

# Bronze Nazareth, Detroit

(Intro: Bronze Nazareth)

Yo, yo, turn my shit up a little bit, man  
Yeah, like right there and shit

(Bronze Nazareth)

Yo, my impacts that fracture bones and pierce stones  
Reports by Peter Jennings, on your desk when the sun arose  
That's deep like a fall from heaven, the call from your reverend  
Stranded in Baghdad, aggressive as keg blast  
Silent as sounds as thrusts from a shank stab  
Move in waves like a puma's shoulder blade  
I amaze, I'm amazed, find your ways through the minor haze  
Photographic chapters from a pall pit  
Write on the walls of my mind, inside my skull pit  
Piss cloudy like London skies, I wonder why  
I don't drive that jet black four five

(Kevlaar 7)

Who can fuck with me on the table of elements  
Hand me a mic and I'll melt MC's irrelevant  
Tentaments and projects, throwing up my logo  
I rhyme degrees equivalent to breathing an inferno  
Slow burn, running dues and mics, my turn  
I carry sound barriers, that's none of your concern  
I flip moods like nuns with guns, goons and good  
The hero disposition, superhero with a hood

(Phillie)

Battle the best of them, ignore the rest of them  
Killed about a million MC's, maybe less of 'em  
Then my dogs taught me, cover my tracks  
When it's war time, with more rhymes, to counter attack  
My word play, similar to shit in Iraq  
Get blown off the map with no chance to fight back  
Man down, chip a tooth biting my style  
Had a lock the same before, yo kid, what's up now?

(Bronze Nazareth)

I creep low, pull heat slow out with heat throw  
I teach the seeds through you, leak if you need to  
Proceed to build, far cathedrals where trees grew  
My thoughts are jagged, slice helmets in Hebrew  
I watch the hands turn, counter clockwise  
So I can look back on the future and learn  
I told you lines small as spines, jam knives, rush revolvers  
I'm tough smothered in teflon marauders  
A world's mother, carry Atlas on my back  
Throw a shank through your fuel tank, crash ya plane wax

(Phillie)

Roots up, come through masked and blue truck  
Still mashing, any shape, form or fashion  
Outlasting, all those, that profile and pose  
Like hoes, in the front row, of one of my shows  
Phillie oh so, rapper slash hustler, kid  
Ain't a man alive touching the kid, get off that  
And into some shit, trust me, I'm as ill as it get  
Go for your guns, prepare to be crushed, trust none

(Bronze Nazareth)

I'm a man of many hats, black hoodies, no furs  
Want a chauffeur that blow herb all on the curb  
When the sun shine, I want mine, away from heaven  
Spitting lazer beam schemes that'll blind ya vision

My dividends, medallion cartel suited pipes  
Don't shoot the dice if you ain't nice, follow the script  
Rust Detroit, a warfield of concrete trenches  
The bullet holes, ski masks and backdoor entrance  
This is it, I wrote it, a poet lauriete  
With a semi loaded tech, when I speak, rhymes eject

(Kevlaar 7)

No love, but a slug, for these pussies, try'nna push me  
Over the edge, and out of my head, pronounced head  
But, we don't die, we expand to foreign lands  
Come back with rich for the fam, and break 'em down in grams  
For the street team, loyalty, guns and roses  
To hand out the casualties of war, we soldiers  
Full of that hydro smoke, it's over  
With gats going brat-brrr-rat, where ya killas at?