## Bronze Nazareth f/ G-Side 1, Kevlaar 7 "Foul Mouth Bugsy"

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth] Yeah, Yeah, Gun Rule nigga who that Yeah, D-Town nigga, Yeah Thought For Food volume two, Yeah Back in the sands nigga, Yeah Back in them concrete blocks, What Yeah, Ayo, Yo [Bronze Nazareth] Who that nigga with the bronze mask, Hard tags Break arms fast, In army boots, Salute, Take all trash I landscape niggas while bagging the grass Toe tag you in calves like Paul Stein, I'm all rhyme Yall niggas soft ass sand, In an hour glass empty Nine showers couldn't drench the Full from my rhyme, Spit the clip empty If your toe all the line make you repent the cardinal sins It's father Bronze, Shine till my team win The glove got worms, Blind the nine confidante grin Reclining in hot sands, Still with the hot hands Smack niggas, Shark attack blitz niggas Four Wisemen throw the grits in Thought For Food aint cooked right, Nigga we burn the kitchen [Kevlaar 7] Yeah, Yo we burning down the kitchen, Yeah, Yo It's a million dollar kid with a million dollar swig Fire ball, Adam's apple castle, My words Show you the pen first, I owe you a dumb verse For low pay, Slap you niggas that's Palm Sunday Show you three sides of a nigga that's ugly Foul mouth Bugsy driving reckless in a Hum-V Dodging bullets inside a jungle you dummies It's normal round here I inhale in a rhyme sphere Blue like my blood, Cut my levy headed plugs The Earth with memories, Carrying billfolds of felonies Uprooted from Sesame, No friends for my enemies And my forty is loyal so what the fuck you niggas telling me [G-Side 1] Silver ruger, Foul mouth, Young kid from the gun Momma rung his neck a thousand times, He still sold drugs Silver ruger, Foul mouth, Young kid from the gun He still sold drugs Genocide, Homicide, Mainstream, Rap gimmick Suicide bomber death wish, Internet critics

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