

## Bronze Nazareth

### "Wrong Growth"

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[Bronze Nazareth] I never ran on the blocks with a hand full of rocks But I stand on the stand, cuz I'm chased by the cops It's a rough grain traveler, run but I gained asthma I probably gat for you to keep my stomach half full Bad seeds born, mad dreams torn If I'dda got eye for the violence mom found I'm piled underground with some worms and the moles And I squirm cuz it's cold, but even that shit get hot The devil's got a spot, where the bellos are heard not Herb spots and heard shots, souls rising, some not Where guns rule, and if you heard otherwise You better chirp them other guys and tell 'em you in trouble twice Ran back hand and gat to the people, black Knowing that it's wrong to travel on her needle tracks Damn, that's sad, still cooked the spoon Still looked in soon from the city's crooked ruins Traveled by foot platoon, metal like the Brooklyn's room She took two hits, looking toothless Suck dick for lines stick, it's toothpicks, it's ruthless It's no jive, so people choose to do this Robbing and boosting, trying to see proof in your eyes But your body language tell me otherwise I roll on a dolo, solo rhymes from my dojo The crime wave don't grow slow, I shine like Soul Glow You blind like Minolo, and what we do is wrong But how else we gonna grow though? That's just how it go though... Hands made of cast metal, made from a black widow Caving your back window, escaping a black temple Bumping with that murder swarm, double lyrics burning jaw I sever the most raw, swamps in the city Gritty rhyme crack stone, shanking ya back bone Banks armored tanks poems, Donald Goines word flow Sold snow, no, small time to big blow Slow burn the bankers route, silence of my muffled mouth North to dirty south, lord like dirty out So we can staring at, clouds what we staring back Crack o-zones, to stack more bones Black is west, might fill it up with onyx stones With simple position, I spill men and women Build with the villains, dope fiends and the victims Watch police pick 'em, off they listening They throw away the keys, after sniffing recovered keys Life is so ugly, it's right that we must eat Whether it's wrong, when we dust heat off and bust heat off Score with the

lucky, what's coughing buster streets Tough as meat,  
cooked warm Tahoes and Yukons, kind of pills is you  
on? I'm on some, radioactive Bronson We run like Cap  
and Jada, up the escalator Stealing Escalade later, fuck  
Ralph Nader I stuck the navy, to borrow a namy  
headstones Steal from the rich, put it in my S scroll

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