

Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7

"Live From"

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[kung fu sample overlapped by intro] You wanna help?
It's your duty If it is our duty, what if our shift comes in
for while? What were you thinking? I was thinking...
you're an expert [Intro: Kevlaar 7] Yeah... Kevlaar 7,
Bronze Nazareth Fucking with... yo, yo, aiyo... [Kevlaar
7] Live from the home that birthed Al Green I bring
more heat that grits in third degree seams Queens get
ya pot holders, I'm brolic as novas Jehovah spoke
through me, told y'all it's over In fact I crack the canyon
inside ya Earth And casted my shadow on the last man
standing Branded his brain, uncandidly crack/cocaine
Clever ruffian, my nation equits me to shame
Contained within my own concrete jungles Streets
crumble, trouble, blood heat bubbles Type O fucker if I
need a body double If my heart valves close like the
lens on the Hubble Impossible, I play dominoes on top
of live volcanoes Sit lava with a mouth of gasoline,
pages Ageless flow, I'm in history pages next to James
Monroe With a gat to his dome Watch the lava shot
blow, recite pharaohistic poems Hieroglyphics show, yo
the crypt is my home Inside I construct authentic kinetic
gold Interlacing you bitches with visionary flows
[Chorus: Bronze Nazareth] Aiyo live from the landfills,
my thoughts they can kill Like stones and anvils, cats
they close landmills Cats flows on standstill, grams,
noses, sandpills Stand close to God, but how could a
man build? [Bronze Nazareth] Aiyo, live from Motown,
Gun Rule, Hellbound Sell pounds to sale, vibrant
rhythm and soundscape Break thoughts in place, my
words sour the taste Scrolls is old gold, rivers are
concrete waste Kill you where the swans meet I
wouldn't do it but I'm just trying to eat Cold as my
environment's heat Sat on mountains, drunk in the hills
with gypsies Love South Central Cartel, it's hard to miss
me Face in your history texts, reflects from slaves
Specs like Ray Charles seeing from his grave He said,
"Bronze, you could hear the color of clouds Or see the
sound of existence like brail printed out" Pops was a
soldier, M-16's hit him I've walked with the pain of a
thousand suicide victims Bleed misery and hope on the
same page Soak in the same rain, smoke in my ribcage

[Chorus] [Girl] This is Thought for Food, nigga Get it
nigga, get it nigga, get it... [George Carlin sample] I'm
an American and I expect a little cancer in my food and
water

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