

Bronze Nazareth f/ June Megalodon

"Blade Runner"

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[Chorus 2X: Bronze Nazareth] Yo, it's the blade runner, face gunner, mace never Cold case catcher, base stretcher, erase your face setter [June Megalodon] Yo, walk wit a blade, gray sunshine sun shade Walk guys are small fries, I'm pharaoh There it lies, focus the barrel, friend rule Food for head and chest, lay you to rest Even in O.T., I'm home team Three dogs, three guns, five fought Whoever want it, get smoked like blunted Peacefully put, get pulled like ruts or roots Always in case for the loot Compound your bloody compute, wisely maintain Mandible Max Payne, the gang, your whole gang's in flames Entice my foes, spit your flows After the laughter comes the ears I compesated more beers than MC's careers Hip hop cheers, blood, sweat, real niggas rep your set Red hoes in my bow, keeps the cold Bull run calm and ain't it The FL we made it, brown speech Ultimate proportions, was enormous Wordplay, gorgeous george shit Driver that got award shit Bleed bloodclots more hits [Bronze Nazareth] Yo, we come through like sperm behind the diaphragm Scratch the surface of the cervix, form iron hands And accordion low, black they capo Saxophone higher blade for saxon-anglo My wife growing bangles, threats in the mail They discovered DNA fragments to mark my trail Elusively hunt, then dungeon punging A roamer of believments, through digital sequence See this gleem in his eye, soon they hold the truth When the glare disappear, slash anything that move Microphone dudes, coolers disfuse like osmosis Slap mother nature, for fusing as the focus Poisonous windrafts, gas you off the path Head in concrete crash like rocks in river raft I spell the math, engraved in sculpture Pricked and accupuncture, from the claws of an vulture Violent altar, wave sound pound the ground Infuriated fists, crack the streets in your town Violent backlash, contained on phonograph So full of wrath, they mix equilibrium crash Ninja mass welded from elephant horn Fighting electric wolves with vocal extension cords Apprehension, propeltial inmate to bars Aloy still measure from the mind that lift cars Release your

album, you fucking with ours And that's mine, niggas
get they lives summarized Like your favorite long
summertime, shine of a gunning night Boy run your
mic

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