

Annakin Slayd f/ Ryze

"Darkhorses"

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[Verse 1: Annakin]

They told me not to rock the boat, so I sank the ship
Took a stroll on thin ice with no plans to slip
Screaming up to God in heaven, "no thanks for shit!"
I don't mind going to hell, I need companionship
I brandish it, like it's my last chance to spit
So I approach the gates with a mike stand equipped
I hawk up my soul and spit it out through rhyme
Gob on opponents no need to use up lines
With the wind at my back or a hurricane against me
My foes ain't felt enough pain to taint me
I had a terminator and a Sith lord name me
Had Chuck D, Bruce Lee and Gandhi train me
You got all the dirt, so go ahead defame me
But you'll have to snatch this pen out of my hand to
maim me
Got a kung fu grip with the strength to bend nails
But I keep a sword handy in case the pen fails

[Chorus]

They I wouldn't make it with the way that I look
They said I wouldn't make it less I played by the book

[Verse 2: Ryze]

I'm like water in a bowl, my flow molds but still fuels life
Can't sleep, souls of my past they haunt my nights
Since forth hands forced to a cordless mike
Bilical vein of hip hop, affixiates right
Penny for my dark thoughts that drive my craft
Kurt Russell dope in my mind and with it backdraft
If I spit first and ask questions
From what I've seen that's how hip hop pretenders pass
I'm here to spank the ass of this hip hop bitch
Like a hammer on a casing of a shell that's lit
With a fire aforementioned from the depths within
Forefathers fucked up and now I'm blessed within
My struggle, here courtesy of mister Annakin
54th mound up, revolution begins

[Breakdown]

You can say what you want

Get in my face if you need
I know that Slayd don't fit the mold
But fuck'y'all. I won't play the role

[Verse 3: Annakin]

I'll die with my middle finger up so I can mock the
vultures
Don't pop Glocks on blocks, just rock the culture
Slayd raise stakes with phrase conveyed
Save days, pave ways, break chains of slaves
I used to say, fuck fate it ain't my place to choose it
Now I rap in the mirror to face the music
This is hip hop forever no part-time love
Stage lights blaze bright with hard times done
Don't look like rapper, yeah I heard all the lip
So I asked Lenny Williams to tell me what's hip
No Gucci, no gimmick and no street cred
No gunshot wounds but I still bleed red
No coin, no Benz, no hollow point lead
Just Freedom, truth, knowledge and a ball point pen
Y'all tried to stare me down so I spit with Ryze
Now I'm burning holes through y'all with all six eyes

[Repeat Chorus]

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