

T-Bone "Blazin' Microphones"

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Iâ€™m sweet like cinnamon when Iâ€™m spittinâ€™ this lyrical venom,
giving rappers the blues like denim,
when Iâ€™m killinâ€™ em, fillinâ€™ em with these syllable,
synonyms of adrenaline spillinâ€™ off my spiritual tongue,
then numbing â€™em like penicillin,
plus Iâ€™m trying to reach the lost like Gilligan,
God willinâ€™ the spiritual healinâ€™, will stop the drug dealing,
and killing, because Iâ€™m feeling like Iâ€™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 â€™em with spiritualism, tell â€™em about the one thatâ€™s arisen,
how they can be free in they spirit, and have they sins forgiven,
by the one who died on the cross,
cuz 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 dissinâ€™ a G,
cuz I got they remedy on how yaâ€™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.

Iâ€™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 preachinâ€™ the word,
like a drug dealers, slangin; holy rock on the curb,
eyes blurred off the holy ghost, contact smoke,
gotcha trippinâ€™ off my rims, crush eyes and my rope,

plus Iâ€™m gifted with flows and wrist is frozen,
I thought you all knew dawg, what, Iâ€™m Godâ€™s
chosen,
highly favored, standing with the elite,
thatâ€™s stand apart dawg, anointed, bring the word to
the streets,
aint into entertaininâ€™ the the fame or set you
claiminâ€™,
tha game of naminâ€™, unless the name Iâ€™m namingâ€™
is Jesus on the throne and reining, painting a picture
for Gâ€™s banginâ€™,
og how the Lord can save â€™em, train â€™em like a
Baltimore Raven, engraving,
the name of Jesus across they heart, cuz its breakinâ€™,
plus Satan is waitinâ€™, anticipatinâ€™, and hatinâ€™,
but ones we got â€™em, there ainâ€™t no escaping.

[Hook]

I been doing this for 12 years, it aint easy yaâ€™ll,
to make hit records that are off the hizzy yaâ€™ll,
especially when them bustas sippinâ€™ on that haterade,
talkinâ€™ behind your back and trying to stop you on a
day to day,
I donâ€™t make music for â€™em playa hatas anyway,
this is for killers and thugs, thatâ€™s sippinâ€™ 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 yaâ€™ll
that can heal you when you answer to the alter call,
he can, fill all the emptiness and void in your heart,
thatâ€™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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