

Bronze Nazareth f/ Salute**"\$"**Visit ["\\$"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Sample]

We gotta make that money long
When I make my fifty cent, lord
I been rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'

[Chorus: Salute]

Economy, razor blade rep, I'm try'nna make it
Labotamy, stays on your left, pistol destroys it
Blaow, blaow, blaow, I need my fifty cent now
Blaow, blaow, blaow, I want my fifty cent now

[Bronze Nazareth]

I'm coming from the land of the scams and dollar plans
Cardierre blasts, to take all your metal, infactured
sands
Where the blunt runs, straight out the president's face
We got more, heat on the streets, than in your
apartment's space
Walk a creek of dirty needles, and follow the set of
dreams
Broken bottles lead to piss and in auburn colored
streams
Type old money, pass his hands like identically hugh
planes
Rap like bodies in Holland Park, the gun never jams
Fam, give me my money, you still owe me some
change
I've been waiting since tanks from '67 came with the
flame
So let's dance like those AK rounds, and stop this aid
Just shake our ass like a glass ashtray, smash on
precious face
We dangle like sun, seven wrist to escape the shackle
Run your money like blood from Matt Parker's ankles
Cuz we gotta get that green cloth to smorgesboard
Don't eat it all, just let me eat for all my hood, you
heard

[Sample + Chorus]

[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, the sun never rises here, it's just the gun shots
Blow your display on white snow and those haunted
locks
Plus the chilling degrees of our routine
Take all the CREAM, what war need vaccine
That make it seem as if, we just as cold
As our hands, in sweet December mist
And RZA piff lift, left over brains of cotton
That never blossom, sharp the heavens like the apostle
You see me, I write the lines like a sniper's mind
Polish ya nice, push our flowers, college of crime
So give me cash, you still owe me some paper
I've been waiting since you traded beads and whiskey
for my labor
Coins jingle in pockets like rocks in a glass pipe
It's heavy like the air on San Arbor murder night
Stomp ya feet like that body dragged down the
basement steps
I flow like water in ya cellar from foundation cracks
On the same streets where the slaves ran into freedom
Night fractured by neon, hustle, my cannons steaming
Yo this is I-75 robbery, zombie lodge
Kamikaze Gods, Michigan Babylon
Nice deadmen that cast metal for no reason to travel
on

[Hook 2X: Bronze Nazareth]

Make that money, but don't let that money make you
Make that money, but don't let that money make you
Make that money, but don't let that money make you
Make that money, but don't let it cash you in

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