

## Bronze Nazareth

### "Stolen Van Gogh"

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, it's Nazareth, baby  
Yeah, you know what it is  
Now do it, nigga, get it  
Let's smoke a heart... yeah.. yo..

[Bronze Nazareth]

Smoking a bold bogey, hoping the rose hold me down  
So I can stroke a pound of gold ropes around my crown  
BOLDY tote the only pound I ever held, my mic is like  
Whistling hollow tips from out of clips, that slip from  
solid grips  
Feathers on the down floats, street measures that  
surround folks  
Could drive an insane man, sane  
Like crashing planes in the buildings, I got explaining  
to do  
These crooks tricked the art and ran, like the stolen  
Van Gogh  
Holding the candle, to the best of them, street veteran  
vandal  
Settle and handle, season beef like electrical seats  
I'm a beast, nigga, I call your bluff, like "You next,  
nigga"  
You'd rather end a fight with me, with your index finger  
I'm complexed, nigga, driving whips back to the  
plantation  
You won't understand of my lines, it takes much  
patience  
My words so real, you can watch what I'm saying  
My thoughts staying scary like you came in and caught  
God praying  
To who, in heaven's elevator, I vocally murder you  
And past through like Ash Wednesday, unnoticed  
Blend in, like cameras unfocused  
The roaches scatter ashes, floaters  
Slow as falling daggers, make your blood shatter  
Multiple stab wound plaques, engineer trained from far  
over  
Half moon tracks, and that's that

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