

## **T-bone**

### **"Blaze'in Microphones"**

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I'm sweet like cinnamon when I'm spittin' this lyrical  
venum,  
giving rappers the blues like denim,  
when I'm killin' em, fillin' em with these syllable,  
synonyms of adrenaline spillin' off my spiritual tongue,  
then numbing 'em like penicillin,  
plus I'm trying to reach the lost like Gilligan,  
God willin' the spiritual healin', will stop the drug  
dealing,  
and killing, because I'm feeling like I'm ready to loose  
my mind,  
so many bullets be flying, and rydas be dying,  
gotta make a difference, for instance, the inmates in  
prisons make bad decisions,  
for lack of wisdom, so I cut them open, and make  
incisions,  
fill 'em with spiritualism, tell 'em about the one that's  
arisen,  
how they can be free in they spirit, and have they sins  
forgiven,  
by the one who died on the cross,  
'cause even when they were into all their drinking and  
smoking,  
he loved them even while they were lost,  
so please listen to me, and stop dissin' a G,  
'cause I got they remedy on how ya'll can be free.

[Hook]

Blazing microphones, bringing nothing but that heat  
from the west coast,  
Chase beats, Bone lyrics like Vito Corleone,  
we be running things so act like you all know,  
Boneyard cant be stopped now.

I'm not a Jehovah witness, but I witness for Jehovah,  
back in the day, the 1st to slang cane and the baking  
soda,  
but nowadays, I like preachin' the word,  
like a drug dealers, slangin; holy rock on the curb,  
eyes blurred off the holy ghost, contact smoke,  
gotcha trippin' off my rims, crush eyes and my rope,  
plus I'm gifted with flows and wrist is frozen,

I thought you all knew dawg, what, I'm God's chosen,  
highly favored, standing with the elite,  
that's stand apart dawg, anointed, bring the word to  
the streets,  
aint into entertainin' the the fame or set you claimin',  
tha game of namin', unless the name I'm naming'  
is Jesus on the throne and reining, painting a picture  
for G's bangin',  
og how the Lord can save 'em, train 'em like a  
Baltimore Raven, engraving,  
the name of Jesus across they heart, 'cause its  
breakin',  
plus Satan is waitin', anticipatin', and hatin',  
but once they trapped they's no escapin'  
[Hook]

I been doing this for 12 years, it aint easy ya'll,  
to make hit records that are off the hizzy ya'll,  
especially when them bustas sippin' on that haterade,  
talkin' behind your back and trying to stop you on a day  
to day,  
I don't make music for 'em playa hatas anyway,  
this is for killers and thugs, that's sippin' on the Alize,  
run a ways and essays locked down in prison,  
why them, they the ones in need of a physician,  
and I know the perfect doctor ya'll  
that can heal you when you answer to the alter call,  
he can, fill all the emptiness and void in your heart,  
that's why I rhyme out of a need and not love of the art,  
so listen, my only mission is soul fishing,  
so when the rapture happens, faces will be on the back  
of milk cartons missing.

[Hook]

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