Righteous Teachers, word is life

Word is bond, (word) word is life
And word is life, (word) my word is life
(x3)
(Word is my life G)

Back in the day before the words became flesh
Poor Righteous Teachers ran shit in a triple stage of
blackness
I spat the spit fact this chick gave birth
To black gods on earth, cause I be cream of the planet
G
You notice me, freaking shit like Jodeci
Who the fuck you supposed to be? Siegfried and Wise
Love outburst mercy if my word ever fail
I accepted death I saw through my words being false
Splendid way of life, knowledge and wisdom complete
Understanding, over-standing on this Superman beat
Poor Righteous Teachers sat back
Saw what it was that y'all lack
Culture designed the attack
We got one Clark for the track
Set it off it's bond, true
Word is bond
I got my cellular phone cause the wisdom's calling
Keep 'em refined, body and mind
They'll forever love Wise, word is life

Word is bond, (word) word is life
And word is life, (word) my word is life
(x3)

(Word is my life G

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