Bronze Nazareth, More Than Gold

Man speaking Japanese

(Bronze Nazareth)
I'm a king with no wings, but we can box in one
I'm toxic, spun off the marksmen epiclotist
Ex-robbers, vile toting, swinging totem pole
Cobra ax flow, niggas spinning jacks slow
Government remote control, my brain power
Rain shower, man and gods, what's the odds
Even I'm wrong, I'm still right, get large
Seven Wise, hitman, hit squad, dip bars
In golden jars, I speak a sunshine flow
Throw a drumline slow, like gumbo
Aiyo, my music testifies, and if it's not 5 mics
It's atleast ten gongs
Throw a rope up to God, maybe you'll climb this high
In the tree house, I'm tree'd out, speak about
Something, to think about a bleed out
Flee to my house, hold a tree to my mouth, inhale it's
Brain tsunami, hope your chain and all your property
Is enough to keep you, on top of the water
Shallow niggas sink deep, and there's sharks in the water
Who run the soundboards, from here to abroad
While ya'll niggas sleep as if the Lord had called, uh

Man speaking Japanese again

(Interlude: Timbo King)
Yeah... yeah, that's who it is
Yo, Bronze, you gon' get a gold medal on this one
Yo, Kruger, I got my thinking cap on, listen..

(Timbo King)
Look, I will murk you holmes
I'm Muhammad Ali, I will hurt you Holmes
You ain't nice as hell, you a Comic View rapper
You should write for Chappelle (GZA: "Konichiwa bitches!")
Let's spit the pie fucking three ways
Now we got enough gwop up to pay DJ's
Punch rappers, blood in they mouth, sell it on eBay
Niggas got G5's now up in the PJ's
Wanna pull wool over eyes, go get a sheep
And the G's shall inherit the streets over police
Cop jars of that white widow, write it on a memo
Internet thugs, they get thrown outta they windows
Fight club, I grab mics with Nike gloves
Inside night pubs, we smash light bulbs
I break niggas up like glass dishes, I'm past vicious
Before I bury ya ass, any last wishes?
Dry ice, I'm rockin' ya man into fried rice
Fucking with Bo, you could die twice
The game is fixed, they pulled the same tricks on Zab
Hop outta cabs, right in front of Sacks, Fifth Ave.
Fuck Bloomberg, new law, marrying fags
You should get a job in Pathmark, carrying bags
Spit hotter than a day in Nevada, with a mink on
Father, slash corporate, without the pink on
Ya'll dudes got a "problem"
And I ain't talking 'bout Mathematics and his album
I'm famous, amongst the streets in all projects
The Black Rick Rubin when I'm putting out a project
See me on Canal, plus cursing in my sentence
Smiling, medicaid paid for the dentist
A dollar goes a long way from spending pennies

Might wind up broke surrounded by them gimme's
Loose ball, you can chirp, you can Boost call
Shots rain out, from the top of the roof, ya'll
Smoke screen, I smoke green, light a Dutch up...
What's that, diesel, son?
I'm cold blooded, Rick James, up in my veins
Hurricane, hurri' wind done flooded
Besides the shows, online sales and features
I've done made more money this year than teachers

(Bronze Nazareth)
I hit the smoke, stack it like my bitch's batter
Might shatter like pipe dreams, splatter ya gray matter
When things get rough, pull something from my sleeve
Longer than Joker gun, keep hope alively
With a smoking gun, I discipate a Crimson gate
Escape and scrape the fishscale straight, move the plate
High maneuvers, blue street pie for dinner
Consider a sinner, simmer my lines like roaches shimmer
Leftover bread winner, a lively dead winter
Since my placenta had adventure grammar
My wild life is trife like arachnid's trapped in amber
No one can shit on these schemes with pitiful means
Put you on the hospital beams, and audible screens
My possible scam, a sonogram of modern man
Harbor, G. Carver plans, why do we sit in stance?