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## Bronze Nazareth "Sigh"

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[Bronze Nazareth] Aiyo, moms took his breath, cigarette burns on his hand Witches said his face resemble that of an old man How can such fury, just happen again They said he never smiled, and barely talked, remember his grin And it's a shame, I'm not to bugged out by this Cuz it's a normal occurance, in my circumference Kids litter the streets like confetti after parades And ya'll talk about cars, clothes and platinum chains Like you couldn't with fair life, instead of chasing these dreams I stare at the rotten slim beams, hitting the ceilings This girl wants diamonds from dead African children But she won't read an article, she'd rather watch A 106 & Park show, fuck with niggas that pack in snow Shit, life ain't TV, it's black day, blackout Realer than the last breath from his mouth And ya'll want spinners and DVD's to mount In the back of the truck, nigga, fuck you [Chorus: Bronze Nazareth] Cuz we're dying to survive, and surviving just to die He choke me til I can't breathe, nigga, respond Retire off greed, in these blazing sleeves I be robbing these niggas like Life Jennings Cuz all my life, I only had to count penny Said I be robbing these niggas like Life Jennings All my life, all I had to count was pennies And I could... [Bronze Nazareth] And I could "breathe", if you just get off my chest Like, the next night, he stole mics from a borrowed heist Cuz police had me coward, like them greens in my bird sink I sat down for hours on some net bench, shot up the rows, my arms quench Cuz he had that gat straight to my hat Police pulled back like "Oh shit, he's young and black" Bank robbery suspect, he must get death Cuz we don't have that chair or that lethal inject So fuck it, I'll breathe, just as much as I can And keep my record clean, as forty fives or blue band Cuz young Cecil don't rest, he flows through the night He couldn't breathe, cuz she wrapped hands around his windpipe Just try and breathe for that boy And every Christmas he just want a rap toy So you can breathe in Heaven

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