

Bronze Nazareth, The Bronzeman

(Bronze Nazareth)

Yo, yo, fuck a diamond, I used to only hit a pitch off one
On home plates, we ball of the base, hit it and run
Body heavy metal, bet I only travel on frowning horses
Inhale the forest, fled the house of a thousand corpses
Housing my name in your mouth, will get you John Booth'ed
I let myself out of my jail, cuz I'm the truth
Eyes shimmer like rivers and broken bottles of Smirnoff
Successions of sounds splash from windows, spilling off
Steel emboss my logo cause death or mogul's calls
Skin clinks like 18 Bronzemen in the halls
The seeds of my cold blood travel through deep veins
Grew up with no hands, arms were spike ball & chain
The hills have eyes, they saw me escape the odds
Keep my blowgun shirt or your back until you die
Voice squirt cyanide, crack open a winter sky
For cash, I need a ski mask and a Rambo knife
Hydro clouds, looks out, watch the city rumble
From a million hunger pains, and those bees that bumble
I'm filled with screams that I can never let slip
They say a poet and madman we all have a bit
And fuck ya videos, I only watch channels, not the mainstream
My sheath holds cannisters and manuals of daydreams
Brita water, filter slaughter, chop the broccoli sloppy
My habit's insane performing an audio-topsy
Cotton grown, testosterone, got glocks for bones
Drink a marsh of H2O, think harsh darts and throw
Maybe blow, poison tips, razor tits
Sour as lemon sticks, my fetish is wet pussy
With splatter patterns, I'm dark like Rosa Park murders on the camera lanterns
Sharp as a thorn on a rose from your ex-wife
Sly as a sleuth for the slipknot on your windpipe
Lynch mic-stands, I got a weather-vein mind bend
Laugh is like rubies and dances on the vile winds
I live probably like the Mothman prophecy
Ferment like winery, Iliad be my Oddssey
We puff crimson and drink marble from lead pipes
Run for daylight like Payton from jakes on grey nights
When the blocks hot, I stand with my heart frozen
Clap like a thousand books closing
And pop loud as a thousand rosaries broken
Rode gold wind, into silver clouds of Sativa
Word to Solomon, love Shiba down to her amoeba

(Killa Sin)

Yo, yo, who in the world could spit it like me
Unlikely, sheisty for that mic piece
My Clan keep no white sheets, wife beaters & Nike sneaks
Skeetin' divas who treat us like, Black Jesus and feed us
Tahitian cleavage, with features that
Keep 'em beating they penis, we terror predator veterans
Trend setters who better when, under pressure
Cuz better lines, prime timers like Letterman
Dead ya shine in a second, yeah, I'm a Con and that Edison
Say you sick with the rhymes, well then I'mma vomit the medicine
Bomb atomic like Deck over beats that Impeach the President
Save the beef for you freaks, it ain't nothing sweet, and ain't never been
If you keep it at peace, we won't have to level your residence
Better to chill, nigga, take a breather, let it settle in
Need the speed of the cheetah, with feet as a big as an elephants
Ammo like John Rambo, to stand a chance in my element
Handle hammers with elegance, damage the camera's evidence
Ammo that dismantle limbs, where you stand is irrelevant