

Bronze Nazareth f/ Hell Razah, Killah Priest

"Millenium Warfare"

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(Intro) Razah Yeah, Renaissance Child, Priesthood
Make sure your turban cover your face Bulgaria
(Chorus) Razah 2x Air it out, cock and squeeze, give
me some room to breath We be those Huey P's,
watching over little seeds Air it out, cock and squeeze,
bow, salute the kings This for my Maccabeez, throwing
up angel wings [Hell Razah] I pass desert eagles to the
last Hebrews Who got knowledge of the good and evil
We see through the deceitful Wit eyes like a young
Ezekiel The holy people, addicted to a dope needle The
prophecy of a black male was crack sales We rebel
after hearing Jordan Maxwell So I act like Fidel over
Israel All hail to the nephew of Ismael I raise Hell,
anywhere, any hood that I dwell Wake up to hearing
shootouts and gun smells, burning an L We went from
plain-men dwelling in tents, to paying rent In the
project that smell like a pissy snake pit Put on your war
paint, fatigues and brand new Timbs Get your glocks
out the box and let's shoot off limbs And these snakes
when they grin in their two-door Benz I'm underground,
no spins and I still got wins How many records you gon'
make about you sitting on rims? We grown men, better
step up your game and drop gems This ain't Mos Def,
Kweli, Nas or Common I'm a Sun of Man, Maccabee
brand, so pay homage No conflict, just happen we
black and be conscious Any comments? Can't help it
we're raised in violence I'm just honest, true generals
move in silence So when you talk a whole lot you abuse
my kindness [Killah Priest] I write rolls of films of old
gems From 70 dudes that kick shit sharp or cool
(Whadup baby?) Drop jewels like in all colors Polka dots
words that shine like disco balls Who said "It ain't
nothing like when negros war" It's like Miles and Cicely
Tyson Witness me writing, my autobiography on how
God came to me Broken hearted from women and
sinning in cold apartments Bosses catching charges
Fathers noddin wit belts around their arms drift
Thinking they're Kings till they wake from out the
garbage Wit paramedics listen if their heart skips It's
the projects, my people living darkness It's Jesus
Christ, Welfare and health benefits Babies crying,

mother beefing once winter hits I don't need a string;
all I need is more ink So I can write about the way I think
These days they linked like chains around my neck My
pen and my pad I found a new respect, feel me?

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