

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're 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.