

Mt Eden "The Walk"

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I feel like, like [x4]
What is it that you feel?
Invincibility?
Is it the pureness that fills your heart with optimism?
Or is it the darkness that's calling you?

Uh, feel me to the words I speak,
Swear that I gotta be better than the competition
So a mind I will never spill weak,
Yes, this is the thoughts I preach,
I came up from a place where the terror was a must,
And the dream might get you killed.
Niggers wanna get it on, but I couldn't get it on
Like Diddy tryna rap with a kilt.
Please explain it, the side to the round
With an honest approach so I closed for the conscious,
Got a brain for a nigger like God
But I never really boast, so you approach like a
monster.
Bitch nigger, you can get a comma,
Petty shots came off my armor.
God got me in a place with the Ace of Spades
And I drive for the win and I'm honored.

Honored?
Such a man as yourself deserves much more than to
be honored.
I doubt you understand,
What lies inside,
Inside your mind,
I doubt.

All we know is nothing now, I'm proud,
Went for the sky and I'm never coming down
Till the niggers touch down six feet underground
With the motherfucking flowers.
Don't get it twisted!
I'm in a league with the average AMANSERS,
apartment AMANSERS
And die with a forty and a cast me yelling out,
I'm in Miami, bitch,
I'm in Miami bitch!

Niggers went left so our money got right,
You can tell me all day that I never will achieve
But I know a nigger really got it right,
When he spits real shit and he don't dislike.
But I gotta do it all, I don't even know,
Through the eyes I wrote till I gotta go main,
Ego boasting, people roasting, negro choking, oh no
man!

Now imma tell you like a G told me,
Imma tell you like a G told me,
Imma tell you like a G told me,
God rules everything around me!
Imma tell you like a G told me,
Imma tell you like a G told me,
Imma tell you like a G told me,
God rules everything around me, me, me!

You speak this now,
But when dark clouds come about your horizon,
Will you remain your own,
Or do you dare to defend yourself?
The defense mechanism.

Can it be no love got me and I find a way to escape
that,
All my niggers in the hood wanna break that,
So I never really trust any fake cats,
Face facts I'm a nigger with a great rap.
Save that, I been all up in it way back,
Now you stay back little nigger imma play that!
I'm on mp3, you on MTV, you are not coming to with
an a-track.
Fill it in, when I get it on, imma get it in,
No question, you ain't gotta mention.
Monster when I conquer through the concerts;
It's an honor just to witness.
Pay mind to the realers in the game,
And ignore all fools that are cruise through the lane,
But I pay my lane?
So you better think twice
SQL is just that nice, that precise.
Do it for the fellows who will never get a chance to
advance in this life!
Everybody wanna complain,
But should I only remain the same dealer with a
repetitive play?
So I say goodnight to the killers in the abyss,
Kiss goodbye shame when I fly to the sky, I,
Can't be seen with the likes of the not so tight,
But I do alright. Why?
Can I be it with his own,

I just wanna be left alone with my own damn hand
And a bag when I seize my thoughts, huh,
Anybody wanna get it, like imma get it, I know you
really don't so stop, huh,
Everybody on the block, with a whole lot of buildings
but I never really pop, huh,
Exactly, I'm trying to get the money of an athlete,
D drunk jigger man rest the same as
That's my target actually, huh
Billy Awnce in the future
Who's up, to live in the dream for the rest of their
life till they die?
That'll be me, so I don't have time for the OK G;
Gotta do it now, bitch nigger don't play me,
Okay B, so shady, these babies be when I'm
looking in the mirror,
Blood till I bleed up like clear up,
And when it dies imma speak till they hear up.
Nigger, I ain't wanna rise any bigger,
You ain't gotta hate me now, better cheer up,
We know niggers, we don't care who we near us.
So us in a league, everybody wanna fear us.
Feel fly, real guy chill on a hillside about twenty,
twenty five gotta get him out,
Ambition transition, so wide I will never CUT the world
by thirty five.
Dirty guys in the ride so I gotta stay clean,
But a mean monk, just in case, gotta,
Pace your chase till you fill up in a place,
Till I raise my case to become my play.
Hey, do you understand that?
You better be the best if you wanna real rap,
Gotta stay tight, turn that saran wrapping an urban cat
and a bourbon jack, black.
Imma nigger with an engine that'll rise to the sky
better recognize,
Wreck your eyes when I exercise, my RECTORIZE to
protect my prize.
Huh, and I'm extra fly, no need to be extra God
That shit'll get you extra tried, till you take your
breath and die.
Huh, and I'm extra fly, no need to be extra God,
That shit'll get you extra tried, till you take your
breath and die.

Are you not entertained?
ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED?!
Is this what you want?

Props to QuEST, Imogen Heap, and Mt Eden.
Words in all caps could be wrong...

Thanks to Adrien Bernard for correcting these lyrics!
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