

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

### **"Live From"**

Visit "[Live From](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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

Visit [Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.