

Firm

"All The Kings Horses"

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[Featuring Canibus]

Nas:

You ever dance with the devil under the pale
moonlight.

Desperados. Travlin. What the fucks up son. We could
Do this word up we could this.

Chrous:

Spendin to many nights on the hyena gettin right
Breakin big face bennies, bettin against the freindly
dice

I can't call it, It's goin to good to spoil it
Tell it like it is, the raw shanala we bough it
To many nights on the hyena gettin right
Breakin big face bennies, bettin against the freindly
dice

I can't call it, It's goin to good to spoil it
Tell it like it is, the raw shanala we bough it

Canibus:

At a thousand degree Celsius I make MCs melt
Fuckin my record label I appear courtesy of my self
Let me explain how I maintain thresh holes to pain
I walk across the sun bearfoot lookin for shame
I rearrange your rib cage like a 12 gauge at close
range

And change the poistion of your frame
My hard raps penetrates through your hard hats and all
that nigga

Get ya wig pealed back

I scalpe you like the Indians on horse back
Running bull will hit you harder than running back
Stunning man with brave and cunning rap
Swiftly running laps around 48 tracks
Like uncut crack you feines keep coming back
Heads is flippin like acrobats on gym mats
From wacks to antelope tapes to digital decks
It's critacal black that Canibus is I'll like that
In fact perhaps you should quit rap
Instead of always tryin ta dis fact
And niggas keep tellin you that ya shits wack
I rip rafts
Hardcore raps rushin you to the floor mat
Put you in the figure fourth, breakin taw rats

Jump of the top turn buckuler land on your back
Til I hear it snapple, crakle, the ref says chill black
You get clap

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