

Bronze Nazareth f/ Immortal, Kevlaar 7**"This Thing of Undying Love"**

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(Intro) Bronze Nazareth Our love for this shit -- runs deep We done concentrated many nights stay up studying this shit Freestyling, writing lyrics, beats We love this shit to the death We'll go to the ground for hip-hop, to the grave We love this shit, we breathe this shit This shit is for us, this is the end of what For The Unknown, where ever you are, peace Yeah, this is my love right here I mean its wack, I'm talking about this dope This is real niggas, I'm about to school y'all mothafuckas Real love right here, love... [Bronze Nazareth] How I breathe my sisters through these lines that I can see Transfusion the pollution through these veins that I bleed This is my blood and we can walk those who followed best they could Fell off the blaze right on the glass fragments decayed If I'm gon' pass I lay hoping to find a better ways The sync flows to my heart when it murmurs and goes astray 60-80 when I'm unrelated to the pen and paper I love this to the death but at the same time I hated Same one that had me begging for jobs on applications And resumes, and work dime to pass the time away Soon to see my shining day, my dream is drying away But I'ma find a way to escape hurling sky's of gray Where the Ozone defines I implant my deep lines Scribed in minds, so all civilization died And when we see sunrise I re-teach the unwise He who never tries waste lives Let's plan our devise for hip-hop Through my weary eyes, and my children's cause Building to rise, I supervise espionage known as child Degrading to creative humankind It was times my love hand me thinking the scary heist I got an uncommon hatred toward Adolph Nyce I think it's God sending me message telling me live my life Behind keyboards and mics, but this world of ice Has me dreaming in pipes, bidding my only advice With enough deepness to rupture Earth sexagonal structure I'ma make it outta this trap even if I have to suffer (Chorus) Bronze & Kevlaar X2 I've payed my dues, I've slaved my crews My wrist stays bruise, my pants stays huge Disillusion but my love stays strong The road stays long, my money seems gone I pray on and on, on and on To get my message to the masses through my

songs [Kevlaar 7] The breathless lungs whose bruised
mind and a numb tongue My ink pen abused, used and
unsung Living the struggle in between my sweat
puddles in ink lines Callous hands force me to form
rhymes No vacations for these cartridges that I'm
breaking Either triumphed behavior or fatal failure
Divinely rock bottom, they ain't letting us stop 'em
Immaculate Conception of the mighty written weapon
Stagnation yelling; "work them 40 hours" But when you
got dreams the future says that's for cowards I garnish
my paper with blood, sweat, and hard labor Eventual
residue of sweat pours out later My intellect stalls but I
fall back on y'all For subconscious total recall, yo I've
hurl for you Walked these eleven miles by the curb for
you Cut off ex-girls for you, went to church for you Bust
my ass and got hurt for you, stole for you Slept on the
floor for you, didn't eat for you Didn't sleep for you, did
dirt for you Didn't go to work for you, spent my last
dime on you Kinda played it high crimes for you Lied to
my pops for you All this bullshit just to stay close to you
Did all this shit and might as well make the most of you
(Chorus) Bronze & Kevlaar X2 (Outro) Immortal Yeah,
this is from the heart, baby That nigga watch out,
50/50, the entity Real love, The Unknown baby, put my
heart in everything My life, peace, peace...

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