

Bronze Nazareth f/ Killa Sin

"The Bronzeman"

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[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, yo, fuck a diamond, I used to only hit a pitch off
one

On home plates, we ball of the base, hit it and run
Body heavy metal, bet I only travel on frowning horses
Inhale the forest, fled the house of a thousand corpses
Housing my name in your mouth, will get you John
Booth'ed

I let myself out of my jail, cuz I'm the truth
Eyes shimmer like brivers, and broken bottles of
Smirnoff

Succession's a sound splash from windows, spilling off
Stealing bars from a logo, cough death on mocus scars
Skate clicks like 18 Bronzemen in the halls

The seeds of my cold blood, travel through deep veins
Grew up with no hands, arms, a spike, ball & chain
The hills have eyes, they saw me escape the hive
Keep my blowgun, shirt or your back, until you die
Lord squirt cyanide, crack open a winter sky
For cash, I need a ski mask and a Rambo knife
Hydro clouds, looks out, watch the city rumble
From a million hunger pains, and those bees that
bumble

I'm filled with screams that I can never let slip
They say I'm potent, and mad, man, we all have a bit
And fuck ya videos, I only watch channels, not the
mainstream

My sheet holds cannisters and manuals of daydreams
Brita water, filter slaughter, chop the broccoli sloppy
My habit's insane performing an audio-toppsy
Cotton grown, testosterone, got glocks for bones
Drink a jar of H2O, think harsh darts and throw
Maybe blow, poison tips, razor tits
Sour as lemon sticks, my fetish is wet pussy
With splatter patterns, I'm dark like Rouge Park
murders on the camera lanterns

Sharp as a thorn on a rose from your ex-wife
Sly as a sleuth with a slipknot on your windpipe
Lick mic stands, I got a weather 'vay, mind bend
Laugh is like rubies and dances on the vile winds
I live probably like a Mothman prophecy

Format like winery, Eliat, be my odyssey
We puff crims, and then drink marble from lead pipes
Run from daylight like Payton from jakes on grey nights
When the blocks hot, I stand with my heart frozen
Clap like a thousand books closing
And pop loud as a thousand rosaries broken
Won't go in, in the silver clouds of Sativa
Word to Solomon, love Shiba down to her amiba

[Killa Sin]

Yo, yo, who in the world could spit it like me
Unlikely, sheisty for that mic piece
My Clan deep, no white sheets, wife beaters & Nike
sneaks
Skeetin' divas who treat us like, Black Jesus and feed
us
To Haitian cleavage, with features that
Keep 'em beating they peter's, we terror predator
veterans
Trend setters who better when, under pressure
Cuz better lines, prime timers like Letterman
Get ya shine in a second, yeah, I'mma cop, when I let
us in
Say you sick with the rhymes, well then I'mma vomit the
medicine
Bomb atomically, gack over beats like Impeach the
President
Save the beef for you freaks, it ain't nothing sweet, and
they never been
If you keep it at peace, it won't have to level your
residence
Better to chill, nigga, take a breather, let us settle in
Need the speed of the cheetah, with feet as big as an
elephants
Ammo like John Rambo, to stand a chance on my
element
Handle hammers with elegance, damage the camera's
evidence
Ammo that dismantle limbs, where you stand is
irrelevant

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