

## Bronze Nazareth

### "Work"

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[kung fu sample] Those who would wish to test  
Bronzemen Would have to rely entirely on their own  
skills No one can give them help If they do with their all,  
then the'll die here [Bronze Nazareth] Yo, I'mma  
diabolic bastard, a face slasher You get maced after, I  
pull the blade and scrape faster Then earthquake  
parade disasters, flames chase after You fake actors,  
I'm not a thug, but slugs aim at cha And rain faster  
when I step outside The skies turn Bronze and  
camouflage of homicide My arms alive, writing worlds  
for MC's Deals we reject, in June, we trust the tech  
Under God divisible, by seventeen rounds From the  
boat, strike twice, like the lightning sound Under lights  
of viking crowds, slicing On Born Days, blood on the  
icing, blood on his apron waiting I keep my statements  
baking, black plagued Matrix Skylight in the street,  
G.R.E. that's me On or off mics, acapella, get chopped  
like relish Hot like Mexican crops when I sell this Like  
rocks, I just inhale this, until your blood flow Acoustic  
blow, snort a few lines Quarter of weed and a few  
dimes, sick of these new mimes MC's ain't saying shit,  
start playing shit Like saliva whys, Wu-Tang iron tried  
Peace to Ol' Dirt, put in the most work

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