

Horsementality

Canibus

The beginnin' of the end niggaz
Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever
The alpha and the amega, the Canibus'll make your eyes redder
Fuck y'all niggaz talkin' 'bout cheddar Brought to you by your millennium group, The Horsemen
Four swordsmen, from the land of the lost
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Canibus
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut motherfucker
Wavin' the four-four I'm headless nigga, but I packs a big piece
Blastin', they let assassins loose on the street
Murderous notes I wrote, I lacerate throats
I toss fire at niggaz, motherfuck the six
The condos is supposed to be flip bricks
All thirty-nine of your bitches, pretty-ass bitch nigga I'll throw some fucked up kicks on
Next is a small tank top, the spot, shot it up
Beat you in your face wit a rope knotted up 'Cause we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kurupt
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horse mentality
I'm a Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be See I'm tired of the sparkly shit, niggaz talkin' shit
I wanna see the streets dark again, let the heaters spark again
Police callin' all cars often powerful as a motherfuckin' Vulcan My specialty is poetically, lyrically
Energetically, ultra magnetically Dogg Pound pedigree
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch
Only grimy shit, dirty shit, holocaust in thirty-thirty shit Missile flick assassin Sicilian, kill women and kill men
And kidnap children, for vengeance in the name of the Horsemen
Slice your Achilles tendon, the Headless Horseman
And we abide by, the code of the streets
The makings of a real MC, yeah, bitch So just abide by what you ride by
'Cause we abide, by what we ride by
Just abide by what you ride by
'Cause we abide, by what we ride by What the fuck y'all done started four apocalyptic prophets
Appearin' outta floatin' objects, wearin' Middle Western garments
Long trench coats with our hands in our pockets
Slappin' all you scary-ass rap artists, half-retarded
Swear by our forefathers
Anything you speak, think, or show will be disregarded Then I drag your frightened ass through the darkness
Bring you out the other side, as a carcass
I'm heartless, regardless if y'all claim to be Gods or Goddess
To me, y'all all garbage, I see all of y'all as movin' targets
And my lyrics be the atomic rockets, cosmic vomit, spittin'
Hittin' at y'all Vietnam vets wit military arms and bombs

Strapped to our chest castin' meteor storms and comets
Now, who wanna make the next Ras comment
And be the first one left unconscious?
After I squeeze your head like the Charmin'
Fuck around and see a lightning bolt around your throat
And squeeze till your head smoke from all the electric volts
Satanically sacrifice your ass like an occult
Have your seance inside of a dark synagogue
We was lyrically sent to y'all
Like the Men of God to put a end to y'all
I sniff bites like dogs to get the scent of y'all
Horsemen, we be scorchin' when we be walkin'
With the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin
Let's air it out like the breeze
Now watch me do one-armed handstands
And hang these Nut's over seven continents and seven seas
Streets is Lebanese
Be rockin' Bulgari wrist watches and sniper marines
Most of these MC's can't even rap, just model and go gold
And get big-headed like they swallowin' colleges
I spit empty grave sites, rap stars fill 'em up
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck
Me? I ain't even in my prime
When I write my dopest rhyme, Western civilization declines
Catch me hoppin' off the A train in a New York state of mind
But I rep West side, so I keep L.A. time
That's a three-hour difference
So when my bitch is a six, she's really a nine
In seven days, she'd still be a dime
Call me Blaze Sky walker hittin' jugular veins
Crack open your skull wit a paper weight and suck out your brains
Kiddo, I be doin' my thug-thizzo for shizzo
And the wife of a careless man is almost a widow
So what's happening, from P.I. to '99 Madden
Since police be jackin' blacks, I talk to pigs in Pig Latin
Uck fay ou yay itch bay at lay a igga nay play and free Keith Murray
Yo, yo, yo, I kick a verse at six-hundred
and sixty-six megahertz
Make lightnin' flash across the sky every time I curse
Six-hundred and sixty-six flashes
Give out six-hundred and sixty-six lashes
To the backs of six-hundred and sixty-six
Master of Ceremony has beens
Put a crown of thorns on whoever the king of rap is
If he's a Catholic I nail him to a crucifix
Then I beat him till he's blackish-blueish
Then perform acupuncture wit six-hundred and sixty-six toothpicks
Beat 'em with two whips, with pieces of broken glass glued to it
Your whole crew get spayed and neutered
As soon as I aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets
Your armored cars and your Kevlar vest, is useless
I'ma fuck all of you pussies like group sex
You get six-hundred and sixty-six years imprisonment
For bitin' off another nigga's shit, you bitch
You got caught, now you on the other side of the law
Snitchin' on mad niggaz in a soundproof court
To get some of your sentence knocked off, you wildin'

But you still be in Riker's Island gettin' forced to toss salads
You scared of that, wit a phobia fear of that
I'ma tape it on the digital video DAT And send a copy to Miramax leave you exposed
Turn all the fiction to fact, so everybody will know
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin' ass nigga
That got fucked in the ass by your father figure (No matter who?)
I'll bruise and bash you, blast you
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo
Deliverin' mind blowin' rhymes and poems
Controllin' my tongue when I'm flowin' like pilot controlled Boeing
When I get bitten, I bite back, Quicker than Tyson attacks I don't give a fuck if I don't get my license back, so,
take caution
The four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop Northward MC's take caution
The four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop Northward motherfuckers, yeah So just abide by, what your ride by
'Cause we abide by, what we ride by
Just abide by, what your ride by
'Cause we abide by what we ride by, ha Wavin the four, four, all you heard was, "Priest, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four, four, all you heard was, "Bis, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four, four, all you heard was, "Ras, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four, four, ayyo Kurupt, hit them niggaz wit the hardcore Yeah, nigga, I'm headless without thoughts
With my motherfuckin' arms crossed
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse
Took over the whole race course To throw the jockey off the saddle
Now, who the fuck really wanna battle?
Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missile
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin' round wit the Dogg
I'm a hog

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