

Radney Foster

"John Horse"

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(Before music begins)

Blast it until its deafening

(music begins)

Clap for me, Clap for me, Clap

Clap for me, Clap for me, Clap

Clap your hands for what he's doing

Horns!

This is so majestic

Lets Go!

V-A-U-L to the T

Coming from the bottom to the T-O-P

Rahim Samad in the place to be

(1st verse)

Most of these rappers are short change
Only time they hard is when they snorting that cocaine
claiming that they street but they aren't real with no
shame
until you put that heat to their grill like propane
no name rappers want to ball with no game, no aim
can't make a basket, grab the rock and pass it
over to this crew for the two, Vaultclassic
Rahim Samad is guaranteed to move the masses
flow is so nasty, probably needs to detox
this Michael Jackson style is off the wall with no sheet
rock
knocking till the beat stops
my style is phatter than the fat dude from the fat
boys that did the beatbox

got the mind of a young George Jackson, young boys
asking 'Who's that?'
live from the trigga state, or the gunshine state
blasting
until those red and blue lights are flashing
from the dirty south and the north, all I do is blend the
accent
got my crew outside the club its time to crash it
Dickie suits and timberland boots be our fashion
school of hard knocks wasn't one day absent
chairman of the board, the ASR assailant
God is my train of thought, can't derail it
if your blind to the realness, this rhyme will braille it
if real music floats your boat, this song will sail it

(Chorus 2x)

VaultCLassic, we're on the way to the top
Rappers that hate, we just taking they spot
and they can stay mad while we're making it hot
It be V-C-P till the day that we drop

(2nd verse)

My art is martial, Rahim's a sensei
can't control me, i'm not Kunta Kente
I ain't a slave, I'm my mother's son
And if they tried to cut my foot I'd kick they butt with my
other one
I didn't stutter son, no i'm not the dutterman
Tampa is where i'm coming from
There ain't another one
more realer than this brother shining from the Southern
sun
Under the Mason dixon line, changing my position i'm
type of cat to settle beef at any place and time
you couldn't walk in my shoes or even lace up mine
the judge didn't throw out my case and I ain't pay my
fine
To hell with the prosecution and state, thats my state of
mind
i'm a fool with it, young Elijah Poole with it
Old heads liken my flow to when a tool is spitting
This be the Son of Man that teach the true and living
God ain't a mystery spook, they must be kidding

(Chorus 2x)

VaultCLassic, we're on the way to the top
Rappers that hate, we just taking they spot
and they can stay mad while we're making it hot

It be V-C-P till the day that we drop

(3rd Verse)

Rahim's back, even better than before
stay in my own lane with the pedal to the floor
Buffalo soldiers, rebels in this war
Thats steet educated to the core
Raised by ghetto imams and slum apostles
two edged sword as a tongue, thats turned hostile
there's nothing it can't chop through
got a glock 26 mind to pop you, hollow tip thoughts to
stop you
Richard Roundtree afro, this young Castro
turns savage when you mess with his cashflow, why
try?
Say Buenos Noches to the bad guy, Rahim Samad
Cause you won't see a bad guy like this again (let me
tell you)

(Chorus 2x)

VaultCLassic, we're on the way to the top
Rappers that hate, we just taking they spot
and they can stay mad while we're making it hot
It be V-C-P till the day that we drop

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