

Eminem

"Talkin"

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Uh, yeah..yeah yeah yeah yeah..the renegades.. X3
Bitch im from the nine, your hood aint no realer
you the pussy ass nigga livin next to the killer
im the killer that moved outa the block
and head back to the hood, when im movin my rock
you can find me, on the dark road, dark clothes yay
in the console and god knows, i make grip of blow shit..
i could get rich off blows, my nation affiliation
pitch forks ive choose
what the fuck you gon do we bang back hammers
im a six point star in a gray bandana
i die for this, nigga you rhyme for this
pussy i ride for this and did thime for this
thats why im convinced you fear that im convicted until
we let off some shots and some gangsta shit man
gitsu gorillas leave tats and fragments
2 shots through your cabbage gaspin cashisss

Chorus

Pussy niggas alwayz talkin that shit whats ya flag and
who you baggin with "i dont give a fuck" you can live in
the hood n shit but remember who you bangin with " i
dont give a fuck"

pussy nigga talkin all that shit whats ya flag and who ya
bangin with "i dont give a fuck" you can live in the hood
n shit but remember who you bangin with "i dont give a
fuck

verse 2

Terrified levels that scares peace, im ill bease will
creep one deep slump seat dump heat, niggas scream
fuck me he lucky when im blastin, i love it respect
enough fo you no come askin wait ago cashis boost up
my ego, let loose out some roof with my eagle, folk
gun a century, rollin wit peoples the omen the sequel
the morgue they will see you, close ken mollitoof close
to no skin, his mama pretend that she doesnt know
him, im the reason for the whole say no slogan, dope n
folkin lokin provokin got a brand new beam with the
scope n leave your family with a wake for hostin, i
collect enough snow to enhance the aspens im the
reallist nigga round here ask fo cashis folk,

Chorus

verse 3

Loadin the cub 4, loadin it up toke, then fire up my
choke from the gun smoke, thats on the boss man my
nina ross can, place gang bangas in to a punk
thang, this is renegades rick not really paid, gave cash
pistols now were merely spray full bricks of raw, nigga
thats really weight, ride my workers for me now thats
really cake, give it right back to em watch it
regenerate, ima degenerate black bandit, livin ape,
niggas dick in they pockets like dj's dippin crates, if
you cutnin my profits, you gone in the district k, let off
at cops n classic rock im the independant king pin
cocaine cops fo fee blow weed plus so o c niggas never
saw me i was born og folk..

Chorus

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