

Capital-X

"Walk the Walk"

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I don't just talk the talk, I've walked the walk
From Trenton down to Austin, and across the South
Bronx
I don't care if a mic's on, I start to drop bombs
I've even dropped hot shit on the governor's lawn
I've weathered the storm, hot cold and warm
Cop's let me roll on, like I had weapons drawn
I'd be up before dawn, and I'd walked till dusk
Non-stop like I was puffing on that angel dust
Speeding cars and trucks, people thought I was nuts
And that I did it for fame, or to earn a fast buck
Stupid fucks, they'd rather place their trust
In a system that the whole world knows is corrupt
See I had it tough, when I was growing up
They kept locking me up, but I said enoughs enough
I had it with the talks, man I had to make shit happen
And I know a thousand words, ain't worth one action

I don't just talk the talk I walk the walk
Leave cracks on the asphalt like San Andreas fault
Trenton to Texas across the South Bronx
There's no time to halt, I'm armed for Revolt
I don't just talk the talk I walk the walk
Leave cracks on the asphalt like San Andreas fault
Trenton to Texas across the South Bronx
There's no time to halt, It's time to Revolt

I walked like troops through foreign lands
Armed with nothing but the truth, I took a stand
Man like the blood stains in the sands of Afghanistan
I had to understand it was all part of God's Plan
The story hit the news stands, it said stop the killing
As I took my first steps from the state house building
I walked for the children, and for the condemned
And believe me or not yea, I walked for the victims
I don't trust politicians, or the constitution
I only see one solution, that's a bloody revolution
Because cops be shooting, with no retribution
While innocent men be facing execution
This is a war I'm not losing, it's to the bloody end
Man I'll fight like Machiavelli, just me and my girl friend

Yea my feet are still hurtin, but I'm still putting work in
Cause tomorrow's not promised, and death is certain

I walked through the Blue Ridge mountains, breath
taking views
Across Third Ave, passed Jackson Avenue
Went through 2 pair of shoes, I paid my fucking due's
As temperatures hit about a hundred and two
I made channel 4 news, and did interviews
Man the revolution has been long overdue
I ain't singing the blues, this is a rap attack
Man I'm loaded like a Mac, so you best watch ya backs
I took the narrow path, you can do the math
There ain't no turning back so you will feel the wrath
Like the price of gas, I'm rising up
If you can't see me you ain't opening your eyes enough
In God We Trust, as we fight for what's right
I advise you duck, and stay out of my sights
My aims precise, now by rank and file
Fuck everyone of y'all that blew off walking the first
mile

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