

Bronze Nazareth, Rare Breed

(Phillie)

Yeah, let's get real acquainted, flows hard as the pavement
Far as basic, my aim in the game's, through complication
Food for thought tast it, ain't it amazing?
God MC, whose hard as me, rumble real looks, in the mob like me
Get stuck by Timb boots, on the robbing spree
Keep thinking ya'll me, tough as teflon
I won't bleed, squeeze til I'm empty
My enemies resent me, since peep it
A player's potential, playing my pussy while they sleeping
Prepare for the worse, or a hearse, do it or cremate it
However you gon' take it, stand a chance of leaving here naked
Where I was raised in, new killers who made the sacrifice
Died trying, to show the nigga, how to cherish life
Walk around at night, packing a pistol
Cuz niggas get got for doing this shit I meant to
I got rap skills, I'm spitting what I've been through
Clear as crystal, in Detroit, we get physical
One dimensional, gully, gutter or gangsta
On every block, some spots, somebody selling weed or rocks
Caught on the wrong side, weave them shots
Cuz they coming from all directions, breathe & stop
Tucked and roll, turn around, bust ya clone
And that's all to walk home, in my city, fo' sho
Learn how to shoot, at a early age, be a drug dealer
Make skrilla, cuz time's real, relate to some niggas

(Bronze Nazareth)

I remember gear for days, shift with them grimey ways
Words to the pope's robe, if I ain't ate that day
Became vegetarian, only inhale vegetation
No hesitation, when the crowd elope, pellets came in
I walk with Abraham, through the ghettos and slums
My mentals is numb, my pencils held for the glaciers
The way words work is circling through ya third eye
My rhymes bird eye, could see the snakes in their turf line
My search burn minds, with walking through desert eyes
Only to find the streets run as long as the Nile
Be stronger, how? We can never move all this concrete
Til blind streets, lead us to God's bronze feet
We'll be tusslin' on corners, musclin' on us
Cussin' our foreigners, mourners cry, watching funeral workers
Word to Thelma from Good Times, my mind's a rhyme library
The size of a high rise

(Bronze Nazareth)

Yo, I'm a rare breed, you won't dare scheme
I blow a hole through ya speakers, and watch ya snares bleed
I spot and stare at fiends til they capillaries clean
Rhyme on the top of ferris wheels, until the beams lean
I set up street dreams, so do they nightmares
Bet on ice stares, so drag it that they dice pairs
With angus beef lands after hands are slaughtered
War street marauders, selling hearts after life's harbors
Through here a high water, low town's of heaven's gates
Escape like seven freight trains, holding on the weight
Like anaconda snake, a man who taunt the snakes
Circle you fakes, get stomped in the surgery gates
Ghetto's my toothpick, I spit hand-to-hell scenes
My thought for food stay warm like hand held machines
With simple precision, I paint steel for the living
Bare with the villains, dope fiends and the victims