

# Gods Earths And 85ers

## Poor Righteous Teachers

[Wise Intelligent]

Yeah  
Know what I'm saying?  
Wise Intelligent  
Broadcasting live from the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro  
Know what I'm saying?  
Hip hop go wherever I go  
For real  
Poor Righteous Teachers represent  
'96 off the hook we're dropping this hit kid  
Watch

Lord, how you be, madam G, peace God  
Fuck frauds, get yours, kick ass, leave scars  
On Mars I built a school to study life on Earth  
Thoughts burst, a million rappers murdered in the first verse  
Now what's than eating dirt, being buried alive  
Put to death by surprise in the name of black gods  
Ain't I most fly? Young pie don't cry  
Dry the tears from your eye and your lover might live  
Like to give, like to take, never making mistakes  
All wise enjoying everything right and exact  
Poor facts, pro-black, Donnelly Homes projects  
Learn that time is the same on Casio or Rolex  
Knowledge James, chapter two, verse one through six  
But try not to judge a man by the price of his kicks  
We'll often talk shit co-workers worse than accents  
Cause you know Jersey runs things every time boy  
Build destroy, Clinton must make noise  
Enjoy the fruits of life, need the wife and my boys  
My seed won't need for anything, trust me  
Black man, 'nuff land, eight hundred acres of trees  
Please the seven seas travel regularly  
Degrees consciously study everywhere we be  
Family daring he who talks enough shit  
And come and get the stitch to fix the split of the lip  
This status shit provide us  
We call us straight civilizers  
And true suppliers for Gods, Earths, and 85ers black

[Nine]

Whatever happened to the Gods and the Earths  
They thirst for a pot of gold God worth his birth  
Knowledge is worth more than diamonds  
When the mind is shining, surprise us  
Gods Earths and 85ers

[Raekwon] (Dedicated to the Gods and the Earths)

[Grand Puba] (Dip dip dive-a, civilize an 85er)

[Wise Intelligent]

Intelligent, twenty-three, now nineteen five  
Hold the mic I'll rise right in front of your eyes  
In here six years see what I felt every year  
Oh yeah it's ninety-six I'm born and undestanding, understood

Get the goods, build a school down south  
In some remote location that nobody knows about  
Teach, add on to the life that we live  
God degree, twelve jewels, eat the foot that I give  
No pig, strictly kosher mathematics and fact  
Poor blacks on track mission to take the Earth back  
Cause Whitey got it locked, that's why the whole world's lost  
We wearing crowns made of thorns and being put to the cross  
Lost souls futures told in the Dead Sea Scrolls  
God reduced to a savage lacking soul control  
Talking lots of shit about his drugs and guns  
Several daughters, 'nuff sons, ain't trying to raise none, yo  
Whoa-ho-ho, let me slow up with the flow  
Can't move too quick because niggas got to know  
The duty of the civilized is to civilize the uncivilized  
And make the world recognize  
That God is Wise, and Wise is God to the death  
And back to life, you Lazarus and I'm the Christ  
The fouth coming, like a thief in the night  
The wave of light, the key to everlasting life  
That shit provide us, to call us straight civilizers  
And true suppliers for Gods, Earths, and 85ers y'all

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(2x)

[Wise Intelligent]

Since I've been away I've been thinking about  
How gunslingers turned singers and black culture went out  
Wake up all you teachers tired of teaching and wait  
Grass roots, pass truth into the ears of black youths  
Watch me talk the talk and walk the walk right now  
As mystic as it seems, I bring for real to your dream seeing  
Midnight marauder got it dipped off the block drug  
Street niggas bug cause they know we do it for the love  
We rose abouve every limit that they said we had  
Who loves your ass enough to strictly educate the mass?  
Come get your cash, fill your mind with swine and dash  
For longevity, these niggas we will never be  
You will remember we from now till forever gee  
I am infinity, lyrics flowing endlessly  
You ain't no friend to me so don't even pretend to be  
Like O.J. Simpson be sleeping with the enemy  
I call you out and make the world know your ass is lacking  
Quoting some lessons but see no parts of understanding  
You standing under my rain, snow, sleet, hail and thunder  
That's why you wonder what's causing this to exist  
I raise the mist, distill the myths of many currents  
Don't be determined except to life forget the death  
Nevertheless you're being blessed cause I'm who God is  
Don't know the time niggas must be wearing Guess watches  
Hands on your boxes, turn 'em up like seven notches  
Your Magnavoxes amplify my super conscious  
Shit providers, we'll call us straight civilizers

And true suppliers for Gods, Earths, and 85ers y'all

Hold it down kid and you don't stop  
P.R.T. represent shop

There's a new set of rules you shall all have to abide by  
And the non-lyrical shall be terminated