

Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7

"Hypnotic Prophets"

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Since we've seen each other, a game goes on. Secretly I move, and you respond. You're winning, you think it's funny. But look up from the board now (1984: Quatrain 1245). [Kevlaar 7] Prevention of ascension, lyrically hesitant to mention The wackest lines that you regret written visions and mental missions Got a nigga waiting, decisions, decisions Hip-Hop religion risen, 50-50 5th and 26 shine spitting 40 million winning, where youthful children sinning Beginning like tin man, breathing 43rd win The unburden flaming niggas that burn men Reaffirm men, the churning cauldron that hauls men and women To Hip-Hop's fields of killing Scalpel like voice, heavy enough to smash big buildings "Just came back from the dead tonight" [Bronze Nazareth] I blaze electromagnetic phonetic, my grip is like pathogens My cell's multiplying, your cycle of Circadian rhythms Molest the zip code, number two pencil execution Cross your fulvic, nomad, lungs sucking up nitrogen Perpendicular era of conspiracy in the Unknown I sharpen my erection; harpoon you through your pubic bones Warlord invulnerable to the violently state of alum that digest a napalm Disen and Amen-Ra, infamous Sun God I travel at the speed of shadows, bloodier than medieval battles And adversaries who impose entity get roped on the gallows I pull energy through radioactive ways that slay royal graves Striving off poison increase and lyrical Gamma-rays Sentenced by the 42 Judges in the halls of Osiris To read the book of the dead and spread it immortal white cell virus Thieving my resent from the dynasties within Strong as Teutonic Knights in the hypnotic Nordic region "If that Doctor must come" "I'll fight it" [Kevlaar 7] Verbal genetics, energy tongue kinetic They awfully fed it with germs, alphabetic Letters insulin, diabetic, the English tagnet No need for the medics, in the past I bled it Hell yeah my taste buds can smell it The lyrical relic wakes up every night rested Uncontested, even when it's silent Careful though my gums tote lyrical guns Heavy ass ones shooting over ducking tongue Bouncing off any ammo, teeth is white shrapnel I spit out a handful, bullets and

broken teeth distasteful Disgraceful rivals, liable to
make atheist emcees pull out Bible "You want a war you
can't win?" [Bronze Nazareth] Yo, I crack, pseudo
alumni, manifested by 2045 And bomb the Sun that'll
rise like lethal sedative Rotate 2000 meters per second
squared on an axis Vespula Yellow jackets swarm,
sting with needles of pure lead Snap your shinbone,
lying in dark crevices like crackheads Writing
hazardous, cuneiform, and hieroglyphical Biblical
scriptures that has minds blown Thunder storming
from the dome and fueling from the dark That drowns
Earth and recreates Noah's Ark Spark from the
cutaneous brain tissue Word's so strong they shoot
back through time and slice Jesus' umbilical No
escaping this, treacherousness I've walked a quarter
Earth with bloody fist Breathing Primatene mint; a third
wish from the Genie lamp Can't reduce my verbal
cramp nor menstruation Might take form of an axe,
laceration Not the type of nigga to raise Hell, but I'll
lower Heaven Shattering mics and killing niggas with
my brethren

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