

# B-Real, Coolio, Busta Rhymes, LL Cool J, Method Man

## "Blowgun"

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[sample]

These men are usually from low to middle class  
backgrounds

These men are usually intelligent  
Most experienced at killing trials  
Typically, they wage the war on instinct

[Intro: Dots \*overlaps sample\*]

Yo yo yo yo yo it's ya man Dots  
The Descendent Of The Sun  
with my man B Nazty, rippin' the Blowgun  
Nahmean? We about to experiment with y'all niggaz  
Strengthen ya minds a bit, nahmean?  
Want y'all niggaz to hold tight  
Strap on y'all seatbelts

[Bronze Nazareth]

In a hooded monk robe stands a genius with the gift  
Mics full, spread the gospel like Mae Ford Smith  
Centuries will speak of deeds of the goblin's fist  
who hobbled swift, and slid off like toboggans on  
candlesticks  
Bronze, offer the lotus, truncate MCs at the wrist  
Steal their hands and preserve 'em in case I get  
arthritis  
Bite this, you won't exist as if Mary had an abortion  
Death grip, push the sword in, your writing hand's  
foreskin  
Your hymen phalanges, nigga mine write rigormortis  
Germinated outside, but in the hood like the clitoris  
This is, sound tones with a chrome javelin thrown  
through the clavicle bone  
Causin' the tetanus syndrome, thin chrome vocal cords  
Knock hurricanes off course golf club swing force  
Sound like the cling of my swords! {\*Cling noise\*}  
Bio-kinetic menace, cryogenic defenseless entrance  
Digest 7 volumes of Guinness finish the witness  
This strength caused California's deadly shifting plates  
New York's blizzards, Florida's hurricanes, and  
Michigan's lakes

[Chorus x2: Dots]

Aiyo, Bronze got the Blowgun  
Blow one, flow holes in ton  
Impact cracks ya ass son  
Access Bronze through the thoughts of the weapon  
bitch  
Poison ya mind, lab contaminated through messages

[Bronze Nazareth]

Abominable, throw blades through the abdominal  
Dope laced in audio, lyric cylindrical  
Bushido style, vessels blow, mic-phone crack the flight  
zone  
Rule's Gun, verbal Atilla Hun, shatter ear bone  
Poison pen, even rip the ven  
Lingual oxygen, paint pictures like a modern day  
Arnold Bocklin  
Fireball, legend of the fall, eat with Apostle Paul  
Hear behemoths call, peace to demons in the negro  
halls  
Eat off the table of elements, I circumvent  
Throw on the chrome vest, slap Merlin, steal the amulet  
Fencing with a dragon head sword, sharp as treble  
clefs  
Babies steal cat's breath, I banged lady Macbeth  
Then sat in Gla-mis writing next to carved monoliths  
A novelist, scientific, horrific, mystic, chauvenistic  
48th Ronin caught clonin' an omen infant  
Electric esophagus, kiss the moon, wave to Artemis  
Gather bricks, write sick scripts in my abode  
Rock King Arthur's robe at the table of segmented  
globe

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Dots]

Y'all niggaz better throw on ya raincoats and shit  
Nahmean? We 'bout to prosper  
We 'bout to reign like kingdoms, yanahmean?  
We 'bout to rain like storm clouds  
Y'all niggaz had better put y'all swords down  
Yanahmean? Get ready for the comin'  
It's ya man Dots, with Bronze Nazareth/B Nazty  
Yanahmean? 3 strikes, I'm out, one

[sample]

Many Americans when they think of a killer  
they will think of a classy eyed uniform  
A monster, someone who acts that way will carry it out  
And yet the typical killer is extraordinarily ordinary

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