

Bronze Nazareth

"Aim at M.C.'s"

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[Bronze Nazareth] Yo it's the mixtape bitch, guard your life I spit like the mandible, sharp as a knife Sit like Chris Reeves and study, Aim At M.C.'s Sit like Chris Reeves, study, Aim At M.C.'s Apparition in the booth, John Brown Eagle talents rain from me in the cirrus cloud Hope in his ? Dope in his desolate pockets Don't put the world in his hands he might drop it Then blackness, Bronze might run this rap shit If I can get my packets wrapped up in plastics Snatch up the asses, lung verse that crash kid Scrape up your double helix, just like new shuttle pieces Swarm with Killa Beez, still had a cold summer Gone 'Til November, still came home to fuck her Still in the picture frame, rockin' the Sampson May Dabble with ample reign, my brain stains your brain Like the Zodiac, slave chains ain't hold me back Handcuffs your threat and now fuck Judge Jordan Whine like the Spartans when blood just pours in Whine like the Spartans nigga, blood just pours in

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