

Bronze Nazareth

"Tired"

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[Bronze Nazareth] My name is Bronze, nigga, I'm usually calm All the sweet smoke, bullets the size of wombat arms You never catch me on radio, used to run a fade and go Tango and Grey Goose, and Mr. Belvedere slow Fell this year off the top story, like hell is here Laying there like Spider-Man did, I love to fire at wig On a woman who dance a street walker jig Dusted like them old records, not from them leaky cigs Blasted at wigs, from the ambassador bridge Slashing them kids who thought my passage has slipped To meet, crashing they cribs, to smashing my dig, between your whites, apples and grits Then out the bottle like RZA did when Masta said "The seed worth the taking", I see worth the making Racist, retaliation, making it's way in On the plane towards the Trade Center on banquets From slave ships to grade ships, remember, always have patience Make this relation, I'm trying to make a potion For patience, engage my forward motion, never makes it And I sit in this basement, blowing the same chips from my day shift In the matrix, I walk slow like vagrance Aimed at angles, nice, screaming like devil made me aim my shit That your brain pits, cuz it's forty hours a week Shit drove me insane, with, no soundtrack, or royalty check I boil suspects, while he oils the tech and puts twenty in the ceiling Damn, dunny, you not appealing, only musically garbage When walk the tar pits, become target My hands will squeeze guns hardest, my brain is Pro Tools compatible Stagger dagger slow, or you will can get the calico Turn into Waco, bodies piling slow I'm in no mood to flow with you wack dudes Ravish and dazzle with rude, I'm not clapping at you No applause, I need fucking thought for food, nigga

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