

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-initely 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 that's 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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