

# Beasts From The East

Canibus

Yo we come through like balls, see us niggas takin two pulls and pass  
Nigga watch your back once you talk out your ass  
I pack a .380 in my stash for protection  
Family deranged, the world is acting crazed  
I never thought I'd make it, it was hectic when I scrambled  
On point like a knife I'm living life as a gamble  
Living in the rotten apple, yo where every corner is rotten  
To all my niggas rest in peace, see you gone but not forgotten  
Now my main wifey, dead as shady chicks,  
Official Lost Boyz since the year of '86  
And fuck these crooked niggas I could kill 'em with a passion  
At times I feel like slashing in Jamaican Queens fashion  
You think you can fuck around, but kid you just thinking  
It's over when I'm sober, imagine when I'm drinking  
Without blinking man, I'll tear your crew like pages  
I rip you from the backyard, and in stages

A plus the lyrically superb one, spittin rhymes  
From the top of the tongue to burn ya ear drums  
Rotten shit, make the opposite team call time out  
Knockin niggas three times my size out  
The crowd loves me, so when I ain't around they ask for me  
I buckle up to kick rap like a crash dummy  
For the fast money, I get up in that ass money  
The fact you tryin' to test me kinda bugs me  
I leave crews fed up, like handicap niggas tryin' to get up  
Emcees get wet up with lyrical gun pellets,  
I blow up the spot when it's time to rock  
I speak out - my voicebox peak out at a hundred watts  
Who wanna cipher, I get dumb  
Word to my mother, the Father, the Holy Ghost and Rev Run  
When the Source set it down, I'm inna service  
To cop the kind of verses that average emcees will worship

My style is milk of magnesia, clutch the 5-speed and bust  
The more the merrier, secure the area, my la familia  
Is ultimate superior we don't jack cars  
We jack for aircraft carriers  
I bounce like trampolines, when I be blowing the fiends to pieces  
Hymn em like sewing machines and Jesus  
When the shadows of the barrel pointing out my boy' Camarro  
I get punished like pharaoh for splittin'  
You're better off singing Christmas carols for Christmas  
Because I'm on point like bow and arrow equipment  
The president of chicken head conventions  
I give you a deluxe Ku Klux lynchin'  
I got a headache from the stress, success, not wearing a vest  
511 for being dirty, quarts of 9-30  
Yo, Mr.Cheeks, I made this bitch call police  
She tried swallowing a nine piece  
Forgot the warranty on false teeth  
I return like Makaveli on 18 inch Pirelli's  
Assault and battery like my palm says Eveready  
Sharp as machetes  
Matter of fact I slap the cardiac

Canibus brings the sickest drama

Fierce enough to pierce the thickest armor  
I smack bitches who try to suck dick through the condom  
Playing with the mic is something I won't do  
My only concern when I approach you, is to roast you  
I smoke you and whoever you standing close to  
And make every man in your crew deny that he knows you  
Defeating niggas like Segal, Steven  
Putting Emcees in positions to prevent them from breathin'  
I'll make you question any and everything you've ever believed in  
By peeping your deepest secrets like psychic readers  
What's the matter with ya'll, I splatter ya'll  
Against the muthafuckin wall with these raw lyrics I catapult  
None of ya'll got the balls big enough to battle  
I go On & On like Erykah Badu  
A hundred times nicer than the best is  
Twice as African as KRS is, who wanna test this?  
Fuck y'all you don't impress me and no one can test me  
An emcee so ill, I got AIDS scared to catch me  
All that shit you poppin' will stop, when I put you in a headlock,  
And apply pressure until I crush your muthafuckin noggin  
I grab mics and push niggas to the left  
So fast their hearts end up on the right side of their chests  
My hypothesis, is that nobody can see this  
Lyrical genius, i got it sown like a seamstress  
But if you want to battle, I'm down  
If you got nine lives, I'll take eight of them off your hands right now  
Step up and get your neck cut from ear to ear  
If you survive then you can cover up your scar with a beard  
I'm the illest from Queens to the new Jerusalem briddicks  
Anyone who ain't feeling my shiddit can suck my diddick  
You need to quit it, if you ain't spittin'  
More than 50 bars per minute cause you ain't in lyrical fitness  
Kickin' boring raps with metaphors that's wack  
All of ya'll muthafuckas need Nordictrack  
To get ya weight up, fuckin with Canibus you get ate up  
Beat down and sprayed up, just for bringing my name up  
Been rockin' longer than niggas twice my age  
Back in the days before Bob Marley was rockin' a fade  
Before Honest Abe signed the paper that freed slaves  
Before Neanderthals was drawing on walls in caves  
I existed, in the garden of Eden gettin' lifted  
Stickin' dick to Eve before she was Adam's mistress  
Before Christ created Christmas, I been in lyrical fitness  
The Canibus is spittin' til' he's spitless  
50 bars of total sickness, you won't forget this  
I'm puttin' every wack emcee alive on my shit list  
Verbally vicious, telekinetically gifted  
Took you a minute to exhibit that I'm sick wit it  
Now you tell me who you think is damaging shit  
Going once, going twice  
Sold! to that nigga name Canibus  
Me and Mr.Cheeks, A-Plus, and Funk Doctor  
Hopping out the Huey helicopter to suey chop ya.