

# Curb Your Ego

Canibus

Alright fellas. Listen, let's get real this morning, you gotta kick the ego, to the curb. You just gotta get it, and kick it, and throw it to the side. The male ego has a tendency to create more damage, than good. And a lot of times, our ego, simply gets in the way

Yo it's the murder prequel serving heat at the third degree, bro

You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego  
Hurt the beat, burning MC's with the verbal free-flow  
You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego [x2]

It's the ravenous rap savages, damaging wack amateurs  
Trapped in a black cavern, the hazardous track ravers  
Snap on you cats, snack on you rappers that act fabulous  
Backing Jack, when I flatten twats in their jacked amulets  
Fantabulous, feel the wrath of these gas canisters  
All you rappers with lax to the track landed with Canibus  
Handle this biz right, spit light, like the hammer click  
The only time you shoot with those cannons is snap camera pics  
Rap vandalist, with his hand on the can, angling  
Dangling off the building, revealing the craft's manuscript  
Planning shit with candles, ripping anarchist with ganja lit  
Popping tags, till I'm fucking drowning in Mandarin  
Hand in the throne, battle your clique while I stand on my own  
But rappers are running from me like I'm standing here banging the chrome  
My hand when he strangle a clone  
The seven we gang to the bone  
Step into the cypher get beheaded like Ann Boleyn [?]

Aight, enough about him, let's talk about me  
'Cause every now and then I gotta speak my piece  
I could curb my own ego and still get it off  
When I walk I break off chunks of Himalayan salt  
I receive my blessings from projecting my love  
I'd rather do that than stain swords with blood  
Easy-peasy rice and cheesy but don't get touchy-feely  
Get punched in the neck for being greedy  
My living quarters are cold with poisonous mold  
Been living down here since zero years old  
In the name of the Creator, I rose  
Remove the millstone from my own neck bones, so I can spit what I wrote  
In return, I was enhanced manifold and saw spiritual growth  
For you to find out and for me to know  
How I weld words together, separately plasma cut into letters  
A ripper forever, nobody do it better