

Eminem ft Cashis, Talkin' All That

(Ca\$his)

[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 affiliation 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 in fragments

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 mamma 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