

# Word From the Wise

## Poor Righteous Teachers

I think we should do this I self lord and my methods of droppin' mental  
Simple, yet very complicatedly I place it  
Poor Righteous Teachers speaking of what was spoken in their bible (what?)  
And now them calling me a racist (damn)  
I cram to understand their weak and wicked way of livin  
Man was given law not religion, C-Free - you's be know Wise be ain't sellin em fantasy  
(Word is my life, G)  
Most def-inately PRT means never down  
We're up with the kings and crowns  
Not clowns  
No blue eyes or blond hair is over here  
And now inserting sex and fear  
But why must I be a racist for turning people to the truth?  
Direct from a tree called life  
When I strive to be the best that I can be and best for me is G -  
PRT, the pure real type  
I self lord and my every day aggravation, meditating  
Awaiting on the way to get away  
Not run son, the son of man can't stand this land  
Where blacks stay symbolic to the prey  
Oh me (oh my) why I can't deny that Wise and the teachers were lost  
But that was then and this is now  
(How?) can one say false is what the Gods were taught  
You silly pigeon  
Wise be ain't dealing with no religion, brothers listen  
Only them comprehend pure fact from a brother that loves being black  
Fact - negativity can't win, limit sin  
Tell the others their time is done (yo)  
No need for cooking that ass in the sun  
And Wise's life is just begun  
And my desires to have some fun  
I self lord and the PRT posse feel it  
Death - for all you brothers out there selling weak shit  
Dip - is my hip hop so I drop the profane  
Cause thats the only way they'll understand it  
If - I was to say 'yo black stop selling crack'  
No I don't think a single soul would listen  
But - if I was to riff bum rush and start dissin'  
I'd give you total comprehension

Cause all them wants to see is violence and negativity  
But the problem is lack of unity  
Black is black regardless to what state your from  
You're wrong, and you're blind deaf and dumb  
Why can't we say 'to hell with the red white and blue'?  
The green black and red's coming through  
Teachin what was taught by those that teach we teachers  
And civilizes all the black kidsI self lord and my musical way of building  
Willing - to speak the power to the people  
Equal - only to ones self because ones self be but a brother  
Others is the fact that I be legal  
'See ya' - what I may say when I be steppin  
Off into the projects called Divineland  
Why stand around and watch the king that wears the crown?  
You can be down with the get down sound  
As if the gift was simply trying to lift  
The moral standards of the people - my people  
To whom there's not another people equal - to the lost and found  
Hmm - a brief sign of meditation  
Fakin - moves a brother can't cope  
Dope - one deaf one dumb one blind  
Now is it funky now, nope  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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