Eminem, Talkin

[Ca$his]
Uh, yeah, 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 f**k 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 f**k)
You can live in the hood and shit
But remember who you bangin with (I don't give a f**k)
Pussy niggaz talkin all that shit
What you flaggin in your bangin whip? (I don't give a f**k)
You can live in the hood and shit
But remember who you bangin with (cause I don't give a f**k)

[Ca$his]
Tip our levels and scarce piece, a meal beast
We'll creep one deep, slump seat, dump heat
Niggaz scream "F**k 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