

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 casaulties of war, we soldiers
Full of that hydro smoke, it's over
With gats going brat-brrr-rat, where ya killas at?