

## Bronze Nazareth

### "Bended Knee to the Man Upstairs"

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[Bronze Nazareth] Yo the street planter, meat hand,  
the pursuit grammar Residue scanned my black  
camera Brother maracas shined at this gossip, life  
exploding tunnel I sleep puddles and neat potholes  
Which Bush got clothes like Kennedy head songs?  
Instead of me dead zone Fled chrome crashes, now  
I'ma blow axis off 'Cause no cash is caught, from not  
black bosses Often I'm off this planet, sing a song like  
daughter Janet How cocaine grows and my brain  
thinking off planting I feel the dreams go to seal is my  
scheme To path rocks like \_\_, OJ passed mountain cops  
Fountain tops quench thirst, bent verbs blew my high  
She so beautiful, I lick from cuticle to thigh But she'll  
never be mine Devilish grin with a heavenly mind Step  
on landmines, damn mines, it been a ling trip And I'm  
not sure I've made it yet My baby's sweat 'cause I'm  
onboard 7/24 She don't see through my lenses or  
through my expenses In bended knee prayers to the  
man upstairs With camera glares in my mirrors No  
insurance, flee the scene with no disturbance Hope the  
cops don't come searching I'm urging for a pay raise  
All I'ma have to say raise Hell until the Devil steals my  
soul And peals my goal From my future, how they shoot  
you cousin, son I'm bugging Say bye to another one, hi  
to her grandson With no figure father, the street  
boggler even elite role model This hole swallow pit-bull,  
the figure-four model Time fall back in a labyrinth To  
face the daggers when you're staggering through life  
like a \_ Asking for change and flagging down cabs Buy  
them bottles in bags that's under abdomens Put on  
your walking shoes, boy we travelling

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