

Bronze Nazareth, Black Royalty

(Intro: Bronze Nazareth)
Yeah... (all our ghetto children)
Black Royalty, kid...
Soak your soul in it, baby...
We had many questions (we love ya'll)
Black Royalty, yo, yo

(Bronze Nazareth)

Royal golden, watch my inner soul flowing
Like leaves in a Galilee current towards the ocean
Grab it and smoke one, but don't overdose lungs
I'll trade you these scriptures, if you hand me your guns
Made it for students in the school of life
I could write a sun ray, author a full moon's light
My words are sutchers to a broken future
That stitch clouds together, lift you to God, when we lose ya
I speak planets, think mountains, deep fountains
Bleed messages, tell the welfare kids
Place Saturn's rings around a splattered kid's wig
Send him to Heaven's gates, to earn his severed wings
I great the fallen angels with a second chance
On the blankets of death, like winter Indian chants (??)
My thoughts float through the city, homeless men heard me
Found more dreams in my rhymes, than that flask of wild turkey
Open and pour it, withdraw it, before he sipped it
Put his bottle in his coat and said "that kid is gifted"
Follow a spiral staircase into my brain wave
Count every step and see exactly where the pain lays
Aline my watch with a biological clock
Drag the moon into a womb, tell your child, you could watch
Then maybe you'll never leave, a fatherless child as a seed
Black Royalty, the horns my robe, crown and habitat
On the black top, I spoke to Judas, he regretted that
Metal gat, my habits like fresh fleets of heroin
Look close, and saw the map of Detroit streets, in his arm
The city climbed in that old picture of me in the frame
And asked the man i used to know, why the fuck I changed
Told him with no expression, words were on the page
Written in goblins, ghosts & the hemoglobin of slaves
I drew blood in the shape of the Wu symbol
My rhymes are hieroglyphics, left for mystics in temples
Carefully build each bar, like I welded you a jail
Then smoke from the same plants black magic used to heal
And blow the residue in the 9/11 wind direction
Stranger than fiction how those buildings stand as missing
Back in deep thought like a rich man now homeless
Stroke the fire like intern's hips in melty moments
This is triumphant warrior overthrow
Vivid like my face carved in black foot totem pole
They ask whose the Wu-Tang poet so graphic
They sent him towards The Wisemen, and he came to Nazareth