

# Fisherman

RZA

No one knows for whom the bell tolls  
Or how many souls does the hell hold?  
You find a soul it's more precious than gold  
Some get bought some get lost some sold but

No one knows for whom the bell tolls  
Or how many souls does the hell holds  
As we strive for these diamonds and Gold  
A lot of lessons unfold

The Great Fishermen the fisher of men  
Try to make a remedy for the elixir of sin  
Premonition, we need Divine Intervention  
The whole world is staged so it's time for intermission  
In the middle of the Congo Jungle there's a combo  
Of concentrated elements that makes the world phones glow  
But they got a small zone for the phone though  
We use to communicate banging on the bongo  
When the village was more motherly and brotherly  
And the Dutch came through and killed them off for the rubber tree  
King Leopold, city built from a sea of Gold  
The Rza rector still trading on a silky road  
Someone told us to grow up and get your doe up  
So uh we invested inside the blow rush  
That was the late 80's Goldrush  
DMD, Rec posse, Gladiators had to it sowed up  
Crazy how we changed the quota just by adding baking soda  
Taking over streets and codas Like Ford making motors  
Motorolas, Toyota, Corollas... coke in cans of folgers  
Market starts to skyrocket pockets start to bulge up  
Until the price of life was less than the cost of a  
Box of rice too many black youths locked in a box for life...

I wanna go home!  
It wasn't worth the sacrifice

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Or how many souls does the hell hold's  
As we strive for these diamonds and gold  
Many lost they selves on the side of the road

No one knows for whom the bell tolls  
Or how many souls that the hell holds  
As we travel down these unknown roads a lot of stories get told

You try to escape from this verbal beat down but you can't get way  
Your handicap rap got wheelchairs waiting on a jetway  
Peg leg egg head this bar is just a seg-way into my point  
I don't write rhymes I write essays. You on the borderline trying to figure  
me out like a Ese  
Caliente senorita they love me like besame  
La mucho my dog wilder than Cujo making doe inside my dojo bankroll fatter t  
han a sumo  
Rza regulate time and space of your mindscape  
Old royal relics being left inside Divine's safe  
Combo to the combination seven 15 domination  
Your mom should've aborted you to spare you from the abomination

Gravel pit hits the judge slams the gavel  
Scrambling for three-letter words to express the rhyme scrabble  
Babble on armed like it's confused people in Babylon  
Colorful like a box of crayons or sportswear in paragon  
Voice unique as Sarah Vaughn I mix the turmeric with the tarragon  
While raveling in South of France with Frankie we was heading down to Avalon  
With two Femme Fatale knapsacks backpacking like a couple of vagabonds  
Je m'appel Rza Rector MC bone collector  
Telekinetic reflect, your strong threats like my name was Vector  
Now back in USA in the back of a black escalade with 4 female security legal  
ly getting paid to spray

But no one knows for whom the bell tolls  
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Many lost themselves on the side of the road

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As we travel down these unknown roads, a lot of stories get told