

## **Bronze Nazareth**

### **"Black Royalty"**

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]

Yeah... (all our ghetto children)

Black Royalty, kid...

Soak your soul in it, baby...

We had many questions (we love ya'll)

Black Royalty, yo, yo

[Bronze Nazareth]

Royal golden, watch my inner soul flowing

Like leaves in a galilee, current towards the ocean

Grab it and smoke one, but don't overdose lungs

I'll trade you these scriptures, if you hand me your  
guns

Made it for students in the school of life

I could write a sunray, author of full moon's light

My words are suiters to a broken future

That stitch skies together, lift you to God, when we lose  
ya

I speak planets, think marbles, deep pharoahs

Bleed messages, tell the welfare kids

Play Saturn's rings around a splattered kid's wig

Send him to Heaven's gates, to earn his severed wings

I great the fallen angels with a second chance

On the blankets of death, like winter Indian chants

My thoughts float through the city, homeless men  
heard me

Found more dreams in my rhymes, than that flask of  
wild turkey

Open and pour it, withdraw it, before we sipped it

Put his bottle in his coat and said "that kid is gifted"

Follow a spiral staircase into my brain wave

Count every step and see exactly where the pain lays

Aline my watch with a biological clock

Drag the moon into a womb, tell your child, you could  
watch

Then maybe you'll never leave, fatherless child as a  
seed

Black Royalty, our horns, my word crowned in habitat

On the black top, I spoke to Judas, he regreted that

Metal gat, my habits like fresh fleets of heroin

Look close, and saw the map of Detroit streets, in his

arm

The city climbed in that old picture of me in the frame  
And asked the man, if you should know, why the fuck I  
changed

Told him with no expression, words be on the page  
Written in goblins, ghosts & the hemoglobin, the slaves  
I drew blood in the shape of the Wu symbol  
Wrote rhymes with hieroglyphics, left a mystics with  
temples

Carefully build each bar, like I rather eat in jail  
Then smoke from the same plants, black magic used to  
hail

And blow the residue in the 9/11 wind direction  
Stranger than fiction, how those buildings stand as  
missing

Back in deep thought like a rich man now homeless  
Stroke the file like intern's hips and melted moments  
This is triumphant warrior over throw

Vivid like my face carved in black foot totem pole

They ask whose the Wu-Tang poet so graphic

They send him towards The Wisemen, and he came

The Nazareth

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