

Bronze Nazareth f/ 5-Star

"Night of the Long Knife"

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[5-Star] Life in these streets is ill, so I embrace steel
Verbal scientist that sweep many battlefields Brilliant
like the mind of scholars, we seek dollars Defender of
human rights, I move with solar power Son of the
Universe, cursed by pagan smoke Wimbledon grass
while I hunt for the assailant Black masked ninja typed
thief inside the castle World game of death scale the
Tower of Babble I travel in the form of a storm or a bee
swarm Dirty butcher knife slit your neck then I'm gone
It's the Night of the Long Knives, I rise from the
wreckage Bronze hooked the beat, make sure the mic's
connected Selected by high priest, to murder the beef
The ultimate goal of war is to bring peace The Celsius
increased to code red levels 5-Star the Avenger chop
the head of the Devil Then lounge with the angels,
celestial portrait The force that I carry keep the planets
in orbit Mash with the Bronzeman through the swamp
lands Where niggas is cracked out and the corners is
blacked out

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