

## **Bronze Nazareth f/ Phillie**

### **"Rare Breed"**

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[Phillie]

Yeah, let's get real acquainted, flows hard as the pavement  
Far as basic, my aim in the game's, through complication  
Food for thought tast it, ain't it amazing?  
God MC, whose hard as me, rumble real looks, in the mob like me  
Get stuck by Timb boots, on the robbing spree  
Keep thinking ya'll me, tough as teflon  
I won't bleed, squeeze til I'm empty  
My enemies resent me, since peep it  
A player's potential, playing my pussy while they sleeping  
Prepare for the worse, or a hearse, do it or cremate it  
However you gon' take it, stand a chance of leaving here naked  
Where I was raised in, new killers who made the sacrifice  
Died trying, to show the nigga, how to cherish life  
Walk around at night, packing a pistol  
Cuz niggas get got for doing this shit I meant to  
I got rap skills, I'm spitting what I've been through  
Clear as crystal, in Detroit, we get physical  
One dimensional, gully, gutter or gangsta  
On every block, some spots, somebody selling weed or rocks  
Caught on the wrong side, weave them shots  
Cuz they coming from all directions, breathe & stop  
Tucked and roll, turn around, bust ya clone  
And that's all to walk home, in my city, fo' sho  
Learn how to shoot, at a early age, be a drug dealer  
Make skrilla, cuz time's real, relate to some niggas

[Bronze Nazareth]

I remember gear for days, shift with them grimey ways  
Words to the pope's robe, if I ain't ate that day  
Became vegetarian, only inhale vegetation  
No hesitation, when the crowd elope, pellets came in  
I walk with Abraham, through the ghettos and slums  
My mentals is numb, my pencils held for the glaciers

The way words work is circling through ya third eye  
My rhymes bird eye, could see the snakes in their turf  
line  
My search burn minds, with walking through desert  
eyes  
Only to find the streets run as long as the Nile  
Be stronger, how? We can never move all this concrete  
Til blind streets, lead us to God's bronze feet  
We'll be tusslin' on corners, musclin' on us  
Cussin' our foreigners, mourners cry, watching funeral  
workers  
Word to Thelma from Good Times, my mind's a rhyme  
library  
The size of a high rise

\*instrumental\*

[Bronze Nazareth]  
Yo, I'm a rare breed, you won't dare scheme  
I blow a hole through ya speakers, and watch ya snares  
bleed  
I spot and stare at fiends til they capillaries clean  
Rhyme on the top of ferris wheels, until the beams lean  
I set up street dreams, so do they nightmares  
Bet on ice stares, so drag it that they dice pairs  
With angus beef lands after hands are slaughtered  
War street marauders, selling hearts after life's  
harbors  
Through here a high water, low town's of heaven's  
gates  
Escape like seven freight trains, holding on the weight  
Like anaconda snake, a man who taunt the snakes  
Circle you fakes, get stomped in the surgery gates  
Ghetto's my toothpick, I spit hand-to-hell scenes  
My thought for food stay warm like hand held  
machines  
With simple precision, I paint steel for the living  
Bare with the villains, dope fiends and the victims

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