

# Bronze Nazareth, Good Morning (A Nice Hell)

(Intro: Bronze Nazareth)

Yeah... you know..

Aight... yo..

Knowimsayin, let me walk through the yards... yo.

(Bronze Nazareth)

Let me walk you through the yards where life is truly hard

On the pathway, from a disease that ashtray

All day, we on the grind like Monday

Just let me smoke my insence, life is intense

Like the Black Day in July..

Excuse me, mam, I'm just try'nna get by

Just try'nna get past these souls that fly

Like the bullets down my way, hoes around my way

Souls is drowning in the dead sea of sex and Alize

Look out for the dead children, maybe you'll find hope

Sitting in the building, around a plate of that coke

Damage your mammo-grammy, we see what's in your heart

On the road to nowhere, the boulevard; Rosa Parks

Those are sharks, wake up, cause the jakes up

Just try'nna reach for his goal, he reach for his gun

It ain't no Tums when the heart burns like the sun

Tears for the whine, sims, this can't be life

Flowers for sale, half off the funeral price

Rock skip accross lungs, family are stunned

Good morning, the flute plays my song of sorrow

Today we got hope, but what about tomorrow?

Good afternoon, still blast the same tune

Good evening, thief Steve was his demon

(Chorus 2X: Bronze Nazareth)

He came screaming, like "Blaow! Nigga fuck ya life"

Good night, sometimes hell seems kinda nice

She came tears, screaming, like why they take his life?

Kissed his forehead in the coffin, good night

(Bronze Nazareth)

Float through the day, like heroin in the veins

Of a mad sinner, from whiskey to a bad liver

It's mad different, when he trying on my shoes

Maybe they learn in turn, that I don't wanna breathe booze

And they don't wanna sell birds, bricks & bodily germs

Just try'nna reach our goals, so we reach for what burns

And I probably know I'm wrong, but it's the same old song

On the radio playlist, how the sales made him famous

And you probably wouldn't see us, just as niggaz & felons

Maybe you'll find promise in a box of ego talents

Maybe you'll see dreams in the eyes of the fiends

And the tray green for green, is the best way, it seems

Now we ain't say we innocent, angels, or preacher's sons

But you slap my hand away whenever I reach for funds

Anger and pain, take a bang of the George brain

On the train to nothingness, with wilther mere dreams

It ain't no time, when freedom is on the clock

You'll either join your sports team or I'll bench press a glock

Good morning, I guess we never broke the slavery bonds

Cause I came out the precinct with the same chains on

Good afternoon, I'm still laughing at the moon

Good evening, we all poured our liquor out grieving

Poured our liquor grieving..

(Chorus 2: Bronze Nazareth)

Psalm pulled a pipe, like wait, I love life

Good night, sometimes you die after you see the light

He shot to the side like last night's dice  
Missed the man on purpose, cause he regained his sight  
Psalm pulled a pipe, like wait, I love life  
Good night, sometimes you die after you see the light  
He shot to the side like Antonio McDyess  
Missed the man on purpose, cause he regained his sight

(Outro: Bronze Nazareth)  
And that's how it goes, when it goes how it goes..