

Bronze Nazareth

"Dopest"

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[Bronze Nazareth] Yeah, Yeah, Word up Bronzeman
get your verses murdered, Then I sip the bourbon Mic
sit on blue fire, Blood sweat and live wire Fly niggas
from the bottom, Got up and shot one Octane, Plot til
your knot spun Run around tracks like Jesse Owens with
Human Growth Hormones Burying bones in Marion
Jones's ozones Flat line, Outline mics in black chalk
seven times Sever Devil's spines, I keep ??? the
treasure several times Pocketed dimes, Rocket rap
racketeering Probably yapping, Do a act of
disappearing Bury you next door under the water floor
Where the crack smoke will carry you to Hell's fifth
ward Ziploc raw skunk you can smell from Texas to
Florida Not begging you for revenue, I'd rather pop up
and pop two Shells in your mineral spirit Got ties to
killers who played Monopoly series Who the dopest,
Call the canines Fools is hopeless, Dreaming of grave
signs Come in the door and lick the brownie five times
Throw lines like Charles Bronson pull knives Swing at
dark jungles, Art rumbles through the mind Part fades,
Like Moses in the Red Sea Specialist quick quoting, The
rescue too deadly Let em die, All bets aside Body
floating in the Detroit River high noon July Black Day like
the clouds is made of crack day We the dopest, Raw
black tar heroin tracks Scare air when it hits, The Moon
lunar eclipse I'll low reimage your clips, I wrote
Hemingway scripts Bodies float to Heaven leave the
slow to witness Rap Massacre Day and tight rope
fitness Meth heads get clean off one sniff Of the dope
shit I provoke, Stroke the heart wondress One fifth in
my lung sip gun metal from the Brunswick Til it's done
smoke Bronze blunts with the berry or the honey dip
[Hook 6X: unknown singer] As a matter of fact the
dopest niggas you ever wanted to fuck with

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