

Bronze Nazareth

"Good Morning"

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]

Yeah... you know..

Aight... yo..

Knowimsayin, let me walk through the yards... yo.

[Bronze Nazareth]

Let me walk you through the yards where life is truly
hard

On the pathway, from a disease that ashtray

All day, we on the grind like Monday

Just let me smoke my insence, life is intense

Like the Black Day in July..

Excuse me, mam, I'm just try'nna get by

Just try'nna get past these souls that fly

Like the bullets down my way, hoes around my way

Souls is drowning in the dead sea of sex and Alize

Look out for the dead children, maybe you'll find hope

Sitting in the building, around a plate of that coke

Damage your mammo-grammy, we see what's in your
heart

On the road to nowhere, the boulevard; Rosa Parks

Those are sharks, wake up, cause the jakes up

Just try'nna reach for his goal, he reach for his gun

It ain't no Tums when the heart burns like the sun

Tears for the whine, sims, this can't be life

Flowers for sale, half off the funeral price

Rock skip accross lungs, family are stunned

Good morning, the flute plays my song of sorrow

Today we got hope, but what about tomorrow?

Good afternoon, still blast the same tune

Good evening, thief Steve was his demon

[Chorus 2X: Bronze Nazareth]

He came screaming, like "Blaow! Nigga fuck ya life"

Good night, sometimes hell seems kinda nice

She came tears, screaming, like why they take his life?

Kissed his forehead in the coffin, good night

[Bronze Nazareth]

Float through the day, like heroin in the veins

Of a mad sinner, from whiskey to a bad liver

It's mad different, when he trying on my shoes
Maybe they learn in turn, that I don't wanna breathe
booze
And they don't wanna sell birds, bricks & bodily germs
Just try'nna reach our goals, so we reach for what burns
And I probably know I'm wrong, but it's the same old
song
On the radio playlist, how the sales made him famous
And you probably wouldn't see us, just as niggaz &
felons
Maybe you'll find promise in a box of ego talents
Maybe you'll see dreams in the eyes of the fiends
And the tray green for green, is the best way, it seems
Now we ain't say we innocent, angels, or preacher's
sons
But you slap my hand away whenever I reach for funds
Anger and pain, take a bang of the George brain
On the train to nothingness, with wilther mere dreams
It ain't no time, when freedom is on the clock
You'll either join your sports team or I'll bench press a
glock
Good morning, I guess we never broke the slavery
bonds
Cause I came out the precinct with the same chains on
Good afternoon, I'm still laughing at the moon
Good evening, we all poured our liquor out grieving
Poured our liquor grieving..

[Chorus 2: Bronze Nazareth]

Psalm pulled a pipe, like wait, I love life
Good night, sometimes you die after you see the light
He shot to the side like last night's dice
Missed the man on purpose, cause he regained his
sight
Psalm pulled a pipe, like wait, I love life
Good night, sometimes you die after you see the light
He shot to the side like Antonio McDyess
Missed the man on purpose, cause he regained his
sight

[Outro: Bronze Nazareth]

And that's how it goes, when it goes how it goes..

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