

## Judas Priest

### "Walk the Walk"

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Yeah  
This right here  
For all them niggas that like to talk  
Talk the talk  
You better walk the walk  
Knowmsayin?  
Cause one of these days  
When I see you in the dark

[ VERSE 1 ]

I wage war on stage or street  
I battle defeat  
Relentless  
You get shot like tetanus  
Feel the wetness  
Gush  
I'm in a rush  
No time to sigh  
Now die  
Shit is so fly that I gotta get clearance  
In case I enter air space interference  
Mach 1  
When I rock, son  
Cause I take off  
While you make fake soft  
Little jingles  
Sell a few singles  
But that ain't shit  
Cause a hit ain't a hit without the lyricalist  
And at 22  
I'm takin any crew  
At any time  
Cause many rhyme  
But a lemon ain't a lime  
And I don't falsify to get by  
You must be more than herbally high  
To verbally comply  
To my vocal range  
I get strange when I change  
Into the syllable killer  
So beware

Cause I'll be there  
Lurkin, workin  
Till your head hurtin

[ CHORUS ]

(Hey yo Ed) What? (Niggas wanna talk!)  
(Now let's see if they walk the walk!) (3x)

[ VERSE 2 ]

I break and bruise the backs  
Of musical acts  
Cause I slam harder than a steel door  
I'm real raw, so nigga, what you feel for?  
I'm straight to the point, like a line  
Me and this mic of mine  
Stay tight, whether I write or freestyle  
You see style  
You never thought existed  
I'm unlisted  
You can look, but you'll never locate  
Where I rotate  
Cause I never stop or rest, and I ain't  
You get wet like paint  
You feel faint, you wanna faint  
You can't stand me, the man with the stuff  
Come with bullshit and get snuffed, cream puff  
You are pastry  
Cause you be tasty  
When I'm eatin em  
Beatin em into men's meat  
I never been sweet  
You don't wanna come on my street  
In the heat  
Son, gashes  
Hot flashes  
Sun first  
I come gun first  
Feet second  
I keep wreckin  
So you can keep on checkin

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

I'm nice like a old lady  
Similak, baby  
Pure, nourishing  
Rhymes flourishing  
I know you're starvin, come and get a taste  
Bring the beef and I'll discard the waste  
Shit ain't the same

Things done changed  
Now I got your whole life re-arranged  
Till I say so  
Now you're livin every day slow  
Cause everybody nervous  
But this is professional mic service  
Dummy, now give me the money  
Before I put one in your honey  
Cause Sonny don't Cher  
Hands in the air  
I drug it so rugged, those panty hose tear  
I give you a run for yours  
I won wars  
I burn niggas like sauce  
Don't ever underestimate the power of the force  
Mark Spark the chalk  
And turn the lights off dark  
Seance, no response  
You can't believe you can't breathe  
Cause when you're from the ave you never leave

[ CHORUS ]

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