

# Horsementality

Canibus

The beginnin' of the end niggaz  
Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever  
The alpha and the amega, the Canibus'll make your eyes redder  
Fuck y'all niggaz talkin' 'bout cheddar

Brought to you by your millennium group, The Horsemen  
Four swordsmen, from the land of the lost  
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Canibus  
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut motherfucker  
Wavin' the four-four

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 niggaz, motherfuck the 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

'Cause we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kurupt  
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horse mentality  
I'm a Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be

See I'm tired of the sparkly shit, niggaz talkin' shit  
I wanna see the streets dark again, let the heaters spark again  
Police callin' all cars often powerful as a motherfuckin' Vulcan

My specialty is poetically, lyrically  
Energetically, ultra magnetically Dogg Pound pedigree  
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch  
Only grimy shit, dirty shit, holocaust in thirty-thirty shit

Missile flick assassin Sicilian, kill women and kill men  
And kidnap children, for vengeance 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, yeah, bitch

So just abide by what you ride by  
'Cause we abide, by what we ride by  
Just abide by what you ride by  
'Cause we abide, by what we ride by

What the fuck y'all done started four apocalyptic prophets  
Appearin' outta floatin' objects, wearin' Middle Western garments  
Long trench coats with our hands in our pockets  
Slappin' all you scary-ass rap artists, half-retarded  
Swear by our forefathers  
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 y'all claim to be Gods or Goddess  
To me, y'all all garbage, I see all of y'all as movin' targets

And my lyrics be the atomic rockets, cosmic vomit, spittin'  
Hittin' at y'all Vietnam vets wit military arms and bombs  
Strapped to our chest castin' meteor storms and comets

Now, who wanna make the next Ras comment  
And be the first one left unconscious?  
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 an occult

Have your seance inside of a dark synagogue  
We was lyrically sent to y'all  
Like the Men of God to put a end to y'all  
I sniff bites like dogs to get the scent of y'all  
Horsemen, we be scorchin' when we be walkin'  
With the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin

Let's air it out like the breeze  
Now watch me do one-armed handstands  
And hang these Nut's over seven continents and seven seas  
Streets is Lebanese  
Be rockin' Bulgari wrist watches and sniper marines

Most of these MC's can't even rap, just model and go gold  
And get big-headed like they swallowin' colleges  
I spit empty grave sites, rap stars fill 'em up  
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck

Me? I 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 West side, so I keep L.A. time

That's a three-hour difference  
So when my bitch is a six, she's really a nine  
In seven days, she'd still be a dime  
Call me Blaze Sky walker hittin' jugular veins  
Crack open your skull wit a paper weight and suck out your brains

Kiddo, 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  
Uck fay ou yay itch bay at lay a igga nay play and free Keith Murray

Yo, yo, yo, I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six megahertz  
Make lightnin' flash across the sky every time 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 with two whips, with pieces of broken glass glued to it

Your whole crew get spayed and neutered  
As soon as I aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets  
Your armored cars and your Kevlar vest, 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 nigga's shit, you bitch  
You got caught, now you on the other side of the law  
Snitchin' on mad niggaz in a soundproof court

To get some of your sentence knocked off, you wildin'  
But 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 the digital video DAT

And send a copy to Miramax leave you exposed  
Turn all the fiction to fact, so everybody will know  
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin' ass nigga  
That got fucked in the ass by your father figure

(No matter who?)  
I'll bruise and bash you, blast you  
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo  
Deliverin' mind blowin' rhymes and poems  
Controllin' my tongue when I'm flowin' like pilot controlled Boeing  
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 motherfuckers, yeah

So just abide by, what your ride by  
'Cause we abide by, what we ride by  
Just abide by, what your ride by  
'Cause we abide by what we ride by, ha

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, aiyyo Kurupt, hit them niggaz wit the hardcore

Yeah, nigga, I'm headless without thoughts  
With my motherfuckin' arms crossed  
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse  
Took over the whole race course

To throw the jockey off the saddle  
Now, who the fuck really wanna battle?  
Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missile  
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin' round wit the Dogg  
I'm a hog