Bronze Nazareth, 5th Chamber

(Intro: Prodigal Sunn)
Yeah, another one, the mad butcher
12 O'Clock, Prodigal Sunn, Bronze Nazareth
Two On Da Road, yeah, Think Differently
My nigga Dreddy Kruger, yeah

(Prodigal Sunn)

Sunny shazaam, spark any part of ya jam I am that I am, cannons like 'Samite Sam That'll break ya ass up, like the hits on my ram Legit on the cam, plus I do it, for the love of my fam No wool over my eyes, been in the game, see through the lies Ready and live, for them spies, try'nna seek my demise Zini on the rise, moving the sky, stay on the top Late for the drop, keep clear, from them hip hop cops Ain't no stopping what I'm willing, drilling Do it for the love of the children, double some millions The industry, a couple of billions For killing the struggle, the war, the hustle Remain like a muscle, solid Bronze, cooler than Fonze Spit it like balms, seven dot coms, the man supreme Queen with the charm, the king who keeps his loot all calm Known to bare arms, moving shalam, off that burning bush Twisting that diesel kush, lethal like some George Bush

(12 O'Clock)

Hip hop to me, is like food in the stomach I bust in a nut that feel it, when you pumping I rock a buggy eyed Benz, four hundred and something My hands in my pocket, dead preses' by the bunches My daughter birthday is on the candle in the pumpkin I'm on the highway, Flex Master when he Funkin' it Mmm.. I burn that kush, look out for them cops, they crooks Do more crimes than son in Brook I'm on the corner on Franklin and Putnam We looking harder than coke when it's cooked Got niggas scared to look Know the fo'fo leave a hole, as wide as a book I'm from Bedstuy, do or die, heart of the Brook Lies get took, stick up kids live off the juks Mush the gun in ya face, nigga, call you a puss' Out of town niggas shaking, when they come through, they shook Watch ya king, nigga, my queen got you in check with the rook Guard ya fifty two block, nigga, the jab and the hook

(Bronze Nazareth)

Where the barrels roar, pharaohs war where our arrows soar Ran deep in the streets like a marathon Vagabond, with haggler arm, strangle with a hearing bone Piano grandiose style, hand the man a fan and bow To the upmost, respect me to the muthafuckin' glucose Erode folks to the last atom home, batter domes And use my chatter for better homes Botanist rotten as cherry pits and rusty blades That's my sound, and run the crown jewels by the pound Stick niggas up, but if I must, I get down Keep northern lights lit, the bush trim close Glove box stashed equipped with the UFO's for the foes Shatter bones like Mexican bulls Play me close and find yourself far from any hope Got plenty rope, third eye a side from any scope As far as I know, nigga, my art is controlled By the hand, hand and heart of my soul Writer life line part of the notes

The modern Magna Carta art show from the barrel of the gun to where the sparks go

(Sean Price)

Sean Price is the nicest MC in the world to ever write a rap This the way I get paid, unless you box and crack I write a rap in a minute, niggas dig it for years Cuz they love it when I spit the bullshit in they ear Yellow bus niggas can't read or write too good But they sell whites white, and they nice with good Listen, I spit a gem star, on you and your friend, pa Then spar ten rattles in your friend car Sean the Boss, I'm the best in the world You'se a bitch, and you soft like the breasts on your girl Bump bitches suck dick for the wash and say With they finger 'round the collar, holla 'wash ya neck' Listen, Dikembo Mutumbo, feliz navidad You buy Ecko, to get us free, like Amistad Listen, make some noise if you wanna receive this Shot the gun, voice one, stolen your Jesus, P.