

## **Bronze Nazareth f/ Phillie**

### **"Danica"**

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[Intro: Phillie] Thought for Food, Thought For Food  
Thought for Food nigga go get that shit, Go get it (I got  
it, Nigga I already got that shit) Yeah [Chorus: Phillie] I  
know yall trying to hide, I see you Thought For Food  
volume two that be the sequel Go and get a taste,  
Leave with a whole plate You can't eat just one like Frito  
Lays Bronze Nazareth, Put it on your calendar  
Hazardous, So ill got it sealed in canisters You better  
hold up like a banister Like we aint still getting that  
cane like Danica [Bronze Nazareth] Yeah Detroit is  
where I reside Throw shells watch three beans slide,  
Murder glimpse, A team of emcees die Serve'n em like  
tennis bro a calico, All the ashes candle blow Slipped in  
undetected, Black plaque infection lessons Smoking  
greeny weed, Say a hotter guy when I rise And I clutch  
sentences, Still strenuous with the pen Robust to fill a  
grave with metal scraps instead of dirt I better got  
berretta burst through mic cord Better verse, Natural  
grass never turf My letters hurt, Tazor words, Find a  
morgue Aint got a body by Bronze, I'll put you in the  
dirt And this is nearly word play but the shotty work  
Work I do it hardly, I start as an expert My best work  
"Day to God" then I let the tech murk Migrated to an  
island, Hawaiian drink, Still no dress shirt Smoking  
O.Z.'s, Blowing like leaves in the desert I am buying an  
eagle to try and ride next to this Gully death pool  
Rhymes like locus fighting focus in the mess hall  
breaking noses Hanging Jena 6 opposing lawyers,  
Throwing coffins across Judge's foyers They get the  
message quickly, Royal rose, Oil the toast, Massage  
gently Mind empty, Allah ??? ???, I'll leave the clips  
steaming empty [Chorus]

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