

Teacher's Trademark

Snowgoons

Wise Intelligent
Poor Righteous Teacher
Snowgoons
Dirty Jerz, Germany connect
This how's 'bout to happen

Sick of them trick turn insignificant talk
Robbing and killing them of teacher trademark
Cool, unscrupulous gangsta I fear not
So they murmur a teacher without second thought

"I control the stage since the golden age" - Edo G 'Claimin' Respect 2'

Remember knick knack patty wack give a dog a bone?
No, don't give 'em nothin' but the fo' fifth chrome
A muzzle, knuckles, some tribulation and trouble
Lean on his scheme until his punk ass crumble
Humble, hustle, Timothy never tumble
Any hood that I come through, rappers call me they uncle
And if I'm repping my jungle, Dirty Jerz in ya house
Sit thirty birds on ya couch, put more than words in they mouth
I'm that spinner who sips a fifth of cherry wine in his whip
I quote a scripture, paint a clear picture 'bout how this shit gon' get ya
Get ya wide like sister's thighs when they welcoming Wise
Or they eyes when they surprised by the rotten' insides
But besides my se**** powers I was just fucking with ya
Switch the issue, I had some issues so I copped me a pistol
Yet I'm peace, repping the east Redbrick City and such
We were skinny can not get any niggas give me they lunch

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I'm going downtown baby, your street in the Dodge Viper
Call me the Pied Piper, I got ya chick to follow
I got the nickle hollows, I get the pickle swallow
I tell a copper, "Listen, I ain't Amadou Diallo."
[?] I say many bottles, Dolce Gabbana models
I makes 'em wobble wobble
Watch how they shake and drop it
Cop it, if it's MC's on the topic
Negros believe I'm a prophet, critics agree but they knock it
Till I put g's in they pocket
Cock this heater and pop it
Watch it, Redbrick City bet it to a buck fifty
She wanna fuck skinny, up in the truck with me
Bend over bump with me, never suck a slut titties
Mind on this money see this money is mine
This might sound funny but I'm still wonderful with the rhyme
You see I'm still independent and defending my grind
So while you clapping that iron out I'll be perfectly fine, ya dig?

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Uh oh, heads up cause I'm dropping some shit
How any topic ya pick when I'm on top of ya mix I like it
Mid tempo when my shit go on your instrumental
Yeah still it ain't that simple, to be this influential [?]
Intelligently yet eccentrically live
I pack big guns when I ride, who like to see if I'm lying?
I pop up every so often costing MC's their jobs
But why the fuck were they high? They're narcoleptically tired
Money managed way lacking talent most artistically challenged
Preacher balanced between the talent and the marketing dollars
[?] should be popping they collars, stop and holler
You never find a rhymer hotter than him
The talented Tim
Taylor don't be hating on them
Well fuck it I am, don't be overrating 'em then
The paper the pen
The tools of which I use to ascend when tagging my name
Trying to get my foot in the game

[Hook: Wise Intelligent]

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