# Eminem, Talkin

Uh, yeah..yeah yeah yeah yeah..the renegades.. X3
Bitch im from the nine, your hood aint no realer
you the pussy ass nigga livin next to the killer
im the killer that moved outa the block
and head back to the hood, when im movin my rock
you can find me, on the dark road, dark clothes yay
in the console and god knows, i make grip of blow shit..
i could get rich off blows, my nation affiliation
pitch forks ive choose
what the fuck you gon do we bang back hammers
im a six point star in a gray bandana
i die for this, nigga you rhyme for this
pussy i ride for this and did thime for this
thats why im convinced you fear that im convicted until we let off some shots and some gang
gitsu gorillas leave tats and fragments
2 shots through your cabbage gaspin cashisss

Chorus
Pussy niggas alwayz talkin that shit whats ya flag and who you baggin with "i dont
pussy nigga talkin all that shit whats ya flag and who ya bangin with "i dont give a fuck"
verse 2
Terrified levels that scares peace, im ill bease will creep one deep slump seat dump he
Chorus

verse 3
Loadin the cub 4, loadin it up toke, then fire up my choke from the gun smoke, thats on the boss m

Chorus