

## Da' Facelift

Canibus

You want a facelift? This what it take 'Bis  
A beat that'll make a nigga think an earthquake hit  
The blue collar rapper, enigmatic, democratic  
Rap-saavy fanatic that can smash any matchup  
High with a roach, bring wealth and goggles to my show  
My flow glow brighter than any diamond that you know  
I walk among you, draw energy from you  
The art of Sun-Tzu, he used to bust too  
I'm like a Shaolin monk on crunk  
Holdin himself up with his thumb on the stump  
Get a Hummer for the summer to stunt  
And just sit in the front, while my lungs become one with the blunt  
Futuristic old schooler, look like JFK Jr  
When I shoot up, Jacob the jeweler with a new cut  
Can-I-bus, I ain't got what I want yet  
How would you expect one of the best, what  
I can't get no, grab the mic, niggaz lets go  
Tell me who got the best flow, end up with less dough  
Open your vest, let your chest show  
I'ma open your chest, let your breath go  
With a thirty-eight special  
Keep it on the low, don't let the press know  
Behind the scenes, they put me on death row and won't let go  
Brace yourself while I break the chains  
My beats bang so hard, they erase the blame

This is full battle rattle, attack you  
Salute while I smash you, Can-I-bus bus to blast you (4x)

The hudred bar monster, spit without hawkin up  
Smash your whole roster, fuck what it cost ya  
Fuck what it cost me, join the army  
Smoke Bob Marley, the sergent major honorably discharge me  
From my sentimiliar and my hemping sence  
Inspiration, why is it only worth ten percent  
Another day in the life of Mr. Can-I-bus  
MY life too rought for me not to recognize lust  
The soldier's back to blow a fuckin hole through rap  
I wish they'd let me out the cage and stop holding me back  
You might say the only thing holdin me back is myself  
It ain't hard to tell what's holdin me back is my cells  
I don't make records for girls, I spit for the pearl  
But I'm an artist in an ignimant world, world  
World class athlete, trained to attack beats  
Mixtape smash the streets, try to patch the leaks  
Niggaz try to battle me but lose  
They got limited views, I remember when I was primitive too  
I'd sit and talk with the inqusitive youth  
'Cause I be spittin the truth  
sometimes I ask 'em, what you listenin to  
Lyrical fitness is the proof, let me put you in the booth  
Nottz'll play the beat loop  
Let me see what you could do  
The older advise the younger when they recognize the hunger  
I do a couple raps with the mic to get pumped up  
Monkey bar sit-ups, blood rush to my head  
I write rhymes upside down with an astronaut pen

Spit a hot sixteen and my ten, take it up a notch, then  
Lost everything when I'm locked in  
You in the kill zone, boxed in  
Tried to play jump-rope  
With skeets on and got dropped when you hopped in  
The last mohican, smoke you in the first season  
You don't speak it but it's no secret  
Peep it, you light weight like rice cakes  
Anybody under twenty-one to touch the microphone is mic bait  
Hungry niggaz start to get type faced, that's when the fight breaks  
A sixty second rhyme is a nice pace  
Work a nigga out 'til he spit out white paste  
Tell him he could hide the proof on his face with night shades  
You looking for a battle, you came to the right place  
This is Mic Club and over here I'm the mic ace

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