

Bronze Nazareth

"Bronze Naz-a-reth"

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth] Yo, it's the mixtape, nigga Get it, steal it from somebody, nigga Download it, fucking bootleg it, whatever you gotta do Nigga, get it, nigga, get it, Thought for Food Bronze Nazareth, get it, nigga, get it Fuck is wrong with you... Yo, carry grudges, yeah... yo, yeah, yeah [Bronze Nazareth] Yeah, carry grudges like it's my vengeance Bury hatchets like it's my business, my sentence blends Like fatigues in an Iraqi village, honest feelings I'm appealing Masters to catch this, Wu draft pick Alphabet classic, blast from lost address Where clouds stay black like Jackson State graduates Ask your saint advocate, who went through lashes from whips Bashed when they blasted the fifth Choke from what was green on the other side of the fence Fence with dragon head swords, mind bent, brag to the lord Old ragged and poor, stuffed the minotaur Blow up an MC synoguge, fuck you up Blame it on Bush and Powell, Uncle Tom's in the house Poppin' a bottle, rather be knockin' my model Then poppin' a hollow, and marshmallows, heart's fellow Dark vello's, plus they hear rocking metal And cop some petals, for the beggar when Chi Chi step through I bless you with murder slang, tattoo your vertebre Blade Trinity hurting fangs, we lurk and sting You know who it is, kid, I really mean it [Chorus: Bronze Nazareth] Bronze Naz-a-reth, he's coming for you Coming for you, coming for you, coming for you Bronze Naz-a-reth, I'm coming for you Coming for you, coming for you, coming for you, coming for you Bronze Naz-a-reth, I'm coming for you Coming for you, coming for you, coming for you, look out [Bronze Nazareth] Strangle angels cuz they not watching That's why no flowers in the ghetto blossom I peddle violence like my mind's sick with science, catch this tip hollow Catch this spit cyclone, I write poems and teach man And if I can't reach men, then atleast came from these lands Each hand is weathered, second to eighteenth letter Cipher sideways Z, rotated N By the second vowel, then you got Hebrew is him In a as spark classic, crack sodas with ratchets With classic flows like brothas to take you to Saturn Grateful dead

pattern, that came from lead cavern I break the bread
fastest, and wake the dead masses Put 'em to sleep
once they hear metal fragments Of imagination, fuck a
collaboration And my song statement's that travel to
space stations A great plane, mountain tundra,
fountains of thunder Vivid the boxer style like slippers
and socks Don't mix, like niggas and socks, like shiver
from hot Silence the air, cowards beware, I'm airing our
bitches here Fuck your great Brazilian, you bitch, buy
my album I strike like falcons, while the iron is hot
Firing shots that bring sirens and cops when my music
stop [Chorus] [sample from "The Bad and The
Beautiful"] The night before we started shooting, I
came back from Palm Springs I tried to sleep, I couldn't
I don't know what drew me to shooting, shooting,
shooting Shooting...

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