

Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7

"Turn the Lights Off"

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[Bronze Nazareth] Yeah, you can't win in these streets,
this Gaza Strip, Middle East Who would know before
long you struggled for so long? Make you wanna go
long, shock then bomb, war face on The camouflage
became these concrete lawns It's a robbery, tired of
tryna be righteous Tired of not letting it bust on nigga
So you can see the gun blast, run past your lenses
Flash before your eye pitch, crumbs is all is digest
Readers in the pool of words and heaters Merged with
slurs of reefer And watch it glow when you 'turn those
lights off' I can't save your city before I save me So
what's it worth? Four spins or J-O-B Woman, chains and
bell, we sinners Waste can tell me different ways to G-
off A different stage to flee off, different lights to see
off Just saw you feed off and try to walk with me That's
how it be, guns rule the city Slums they move with me
We an army of orphaned, fostered child miracles Hand
me a burner nigga, I can help you get spiritual [Chorus:
Bronze Nazareth (Kevlaar 7)] When they 'turn those
lights off' There goes your dreams, there goes your
plans and scheme Reach for the high beams when I
'turn those lights off' This is not a camera flash, no
silencer when my grandma blast Fuck a mask, when
they 'turn those lights off' They'll never see me like
saddles in the pitch black Get back or hear click clack
When they 'turn those lights off' (That's not lightening,
nightmares igniting Starring niggas sniping when I
'turn those lights off')

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