

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