

Bronze Nazareth f/ Salute

"McKinley Shot Burst"

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth] Yeah, Thought for Food
volume two, Get it nigga, Get it Yall know what to do
man, Get it, Get it man, Get it Yeah, I'm out here man, I
had to go back in the cave with it Go back then, Yeah,
Bout to take it back in the jungle on em nigga You know
who it is, Yeah you know who it is, Know what it is
[Bronze Nazareth] Yo, Street leutenant, Never get caught
like Joe Bennett Near the project with no science book
in it I spoke in hymns, Soul soaking in grim Meteor
showers from nine month double pimp Clark Davidson,
Microphone berretic exotic blend Appearing outta wind,
Drink worms in my gin Spin gats like synapse, Collapse
and get bitch slapped I'm that Fever Pitch rap, Free to
slit hats Slam graves on top of mismatched filling dark
holes Blow rockets and rifles, Mind went sightful Use
bourbon when I'm serve'n sniper shots off the Eiffel
Charles Whitman pipe flow, Continue violent cycles
Scripts from Glasgow, Hassle like white wolves Bodies
on the rafter every time the mic blows Engineers
disappear only their storie's on the white news Ghetto
candid cam so the sidewalk's slight bruised My mind
off too, Cloverfield high mountain view Roaming in
twos, Goons with scopes in our shoes You never saw
bullets float like smoke from shrooms Re-open still
open wounds Hope'n I choke em with opium laced news
Flash through, Skulls crushed like cashews One blast
from the slug cause cash rules Habitual offender,
Exodus lateral Escape jail with thirty days, Be careful
plan patterning Alley gunman, Dungeon blue print plan
running Schemes to eliminate teams by the dozens
Time Square with a boxing ring, Shots busting Tare at
the rocks watch me bury bodies underneath production
106 and Playground emcee abduction Direct Effect a
sudden death you know who get the rock first McKinley
shot burst leave em in a hot hearse [Salute] Thought
for Food volume two, Salute motherfucker Naaaz-
areth, I tooold yall Lute shoot to kill fuck losing a limb
Got a problem with Bronze you got a problem with him
Play the night like the owl, Stomach raw from the growl
Appetite still destruction, Dumping is nothing Fuck your
life, I snatch your corpse spit on your casket Keep the

tool box in use, Loose screws with the ratchet Judge
Hatchet, Niggas get sentences to maximum For the
jury, I'll plead only facts on the track Balance bricks on
my back, Put the Jets on the map When I ride stay high,
Forty cal on my lap Screaming, Peeping niggas Living
Color like Keenan I explode on the track fuck trying to
get even Killing season, Only rhyme noun for a reason
Duct tape niggas up til they no longer breathing Ghetto
heathen, Breezing through a field of dreams Black
Day, Only light be the vision in beams Ferocious, Call
me scoliosis damage your spleen Leave you bent over,
Four fingers up to the soldier As I awake to the aroma
in the morning like Folgers Bring harm with this Desert
in the present I'm danger Real familiar with this shit
nigga far from a stranger It's the late night street life
keeping me hype Like a fiend for a fix I start with the
pipe Yo I'm everything you not son we nothing alike
Medulla splitter, Goddamn right I deliver Underground
dictator like the late great Hitler Live harshest,
Focusing only on target Move heartless, Fuck how you
feel regardless I'm the hardest, One fifty-one with the
liquor Throw it back on the daily just to tickle the liver
Direct Effect a sudden death you know who get the
rock first McKinley shot burst leave em in a hot hearse

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