

Bronze Nazareth, Blowgun (Remix)

(sample)

These men are usually from low to middle class backgrounds
These men are usually intelligent
Most experienced at killing trials
Typically, they wage the war on instinct

(Intro: Dots *overlaps sample*)

Yo yo yo yo yo yo it's ya man Dots
The Descendent Of The Sun
with my man B Nazty, rippin' the Blowgun
Nahmean? We about to experiment with y'all niggaz
Strengthen ya minds a bit, nahmean?
Want y'all niggaz to hold tight
Strap on y'all seatbelts

(Bronze Nazareth)

In a hooded monk robe stands a genius with the gift
Mics full, spread the gospel like Mae Ford Smith
Centuries will speak of deeds of the goblin's fist
who hobbled swift, and slid off like toboggans on candlesticks
Bronze, offer the lotus, truncate MCs at the wrist
Steal their hands and preserve 'em in case I get arthritis
Bite this, you won't exist as if Mary had an abortion
Death grip, push the sword in, your writing hand's foreskin
Your hymen phalanges, nigga mine write rigormortis
Germinated outside, but in the hood like the clitoris
This is, sound tones with a chrome javelin thrown through the clavicle bone
Causin' the tetanus syndrome, thin chrome vocal cords
Knock hurricanes off course golf club swing force
Sound like the cling of my swords! {*Cling noise*}
Bio-kinetic menace, cryogenic defenseless entrance
Digest 7 volumes of Guinness finish the witness
This strength caused California's deadly shifting plates
New York's blizzards, Florida's hurricanes, and Michigan's lakes

(Chrous x2: Dots)

Aiyo, Bronze got the Blowgun
Blow one, flow holes in ton
Impact cracks ya ass son
Access Bronze through the thoughts of the weapon bitch
Poison ya mind, lab contaminated through messages

(Bronze Nazareth)

Abominable, throw blades through the abdominal
Dope laced in audio, lyric cylindrical
Bushido style, vessels blow, mic-phone crack the flight zone
Rule's Gun, verbal Atilla Hun, shatter ear bone
Poison pen, even rip the ven
Lingual oxygen, paint pictures like a modern day Arnold Bocklin
Fireball, legend of the fall, eat with Apostle Paul
Hear behemoths call, peace to demons in the negro halls
Eat off the table of elements, I circumvent
Throw on the chrome vest, slap Merlin, steal the amulet
Fencing with a dragon head sword, sharp as treble clefs
Babies steal cat's breath, I banged lady Macbeth
Then sat in Gla-mis writing next to carved monoliths
A novelist, scientific, horrific, mystic, chauvenistic
48th Ronin caught clonin' an omen infant
Electric esophagus, kiss the moon, wave to Artemis
Gather bricks, write sick scripts in my abode
Rock King Arthur's robe at the table of segmented globe

(Chorus x2)

(Outro: Dots)

Y'all niggaz better throw on ya raincoats and shit
Nahmean? We 'bout to prosper
We 'bout to reign like kingdoms, yanahmean?
We 'bout to rain like storm clouds
Y'all niggaz had better put y'all swords down
Yanahmean? Get ready for the comin'
It's ya man Dots, with Bronze Nazareth/B Nazty
Yanahmean? 3 strikes, I'm out, one

(sample)

Many Americans when they think of a killer
they will think of a classy eyed uniform
A monster, someone who acts that way will carry it out
And yet the typical killer is extraordinarily ordinary