

Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7

"He Died from Pen"

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[Intro: sample] His words like wings across the
battered skies Of all illiteracies [Bronze Nazareth]
Science Olympia, rhyming on empty pad Devour the
hymen, I'm grinding like this track was ass Here's
some medicine, radios won't let me in Never sin when
it comes to severing a clever pen This is how we
measure men, no rhymes will ever send me into a
frenzy again 'cause, condemn the empty wind Fable
with golden words or filthy stolen verbs Rock them like
glass pipes, strike like they're high twice Like it's from
my life, nasty on the iron pipes What ever strikes a
better fight I'm better than you, ask your Old Earth for
a-alikes My radar strikes to aim my vice grip, range is
nice Aim is twice that of navy seals, aiming at lidless
tap Spill your wig 'cause red squirt on your dress slacks
My pen light but enlight, send you to Heaven twice
Once to bring back Pun, the second to end your life
Snipe concise, my life is defined between the blue lines
of college crew notebooks And rhymes and audio fives
with no hooks I use heat like a cook, keep your cipher
shuck Like Michael walking three miles with a pipe and
hook I'm slightly crook but a good man who doesn't
have a touch Toting a dutch, with a razor under a cobra
clutch, slow or rushed 'Cause words take a minute to
touch, I grimace and bust Out of limits is touch this,
send you to the 'Twilight Zone' I'm high like what's
glowing when the skylights is on Unidentified objects
are blown from the concrete stone I'm nasty like bones
underneath killers' homes [Chorus: Kevlaar 7] Push the
blade inside, reside in cemeteries Legendary Virgin
Mary, blueberry rhyme wind gust Duck sixteen rhymes
bitch, I got seventeen bullets Leave you full of death
breath and blood nigga [Bronze Nazareth] I'm double
good, probably double wood on shelves I might as well
be sent to Hell 'cause I'm the Devil himself The vocal
booth, crack your molar tooth Built the solar crew, keep
your sonar cubes To the Wu-Tang school with Sunz of
Man Who run the wind, earth and fire, moms burnt
McGuyver But near the city power wires, rain, shower,
fires And drowned men in wind, the seminal's in They
hear such homicide again The coroner came in and

said 'He Died from Pen' [Chorus: Kevlaar 7] Push the
blade inside, reside in cemeteries Legendary Virgin
Mary, blueberry rhyme wind gust Duck sixteen times
bitch, I got seventeen bullets Leave you full of death
breath and blood hiccups

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