

Al Martino

"Blowgun"

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{*sounds of kung fu fighting*}

"Hold it! Your swordwork is really advanced!"

[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]

Yo it be the Bronze man back in this shit

Yo some of y'all niggaz might know me as The Entity

But either way I don't want niggaz on the walls to this shit

Niggaz better get the fuck up in this shit right here

Yo I'ma show y'all motherfuckers how to damage shit man

Yo we know how to break shit

[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

[Chrous x2: Bronze Nazareth]

Aiyo, Bronze got the Blowgun

Blow one, echo through the stadium
Fatal Spartan, graze one
Bullet lung, darts poison tip
Rip off the tongue
Even killing the radius, of Achilles calcaneous

[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]

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