

2000 B.C.

Canibus

Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad  
Knock a nigga unconcious and talk shit  
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object  
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'  
So in the ring, you cannot win  
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in  
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin  
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin  
The beautiful blend of power and strength  
From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end  
I verbally burn a nigga,  
Lyrically hurt a nigga,  
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga,  
Kennedy curse a nigga,  
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?  
Who can embarrass a man?  
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands  
On candid cam, the Canibus can  
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man

It's been a long time,  
I shouldn't have left you,  
Without a strong rhyme to step to  
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)  
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!  
It's been a long time,  
I shouldn't have left you,  
Without a strong rhyme to step to  
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)  
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!

Yo! I spit for it (lie for it!)  
Live for it (die for it!)  
Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it  
If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it  
I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it  
you mad at the last album, I apologise for it,  
Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it,  
But this time for 99 I got 5 on it  
You should double up and put a dime on it,  
Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it  
I'ma shine on it,  
Watch Flex drop a bomb on it  
About ten times on it  
Watch people call a request line for it  
Cypher sounds keep pushin rewind on it  
Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it  
12 O'Clock in the morning you'll be standin on line for it  
I'm a live poet, with a sharp ear and eye for it  
Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on it

Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics  
Of a hollow tip at point blank distance  
I flip shit when I spit shit  
Father forgive Bis,  
I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians  
Coz they sounded like idiots

They went from silver to gold to platinum  
After the millenium they'll probably be wearin' Iridium  
They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd probably cum helium  
Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice  
Before Christ, before the words let there be light  
And a light took over the night  
I was born with a mic  
Lord of the mic before all plant and animal life  
Took this rap shit to new heights  
Before the Wright brothers took flight  
Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes  
Before MC's picked up pens and started to write  
Before promotional marketin and posterlights  
The Can-I-Bus'll bust up mics  
Punch out lights  
Punch out your motherfuckin eyesight  
For the title bought fight  
Ask Ty Fyffe, I snatch the track for half price  
The Canibus is too nice  
Gimme that mic!