

## **Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7**

### **"Jackin' for Decibels"**

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[Kevlaar 7] You've been at it for years, paper pads, ink pens  
Studio time in tears, not to mention the blood  
Sending prayers above, the hard times you endured  
Through the hip-hop crack, you love opening major artist shows  
Not looked at us one of the pros, you still got us grounds  
Being featured on Lyricist Lounge, stretch growth, your head pounds  
Niggas by your house licking rounds  
Praying you'll get the luck to escape the higher ground  
'Cause you're growing, and the people is liking your sound  
They think you're a new star found, you got the Unsigned Hype Niggas try to bite  
but they don't know with a couple of more shows  
We'll see how the ticket sales grow  
Your time is coming, you're eager to sign to a label  
Any one would do, as long they're paying you  
And the box is playing you  
You thinking you're blowing up  
But your money, this small time company is fucking up  
I want my money, where's my check? (Next week)  
That's what you said last week and the week before that, see  
(To this I don't anyone would pay you)  
Dude fuck this label, I'm jacking you and give me the safe  
to I should shoot you in the temple but I just bust you in the leg  
duke POP!, attempted murder, eating soy bean burgers and lifting weights  
Three years, May 27th, your release date  
I'm gon' get off on a new foot, job ap, and believe in music  
Go home and write lyrics, my write hand I abuse it  
Y'all took my pride and bruised it, crooked record company  
fable's Be smart with my heart and chose some much more respectable label  
Careful, don't let the conniver label bullet graze you [Bronze Nazareth]  
I never knew that this life would be so hard  
Music fuse width from the contention of vocal cords  
I hope to define morals with this weapon stronger than the sword  
But my knees I've bruised for praying to the Lord for a re-cause  
Somehow my piece of mind turned to your piece of mind  
Wanted first of the month just from Hype  
Unsigned But shit is hectic, my wrist lagged off from writing the message  
Five mics my innerceptic, but I'm my own skeptic  
You're paying me to pay you back after laying my intelligence on wax  
When it's this level I strive to perform that MAN FUCK THAT!, I guess I just

gotta go independent Since you're talking this bullshit  
while you're pushing me back 'til December And I'm the  
most venomous lyricist you could remember Had a five  
star album done in one fucking week Got your  
manager and CEOs kissing my ass cheek But now the  
outlook is bleak, bitch ass turned to a new leaf Got a  
nigga who could make bitches dance instead of  
spitting verbal heat WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT? Thought  
we was down niggas with rap? Now I'm burning on the  
back 'cause you wife wants a singing contract She'll  
blast you, clack-clack, hold on, let me put this hammer  
back You are not worth, never reaching my object Just  
gimme my last check and I'll leave with my respect And  
I might not blow up 'cause the parties my tracts won't  
show up But I'm content with lyrics that keep minds  
from corrupt What? What? What? \*echo\*

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