

## **Bronze Nazareth**

### **"The Great Migration"**

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]

The Great Migration... grab on, it's free, nigga  
Pick it up from your local street corner, nigga  
By the fucking liquor store  
Yeah... check me, yo.. check mate

[Bronze Nazareth]

In the jungles, streets hard, flee God, doubt God  
Why God? Moms heard me scream, like I've been  
scorned  
The beef so supreme, Lord, vatos got hoes  
Playing for my house doughs, another dose of some  
vicadine  
Slicing in, jutting in, like sudden cutting wind  
And we got severe strokes, sword tip, pin popes, send  
folks  
To hell, when the doors close, it's hard here, my dear  
Kiss your chin, missed again, this is Michigan  
AKA Babylon Ceasar Sin, it's me again  
Grabbing at your back door like a raptor, you need me,  
you actors  
Revelations, came in, deteurate men and women  
MC's.... go home and smoke them leaves  
Slice and dice, pure rate, my forte is swordplay  
Chop-off-ya-limbs day, sway off strings of ligaments  
This nigga bends, Kevlaar lives, and rock, black Timbs  
Only wins, between punching, dungeon walls, and  
basements  
Relentless, Killa Bee, sting like flying jellyfish  
A king walks around, with a pen and a severed wrist

[Chorus: sample]

Oh... I want you to know  
My life is yours to share  
Just assured, as the skies are blue  
I said..

[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, in the streets, jungles deep, run from man,  
haunted lands  
Skeletons, they haunting man, you argue fam, we

flaunting hands  
It might just, let the pipes bust, in a birth canal, I creep  
from wells  
With secret spells, that teach and tell, my speech'll kill,  
as deep as hills  
As deep as steel, we dwell on scarred blocks, where  
they scar cops  
They don't even come, for evening suns, I'm grieving,  
and be needing guns  
Cause stocks and bonds are far beyond, the poverty  
lines, we stand for years  
Hooded life, crimson rain, singing in the veil of tears  
Trail of beers and vodka, I'm on a, different planet  
I crack skulls like granite, that was blast out of cannon  
From standing on porches, to handing off roach clips  
I'm so swift, I broke ribs, and came back like Joe Gibbs  
Blow kids out boxes, box cutters and glock clips  
The loudest, obnoxious, shots, just woke me  
From my worst, nightmare, we thirst for light years  
Cause dark days and brain stays, over me, like no one  
seem  
Can't control the scenes, I'm just an actor in the scripts  
of life  
My pen poison is quick to strike, cause skin moistness,  
my kryptonite  
I skipped a hype, and took the elevator, toward  
heaven's light

[Chorus]

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