

## **Brian McKnight % Vanessa Williams**

### **"Fourth Windz Blow"**

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[Killah Priest]

My lyrics takes off

Expand like the wings of a hawk

Pen form a beak, when I speak, I'mma thought

Third eye, moves like a bird when it flies

Self like the stealth, unheard through the sky

Undetected by the naked eye, only few could catch it

The second that the message arrive

For some it might blow by

Only for the dumb, deaf, and the blind

Searchin' depths for the mind

Connect with a line, illuminate communicate

With the concepts of my rhyme, come on

[Ras Kass]

Every sixth day I commit suicide

This nigga rappin' a clue, check the dots under my eye

Horsemen, equestrian, conquest we in

No vest come and test me then

Hit 'em up like a upper cut

I'm tryin' to hit mach-ten on my fuckin' twin, buckle up

By any means dog, I'mma take these ends

Cause if you don't got cheddar, you just a waste of skin

All up in the juice, and can't taste the gin

Commit the felony, but can't face the pen'

Speak on it if you want if

If you get it illegal then don't flaunt it

Cause loud mouth hustlers get snitched on it

or phone tapped by DA, your rights get read

Moral of the story, a closed mouth don't get fed

Get it, neva been a nigga as ill as me to riddle

I'm the truth and the answer

With two balls that always double dribble

Spit like Alien 3, and splash you

With acid that make me greater than thee

Just to leave your gutter red

Tony Soprano shit bout to start callin' you niggaz butter heads

[All]

We are not to be fucked wit

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest]

If y'all really wanna flow, take advice from the four  
First step could be the best, take breath control  
Then let yourself go, once applied with sound  
Melodies make music surround

[Canibus]

Excuse me, yo, Horseymen?  
You're the Horseymen, Horsemen, oh yeah I seen them  
Look what I did with a mouth and a pen  
I bet ya'll critics never doubt me again  
Try to catch the thoughts that come out of my head  
Look south of my chest, and north of my legs  
If you good with metaphors, than you saw what I said  
If not, too late, you're already wet  
Of course we the best  
And I'm a quarter in the Horsemen quartet  
Put us all to the test  
Canibus is like God in the flesh  
If the Lord is distremp, you got a problem to fix  
I mean what are the odds you could out spit 'Bus?  
Especially if he could bounce like this  
He's possessed when he's on the microphone  
He takes this more serious than just the poem  
A bad boy to the bone, true superstar  
Even before Sean John Jr. was born  
I ripped 100 bars before  
And I rip 200 if you mothafuckers wanna see more  
Death and War, Pestilence to keep the pesticides  
airborne  
Kurupt get your head on

[Chorus 3X - with echoes/adlibs]

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