

Bronze Nazareth, Stolen Van Gogh

(Intro: Bronze Nazareth)

Yo, it's Nazareth, baby
Yeah, you know what it is
Now do it, nigga, get it
Let's smoke a heart... yeah.. yo..

(Bronze Nazareth)

Smoking a bold bogey, hoping the rose hold me down
So I can stroke a pound of gold ropes around my crown
Boldy tote the only pound I ever held, my mic is like
Whistling hollow tips from out of clips, that slip from solid grips
Feathers on the down floats, street measures that surround folks
Could drive an insane man, sane
Like crashing planes in the buildings, I got explaining to do
These crooks tricked the art and ran, like the stolen Van Gogh
Holding the candle, to the best of them, street veteran vandal
Settle and handle, season beef like electrical seats
I'm a beast, nigga, I call your bluff, like "You next, nigga"
You'd rather end a fight with me, with your index finger
I'm complexed, nigga, driving whips back to the plantation
You won't understand of my lines, it takes much patience
My words so real, you can watch what I'm saying
My thoughts staying scary like you came in and caught God praying
To who, in heaven's elevator, I vocally murder you
And past through like Ash Wednesday, unnoticed
Blend in, like cameras unfocused
The roaches scatter ashes, floaters
Slow as falling daggers, make your blood shatter
Multiple stab wound plaques, engineer trained from far over
Half moon tracks, and that's that