

Canibus "Horsementality"

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[Ras]The beginnin of the end niggaz!
[Can]Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever
The alpha and the omega
The Canibus'll make your eyes redder
FUCK y'all niggaz talkin bout cheddar
[Ras]Brought to you by your millennium group, The
Horsemen
[Can]Four swordsmen
[Ras]From the land of the lost
[Can]Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Can-i-bus
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut
MOTHERFUCKER
[Both]Wavin the four-four!

[Kurupt]
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, Horsementality
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
Ultramagnetically 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 (C...C...C...C) yeah bitch!

[Canibus]

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

[Killah Priest]

What the fuck y'all done started; four apocalyptic
prophets
Appearin outta floatin objects, wearin Middle Eastern
garments
Long trenchcoats 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 unconcious?
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 synogogue
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

[Ras Kass]

Let's air it out like the breeze
Now watch me do one-armed handstands
And hang these N-U-T'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 gravesites, 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 Westside, 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 Skywalker hittin jugular veins
Crack open your skull wit a paper weight and suck out
your brains
Kid do, 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 Mur-ray (Horsemen)

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo
I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six megahertz
Make lightning flash across the sky everytime 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 (nah nigga)
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 Boeings
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!

[All]

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! Aiiyyo Kuruapt, hit them niggaz wit
the hardcore!

[Kuruapt]

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.. {*fades beyond audio*}

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