

Mr. Lif / Edan

"Get Wise '91"

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[Verse 1: Edan]

I be the E to the D-lux, A to the N-fo
All you businessmen ain't saying it again
I got rhymes galore, much more than your
Rap dinosaur, poor self-claimed connoisseurs
Literature hurts when dealing with short skirts
Never fess technique immaculate and effortless
The top of Mount Everest, yes the best bet
Express non-stop, all aboard to the core
Raw relaxor, for the fact you're
Craving, paving this route just like a tractor
Taking the time, to be making a rhyme
Equivalent to a prevalent shrine
That's dedicated to the utmost elevated
Whether it's off the top or pre-meditated
Listener elixir my words be medicated
The verbs regenerated, the crowd was animated
If you're evaluating me, what would it be?
Number 1, 2, or 53?
Well it really don't make a fucking difference to me
Cause I'll be doing this for eternity
Learn to be the best MC that's steps ahead
Didn't have a plan, so you was left for dead
Didn't have a van so you rode your bicycle
Birth and death is just a part of the life cycle
Watching a ball game you want to be like Michael
But he can't be you, that ain't see through
That's the true facts don't idolize him
Lace up your kicks bust your ass to the gym
Develop your skills, explore and work hard
Know yourself and never desert God
Cause that's the free force, the infinite resource
I used to eat spaghetti with tomato and meat sauce
Now I rock veggies with the sauteed tofu
Demolishing a pimp politician 'cause I'm supposed to

[Verse 2: Mr. Lif]

So here's where it starts, I rip apart charts and break
hearts
Balance book knowledge with street smarts
A man from your fleet thoughts he's found he's fucking

fickle

Pass the sickle (chill) here's a riddle: now who abuses
money from taxes?

Makes a law then seals it from the people to make sure
that it passes

Using evil's axis to access to all become fascists

Using our greatest fears to lash us

(Usher?) No another sucker, he's got a bottom lip and
no upper

Coming from the state down under

(Tess?) Yeah she had a real good time there with her
salt and pepper hair

Sending brothers to the chair

(Bush!) Yeah you guessed it

I could smell the dawn of armageddon when this dick
was elected

Anger stored in hangars, weapons and propaganda

Conveyed via camera penetrate the slander

Those who dove into the pot that's melting

But waited eternally in line for a helping

You step before your turn, they bite your fucking hand
like the ??? worms

Breaking you down with more germs

Disease is corrosive, light is highly explosive

Rhymes are cock and loaded, niggaz oppose Lif

I'm wrecking your dome while I'm escaping your focus

So pick your savior nigga: Jesus, Michael, or Joseph

I played when I was younger but those days have
passed

(Yo what you do now?) I rip frames and laugh

I'm bombing your set like I'm a poet

Four heads from four feds who got dizzy once they saw
dreads

Yeah they represent power

It means that when you come too hard at me I'm going
to charge you by the hour

They bonded together and now they're strong
presumably

My locks are proof that there is strength in unity

So now it's possible, I'm the son probable I see through
all the bull

While you're in the huddle call the audible

Stop and realize you're the captain of a ship that has
capsized

Words from a brother who raps wise

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