

# Talkin' All That

Eminem

(Ca\$his)

[Ca\$his]

Uh, yeah, yeah yeah yeah  
We're renegades, yeah yeah yeah yeah  
We're renegades, yeah yeah yeah yeah  
(Hit me up mayn!)

Bitch I'm from the {?}, yo' hood ain't no realer  
You the pussy ass nigga livin next to the killer  
I'm the killer that moved out of the block  
And head back to the hood, when I'm movin my rock  
You can find me, on a dark road, dark clothes  
Lle', in the console and God knows I make grip off blow  
Shit - I could get rich off blows  
My nation affiation pitch forks I've chose  
What the fuck you gon' do? We bang back hammers  
I'm a six point star, in a gray bandanna  
I'd die for this, nigga you rhyme for this  
Pussy I ride for this, and did time for this  
That's why I'm convinced you fear, that I'm convicted  
Until elevens in soaps, and some gangsta shit man  
Guess who gorillas leave tats infragments  
Two shots through your cabbage, and gas from Ca\$h

[Chorus: Ca\$his]

Pussy niggaz always talkin that shit  
What you flaggin, who you bangin with? (I don't give a fuck)  
You can live in the hood and shit  
But remember who you bangin with (I don't give a fuck)  
Pussy niggaz talkin all that shit  
What you flaggin in your bangin whip? (I don't give a fuck)  
You can live in the hood and shit  
But remember who you bangin with (cause I don't give a fuck)

[Ca\$his]

Tip our levels and scarce piece, a meal beast  
We'll creep one deep, slump seat, dump heat  
Niggaz scream "Fuck me" he lucky, when I blast it  
I left respect enough for an open casket  
Way to go Ca\$his, boost up my ego  
Let loose, out sunroof with my Eagle  
Folk of the century, rollin with peoples  
The omen the sequel, the more they will see you  
Close kin, molotov close to no skin  
His momma pretends that she doesn't, know him  
I'm the reason, for the whole "Say No" slogan  
Doped in folk and loc'ed if provokin  
Got a brand new thing, with the scope in  
Leave your family, with the wake for hostin  
I'll collect enough snow, 'til my hands the Aspens  
I'm the realest nigga 'round here, ask for Ca\$his folk

[Chorus]

[Ca\$his]

Loadin the cup folk, loadin it up tote

Hang fire up I, choke from the gun smoke  
That's on the boss mayn, my Nina Ross came  
Place gangbangers, into a coffin  
This is renegades, Rick not really paid  
Gave Ca\$h pistols, now they milli sprayed  
Full bricks of raw, nigga that's really weight  
While my workers foldin, now that's really cake  
Give it right back to 'em, watch it regenerate  
I'm a degenerate black bandit, livin ape  
Niggaz dig in they pockets like DJ's dig in crates  
If you cuttin my profits, you gon' in to dish some cake  
Heckler Koch and, glass and vodka  
I'm the independent kingpin, cocaine Koch  
Fo' thieve blow weed, plus sold O-Z  
Niggaz never son me, I was born O.G. fo'

[Chorus]

[Eminem - echoing]

Aiyyo Alchemist!

Let's play 'em some of that new Stat Quo shit man