## 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