

## **Bronze Nazareth f/ Beace, Kevlaar 7**

### **"World Bred"**

Visit "[World Bred](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Beace] I've been true since communion with the  
strategic union Lyrical baptism by fire, Microphone  
henchmen for hire Put distance between me thieves  
and liars My nickname Painkiller, Could doctor hip hop  
synopsis While vacation I put my wife in the tropics With  
ten stacks in my pocket, Dog I got vision like eye socket  
Stick to the script, Get gripped, Focus on the topic,  
Trouble shoot robotics Gassed off the math lab,  
Graphed them functions Attend honor society lunch  
ins, Tote'n a spiral binder to Pathfinder Get a load of  
Corey, Trailblazer to road to glory In a big body Denali  
burn your buddy a copy I flow sloppy, I get from point A  
to B on tracks like a jalopy Crafty with a mechanical  
pencil, My sixteen bar stencil Rekindled hip hop's  
golden age in a major way [Kevlaar 7] Yo, I wrestled  
with the Giants, Hood Patriot defiant Tom Brady of the  
game, Fuck the fame I'm Joe Gilley I'm willing when  
knowledge and violence collides with number two  
pencils Deep breath, Vast Aire I'll leave you a stencil  
Crooked as a pretzel, On Training Day I trained Denzel  
Washington D.C. could never see the sniper in you We  
don't need you people at this venue Wisemen come  
through on attack boat, Barack boat My first stack  
blown, Buying S.K.'s on impulse Spending false  
Franklin's I got from the bank when my bitch worked  
the counter But the bitch flopped when the milli hit the  
counter I ran to the van Dinero hit the odometer  
[Bronze Nazareth] It's like I was born with a gun to my  
head Woke up with the blood shed, Umbilical bleed  
Like an age testament, I born best of bred men That  
said it was something special that lead them to him  
Same man sing a church hymn that infringe your chin  
Fourth down blitzing, Motor mouth hit men Who bred  
buy the ways of world and how the man pitching On the  
mound watching his men in the outfield trying to strike  
me out I peace piped it out, Smoke thoughts to burn a  
house Turned young Tina Turner out, Walk in the  
precinct with a burner out No shots, Blow shots, Sparks  
the scream about Verner's three ounce, Sermons  
remount Komodo dragon puff under stars so I could  
breathe out Suffer God's at leave, Help, Seen stealth

young death Murder breath, Chromosome lead me to  
crack home Attack zones, City like the Congo Sudan,  
Stop homicide, Face branded a man child Witness me  
pulling in fifths tremendously empty Sinister melody,  
Simmer the rice I'd rather shot it out then see Dion on  
the dice Running like a cat after mice, Shatter your ice  
thoughts Priceless mic volts, Tainted in our spike vaults  
Hypest crack head to discover meth's cyclone Damn  
this is wrong, Should be drinking tequila with my cousin  
but he gone Goddamnit, One through the chest bone  
Pinelly County bloods coming jail home Bury your  
bones by the same goons who buried Hoffa Send a  
bloody shank, Merry Christmas Momma Cry me a  
bloody river, Your man die if he cried when they hit him  
Bullets spit in war zone prison, I risen like gas price  
High class wife I harass for the cash price Pass it to  
backwood grass rap pipe That's it nigga, that's right

Visit [Bronze Nazareth f/ Beace, Kevlaar 7](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.