

Air Strike (Pop Killer)

Canibus

"If you're an MC and you mention my name in the wrong way
You draw first blood, I'm gonna come at you"

War Lab, call us haters all you want
Fuck it call me a hater, full blown instigator
Leavin niggas on intubators breathin like Darth Vader
I hate people that pack guns but they don't bust 'em
Or bitches that come back to my room but they ain't fuckin
Pistol clutchin, the Dozen, you heard it don't get is misconstrued
Whatever we do'll hit the news once we get the tools

You're an emcee and you mention my name
In the wrong way, and you draw first blood, I'm comin

You pushed D-12 to the side to sign Voltron 5
If Proof was alive he'd be dyin' inside
You ain't no hip-hop messiah, you a bitch, 'cause you dissed Mariah
Shit like that supposed to be private
I'm a fry you on behalf on Mariah and Michael
Put you back on them drugs, make you suicidal
You can't shut the record down, nigga it's vival
When you use the word 'nigga', just remember your idols

I got a question, I'm white, can I join D12?
I'll sell you four million records then I'll tell you go to hell
Leave Swifty in charge, then remove all the stars
And make the group wish Bizarre shot pool in a bar
An assault lawyer stop the beat, suing us all
I really do hope you know who get involved
Cause I'm a fan and I'll get you for a Nick Cannon dissin
And you already know how fuckin sick Canibus is

I hate a bitch-ass nigga just as much as I hate fags
I love goin to war but I hate when they raise the flag
These niggas hittin the streets spittin venom on me
Then start renegin the beef, I hate peace treaties
Forever yo' enemy I increase beef as Amityville's finest
Cause I don't believe in stoppin violence
I'm a tyrant that'll snatch my respect and scram
I use a uzi cause I hate a Tec when it jams
I hate when dudes treat this like life a movie
Usin rap as his excuse to do shit and they only move ki's in the booth
I piss on niggas hands, whoever's grown, patches and tombstones
I hate 'em ass when I break into a home
I'm barefaced, I clap your cat, ramsack it
That's what I'm wearin black and I hate goin out the back
So call me a hater, walkin detonator, I ain't afraid
To stick this blade into your fade in front of spectators

You're an emcee, big small it doesn't matter
No matter how big I get, I just want people to know

You the devil in a red dress on MTV
You sign more black people than a basketball team
What sou trying to say subconsciously? You can't rock the beat like me
Consciously you know I rock you to sleep
Slim Shady you a coward 'cause you scared to rap with me

The only black man you respect is 50
And the greatest of all time was dead right
You dead wrong, you shouldn't have even be on that song

He fell off so hard this faggot broke his accent
I'm flippin through the channels seein Bruno get his ass sniffed
And I'm disgusted man, what the fuck is wrong with you?
Why'd you date Mariah? Mariah's not a fuckin dude
You never even saw her nude and you busted two
Must have been thinkin 'bout your stepdad touchin you
But that ain't nothin new, I asked your ugly crew
They verified it, so bitch quit lyin

I remember the first time we met, I ain't even liked you
Walkin' around my vido set like you was in high school
It must excite you seeing black people being tribal
That's why Dr. Dre signed you
I bet you right now you got a big rotten Rosenberg beside you
Trying to be just like your father, inside you
Your Stan android fanboys need to kill that noise
I know what you thinking... kill that boy

We leavin Elvis funny money makin pelvis shattered
Let's see you square dance now, let's see you hold your bladder
Let's see you fire back Em where's the fire at it?
Suicide hotline time, go dial that
Put on that "8 Mile" hat and write a vile track
Get at some people that can actually diss you back
No more target practice on retarded actors
And pop stars, Marshall you're not hard

Whatever happens to me in this game
I've always got my ear to the street

Rengade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I've been better than you before Genesis was made
You ain't better than Black Thought, you ain't better than Mos Def
You ain't better than Canibus, Professor Griff Hotep
So renegade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I penetrate through Hailey's Comet with metal blades
Yeah! You and I both know why I'm saying this
I hope Whoo Kid get fired for playing this

Get off, Nikolai Volkoff, mazeltov
Ready to show off, fo'-fo'll blow your do' off
Blowin off steam, goin off the beam
Let the 9 sing, bitch this ain't a dream
Bitch I'm the king, color me bad
Skinny jeans, what happened to the sag? You makin me mad
Y'all a bunch of JJ Fags, now who the fuck is bad?
Motherfucker I'm bad!
Call me a hater