

## **Bronze Nazareth f/ Salute**

### **"To the Table"**

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[Intro: Salute] Uh-huh, whoo, whoo I'm feeling this  
fucking beat... Bronze, you a fool for this one, baby  
Good looking out for this one, uh-huh Yo, yo, yo, uh-  
huh [Salute] Aiyo, fuck some 22's, I'd rather buy a four-  
four While you jumps looking pretty, I'm preparing for  
war I'm like that nigga on the bench, man, ready to  
score You can tell that I'm anxious, frustration in my  
face Ain't nobody put me here, had to earn my place  
Talk a couple loses, dog, but I'm still in the race So fuck  
fronting for a bitch, man, I'm try'nna get rich Paid in full  
like Ace Boogie, making money like Mitch While you  
clowns stop in whips, man I'm playing with ships  
Smoking purple, staying focused, while I sip on a fifth  
My man Bronze put me on, so you know I'mma do it  
Keep this ill shit moving, keep it flowing like fluid Went  
from guns to the mic, so I rep for the streets For my  
niggas in them cellblocks, according to beef Through  
all the pains and the struggle, how the fuck could I  
sleep Plus I'm hungry, muthafucka, can't rest til I eat  
[Interlude: Bronze Nazareth] Yeah, ya'll niggas know  
me, man (Black Day in July) Know what the fuck I  
represent (Wu-Tang, nigga) Word up.. [Bronze  
Nazareth] We in the sweatshop, we work hard on our  
jobs Dark mind, the whole block, and proj' Monks taking  
shots Brazilian psychic villains, days blacker than  
Exxon spillage Taught the Pillage, paper stacking, fuck  
the milledge My spirits from the kingdom of Kush, get  
drunk with Jenna Bush She like "Yo, Bronze, I love how  
you cook" When fans spit the sun out, they turn to onyx  
daze My moon's bright, spend white nights in an  
angel's gaze Thought three tantrum's, man, you script,  
pretty as your daughter's kiss Black clouds, high noon,  
rain on the nemesis Words made the Qu'ran pages,  
you never stood by So I thought so clear, as a man's  
breathe in winter time You saluted the Jesus feet, burn  
like a furnace Voice like Russian waters of Vodka from  
a thermos Half baked brain case, love how your dame  
taste You salvage welfare mid-week, see how I keep  
dates Blunts in snake skin coils, I gotta alotta time soil  
Throw it on coffins, with nails from Mars called  
Swimfan bitches, pools of pre-cum in my britches Wipe

it on her fat ass, fuck tissues Prime and the son of  
Mary, Ash-uar' repents Throw in the rhythm, land  
through these bars like I escaped prison Out risen like  
locust in the mars of Liam Seal Terrorize lines like Wu  
signs in Mel Gibson fields

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