

## Noreaga F/ Big Punisher, Cam'Ron, The Lox, Nature "Wordsmith"

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Perfection  
flawless masterpiece, no mistakes  
Back in the 1800s I was burned at the stake  
Metaphor Mephistopheles  
Degrees I've achieved  
The brain fluid it takes to believe  
would equal the seven seas  
I could reveal the true name of God  
But you would go insane upon hearing it  
Release enough winds to  
blow down pyramids  
I'm the Michelangelo of syllable  
Since I freestyle  
Genesis been biblical  
That's something you got to give in to

(Verse I)  
Since born in my mama's vaginal sauna  
As a sonogram, I've been fond of phonics  
It's ironic, even as an embryonic  
Fed through an umbilical  
don't that sound biblical?  
I've been a terror  
Since I teareth out of the uterus  
Because evil plans were made to defeat us  
As a fetus  
Though now I walk in infamy  
As a child they had it in for me  
Was raised with guns in infantry  
In diapers and in infancy  
The childhood of a hood  
that was raised in the hood  
Cops said "put your hands in the hot sky"  
I put my hands down on the hot hood  
I can't whine or drink wine  
Nine planets planned it  
'Til it became apparent  
My parents shouldn't have been a parent  
State to state we ran some  
I wasn't worth no ransom  
Money, won't you hand some?

A nigga wasn't handsome  
Raise the mind like Charles Manson's  
New I was some man's son  
But which one?  
That made me strong  
created my poison tongue...

## CHORUS

(Verse II)  
Why you cut school?  
Cause you ain't feel too good  
I cut school  
cause my cuts ain't heal too good  
Through all the physical abuse  
My mind escaped  
through the gift of wordplay  
I memorized encyclopaedias and dictionaries  
I wrote anthems from antonyms  
Harmonies from homonyms  
Created cinema from synonyms  
Was livid to eliminate  
that illustrious life you're livin' in  
Wrote rhetorical in rhythms  
Made rhymes out of religion  
Use a prefix as a crucifix  
Or suffocate you with a suffix  
Wrote lectures so infectious  
They're known to infect the listeners  
Who dissin' us?  
Yo punks you wait - I punctuate  
My karma's the comma  
That put you inside of a coma  
Hyphen, semi-colon, dot, dot  
Leave you semi-swollen  
Question: You pregnant?  
Oh you're not? I love you, Period.  
To sum it up, language is my essence  
Fucked up in all my adolescence  
Till my Mom's was out of lessons  
Laws, I store convenient  
Still I rob a convenience store  
Love Mom, Fuck Mom  
Shit, I don't love me no more  
Mentally it didn't register, bitch  
Empty the register, bitch  
You just a cashier, bitch  
Give the cash, here  
Or I'll shoot you in your cabbage  
Hijack a getaway cab, bitch  
Words ain't makin' me no loot

Don't change now Dow Jones average  
Regardless, we're Godless  
They stole my innocence  
In a sense, the judge sentenced me  
To 3 lifetimes sentences  
To put my life in times and sentences  
Art my dark archnemesis  
They want me off the premises  
That's what the premise is  
Locked on a tier  
where you can't shed a tear at  
I studied more Shakespeare  
Than any African can shake a spear at  
And the whole world fears that  
And it hurts  
I got caught for killing time  
But then I got with words

#### CHORUS

(Bridge)  
People can say whatever they want about me  
But agree that I am the Wordsmith  
They can try to ignore everything that I've achieved  
But agree that I am the Wordsmith  
I am the Wordsmith  
The love of words is deep in my brain  
Must be to silence my pain  
I am the Wordsmith

(Verse III)  
I'm in a game full of morons  
And they keep putting more on  
I tutor the Torah  
I'm in the core of the Qu'aran  
The mind's what I represent  
And mc's better re-present  
I'm taking this rappin' bullshit  
to the fullest extent  
I have reservations  
why Indians are on reservations  
Told that board of education  
I was bored of education  
As far as this go  
I leave you deader than Disco  
Rocking sex and violence  
Over sax and violins  
Through your minds camera lens  
You're in need of an ambulance  
I'll knock you to the asphalt  
It's your own ass fault

Your last thought  
I'll never sell my self short to be famous  
And taking it up the anus just ain't us  
The world could get the penis  
Of this classically trained pianist  
My P.O. was p.o.'d  
Handed me a cup, told me to "pee in this"  
The linguist musician  
My college position is that my intuition  
Told me I wouldn't be affordin' tuition  
My education's all on my own  
I might have been born yesterday  
But I rhyme like there's no tomorrow...

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