

## **Jimmy Nail, Jonathan Pryce, Antonio Banderas & Madonna**

### **"Walk the Dogs"**

Visit "[Walk the Dogs](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Timbo King]

Y'all niggas shittin on my sidewalk

Curb ya dog

You could pay a penalty for that

[Timbo King]

Yo, sharp swords and rusty knives against dusty nines

You stink niggas with musky vibes

Battle cry, warrior stance, the black Pearl Harbor

Smell of revenge, worms in the air

Spit like grandpa from down South

Three-sixty roundhouse, I'm throwin planets and stars

All I need is two pieces of fish and five loaves of bread

Watch me feed five thousand, power the Hill

Out of the ville, zip code unlisted

Murder last night, the homicide, missed it

Blood For Blood, gang turf

The way of the samurai sword, we bang first

Each your food, test your flesh, lock doors

Top dogs with paws obey God's laws

Claim your set, light reflects off water

My Fam outta state sellin quarters

Convicts with court orders

Shoot the gift out the barrel

Multiple gunshot wounds or poison arrows

Moon saw beats pharoah, bloody apparell

The streets look safe, but they narrow

Modern day Jes' James, rock trains, close range

Watches and chains, ear rings, everything

Corporate thugs move on business campaigns

Blaze, ignite the flame, I carry the torch

Walk through The Valley of Death and get scorched

[Chorus: Mighty Jarrett]

Wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa BLUH!

Wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa BLUH!

Two shot lick out, a man get shot

Straight from the cannon, ass wouldn't know less

Just because of that, the whole block get hot

Police helicopter, a snipe 'pon de roof top

Wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa BLUH!

Wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa BLUH!  
Two minute later, Babylon catch spark  
in the staircase with a rasclat glock  
Never know, said them wouldn't come round back  
Know him look like, said him youths can't talk  
Wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa BLUH!  
Wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa BLUH!

\*police sirens\*  
\*machine gun fire\*

[La the Darkman]  
Darkman, came do my thing, the Bee sting  
Assassinate your whole team with the forty red beam  
My sword gleam, sharpen my script as an arrow  
Professional, La, my style, double barrell  
I self-Lord, master, natural disaster  
Holy slang to splash ya, dark force to thrash ya  
Blind eyes, puligiments, got four wives  
Inside my square, rappers get buried alive  
We never even, put you in the dirt still breathin  
Perfection, gold mic touch, dunn, I'm blessin  
Flames lick the flesh, shot at some of the best  
When delf play me at my rest, stab the kid in his chest  
Now I got respect, runnin through boroughs, hoods and  
towns  
Niggas pull they pants down when I show the four  
pound  
Verbally fantastic, cock my rhyme, blast it  
Trapa Ghandi, classic, gun talk, gymnastics  
Rude boy, shoot, seek and destroy  
My gold tech blast rappers from here to Quebec  
Yo, La's born, Brooklyn raised  
You niggas get more than grazed when I blaze my  
guage  
It's not an arcade, dunn, my gun is real as AIDS  
I'm Holyfield, rappers is Tyson these days  
Darkman, Wu-Tang Clan, La the Darkman  
Wu-Tang Clan, the Killah

Chorus

\*police sirens\*  
\*machine gun fire\*

Visit [Jimmy Nail, Jonathan Pryce, Antonio Banderas & Madonna](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics  
and videos.