

Talkin' The Talk - HRSMN

Canibus

Underdig, underdig that
Pull it back
Blast, pull his wig back
It's like that
Lil' bitch niggaz
Horsemen

Everybody thinkin' that they Talkin' the Talk
Everybody thinkin' that they walkin' the walk
Nigga watch out, shit's about to spark
Nigga cuz ya just can't do it, nigga we run through it
(2x)

Everybody..

You don't have a broad enough bandwidth to understand 'Bis
Like what if - I changed my name to CAN-I-RIP
Tell me, would you understand it?
Or does it trouble you?
Is it too much over your head, does it puzzle you?
I can rap about whatever the fuck I want
What's wrong with rappin' about whatever the fuck I'd done
Visually and verbally, I'm hi-res cutting edge
and if you know Rakim then you should Know the Ledge
I know I do, get everything I've ever rhymed to
staple it together and you got a fuckin bible
Let me remind you, records like Beasts from the East
prove that I crucify you
if I ever get to rap behind you.
What about the freestyles I put on vinyl
for DJs and hiphop heads to get hype to
Besides who raps like I do?
If you ever heard I'm not the best you bein' lied to
Here's a FYI to I can rip
but you don't have the mental bandwidth to understand Bis
Niggaz wanna talk the talk
but when they get their feet chopped off
they can't walk the walk

Bitch niggaz..

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(2x)

Now I could rap about whatever the fuck I want
Is it wrong to rap about whatever the fuck I want?
Fill the body bags, off the commando Volvo
Sendin' bodies home in car loads
In my former life my name was Ricardo
People used to tease me and call me retardo
Then got it started to whoopin' niggaz retarded
Rambunkious, raidin' niggaz, ricocheted it
Power as Foreman, electric stormin'
Horsemen stormin', ragin' war in

Negligence, poetic Pegasus
Nigga, smoke forms in the form of pestilence
I reign, like snow and hail
And sour like Concords, "Boy, is that yo shit?
Is that yo bitch?"
Better get a nigga cuz she on the Horsemen dick (Bitch)
Lyrical linguistic twist shit like licorice sticks
Comin' with a glock and a clip Verbals on job like missiles when the AK's spit
Runnin' shit like the St. Lunatics
Bitch niggaz

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I spit verses similar to curses
Have nurses closin' up the curtains
Callin' up surgeons, hookin' ya body up to circuits
But ya condition just worsens
to the point ya lungs and ya heart stop workin'
'Til ya carried off into churches then leave off into hurses
Play six feet Beneath the Surface
Along with the worms and the serpents
But I be somewhere in Persian wearin' turbans
Herbalist, the verbalist, the thoroughest
Some kind of divine therapist
Come back to the states as a terrorist
Wearin' a face like I never exist
Pull out the Beretta and I spit
Cops touch me then I sever they wrist
Ask yourself what type of era this is
It's the era of the horses, Priest the Horseman
Priest the Horseman, keep talkin'

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