

Canibus, Horsementality

[Ras Kass]

The beginning of the end niggas!

[Canibus]

Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever, the alpha and the omega
The Canibus'll make your eyes redder
FUCK ya'll niggas talkin bout cheddar

[Ras Kass]

Brought to you by your millennium group The Horsemen

[Canibus]

Four swordsmen (From the land of the lost)
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kuruapt wit Can-i-bus
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut
MOTHAFUCKER!!!

[Both] Wavin the four-four!

[Kuruapt]

I'm headless nigga, but I packs a big piece
Blastin, they let assassins loose on the street
Murderous notes I wrote, I lacerate throats
I toss fire at niggas
Mothafuck a six, the condos is supposed to be flip bricks
All thirty-nine of your bitches, pretty-ass bitch nigga
I'll throw some fucked up kicks on
Next is a small tank top, the spot, shot it up
Beat you in your face wit a rope knotted up
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kuruapt
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horsementality
A Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be
See I'm tired of this Barkley shit
Niggas talkin shit, I wanna see the streets dark again
Let the heaters spark again
Police callin all cars off then
Powerful as a mothafuckin Vulcan
My specialty is poetically lyrically energetically ultramagnetically
Dogg Pound pedigree
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch, only grimy shit
Dirty shit, holocaust thirty-thirty shit
Missle click, assassin Sicilian
Kill women and kill men, and kidnap children
For vengance in the name of the Horsemen
Slice your Achilles tendon, the Headless Horseman
And we abide by the code of the streets
The makings of a real MC nigga
(C...C...C...C) yeah bitch!

[Canibus]

So just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by

[Killah Priest]

Mothafucker, it's started, four apocalyptic prophets
Appearin outta floatin objects
Wearin mid-western garments
Long trenchcoats wit our hands in our pockets
Slappin all you scary-ass rap artists half retarded
Swear by our fore fathers
Anything you speak, think, or show will be disregarded
Then I drag your frightened ass through the darkness

Bring you out the other side as a carcass
I'm heartless, regardless if you claim to be gods or goddess
To me, ya'll all garbage
I see all of ya'll as movin targets
And my lyrics be the atomic rocket
Cosmic vomit spittin, hittin at ya Vietnam vets
Wit military arms and bombs strapped to our chest
Castin meteor storms and comets
Now who wanna make the next rise comet
And be the first one left unconcious
After I squeeze your head like the Charmin
Fuck around and see a lightning bolt around your throat
And squeeze till your head smoke from all the electric volts
Satanically sacrifice your ass like in a colt
Have your seance inside of a dark synogogue
We was lyrically sent to ya'll
Like deminigod to put a end to ya'll
Spit bites like dogs and get the scent of ya'll
Horsemen, we be scorchin when we be walkin
Wit the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin

[Ras Kass]

Let's serve it out like the breeze
Now watch me do one-armed handstands
And hang these N-U-T's over seven continents and seven seas
Streets is Lebonese
Be rockin Bogari wrist watches and sniper marines
Most of these MC's can't even rap
Just modeling, go gold and get big-headed like they swallowin colleges
I spit empty gravesites, rap stars fill em out
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck
Me? I'm ain't even in my prime
When I write my dopest rhyme, western civilization declines
Catch me hoppin off the A train in a New York state of mind
But I rep westside, so I keep L.A. time
That's a three-hour difference
So when my bitch is a six, she really a nine
In seven days, she'd still be a dime
Call me Blaze Skywalker hittin jugular veins
Crack open your skull wit a paperate and suck out your brains
Kidido, I be doin my thug-thizzo for shizzo
And the wife of a careless man is almost a widow
So what's happening, from P.I. to '99 Madden
Since police be jackin blacks, I talk to pigs in Pig Latin
Uckfe uye ichbe echbe a igginebe and free Keith Murray
[*Translation: Fuck you bitch ass niggas*]

[Canibus]

Yo yo yo yo
I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six megahertz
Make lightning flash across the sky everytime I curse
Six-hundred and sixty-six flashes
Give out six-hundred and sixty-six lashes
To the backs of six-hundred and sixty-six Master of Ceremony has-beens
Put a crown of thorns on whoever the king of rap is
If he's a *Catholic* I nail him to a crucifix
Then I beat him till he's blackish-blueish
Then perform acupuncture wit six-hundred and sixty-six toothpicks
Beat em wit two whips wit pieces of broken glass glued to it
Your whole crew gets bayed and neutered
As i aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets
Your armored cars and your kevlar vests is useless
I'ma fuck all of you pussies like group sex
You get six-hundred and sixty-six years imprisonment
For bitin off another niggas' shit you bitch

You got caught, now you on the other side of the law
Snitchin on mad niggas in a soundproof court
To get some of your sentence knocked off, na nigga you wildin
Cuz you still be in Riker's Island gettin forced to toss salads
You scared of that, wit a phobia fear of that
I'ma tape it on a digital video DAT and send a copy to Miramax
Leave you exposed, turn on the fiction and fact so everybody you know
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin ass nigga
That got fucked in the ass by a father figure
(Battle who?) I'll bruise and bash you, blast you
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo
Delivering mind blowin rhymes and poems
Controllin my tongue when I'm flowin like pilot controlled Boeings
When I get bitten, I bite back
Quicker than Tyson attacks, I don't give a FUCK if I don't get my license back
So, take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward
MC's take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward mothafuckers

Yeah, so just abide by what your ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what your ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by, HA!

[All]

Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Priest, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Bis, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Ras, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! Ayyo Kurupt, hit them niggas wit the hardcore

[Kurupt]

Yeah nigga, I'm headless without thoughts
Wit my mothafuckin arms crossed
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse
Took over the whole race course
Throw the jockey off the saddle, now who the fuck really wanna battle?

[Fading]

Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missile
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin 'round wit the Dogg
I'm a hog