

I'm Comin' Again

Poor Righteous Teachers

[Wise Intelligent]
God still shall commence
To show and prove, thy third a power of Wise, Intelligence
Wise, G's-comin-again-again-and-again
Watch the move, ghetto move
Ruffly rough, smoothly smove
Yes some do wanna know why we state the lyrics that are... fresh
What's the time, black man's time
There's no need axe me that
Why I'm an original teacher just for being that of black
Follow me now see... see I be puttin
Those that ain't in place and placin that be good and plenty
See God be on that road that leads to mastering one-twenty
From who's the original man to how far's Pluto from the sun
Uphold the weight of earth and that's, six sextillion tons
These devils lying to blacks so through the teacher truth will
come
The black man's God, what's grafted is devil
And Jesus not Christian
The sun the seven the moon the star there's sixteen shades to black
The proper education, ay, consider me exact
You lack you lose you lose you lost the knowledge of yourself
And if you don't know who you are, you won't know no-one else
I'm comin' again, Wise G's comin-again-again-and-again
Ahh, ease up ahh yes a lot!
[laughter]
Stop that