

Die Slow

Canibus

Yo (Die Slow)
Yea (Die Slow)
Ya niggas better..(Die Slow)
Uh (Die Slow)
All you can do is (Die Slow) nigga (Die Slow)
(Die Slow) (4x)
All you can do is die (Slow)
Yea
(Die Slow) (2x)
Fuck ya'll
(Die Slow) (2x)
Die Slow nigga
(Die Slow)

Yo
You against me.. No contest
My tongue hydraulics
Strong enough to flip a 64 impala with 3 adult passengers
and a 4 hundred pound driver
And drown you in less than an ounce of your own saliva
Rubberface rappers get, stretched like elastic
Claymation characters wit verbal vernacular
Slappin' ya, like a white water rafter
Or a Olympic kayaker, paddlin' across the Niagara
My afterburners'll be burnin' you after
Ya' body already been splashed with acid
And you turn to ashes
Assassins camouflaged in the grass blastin'
Leavin' blood all over ya' lady like Jackie O'Nassis
I'll fly ya' body outta Dallas
Perform plastic surgery while we airborne and switch caskets
Then lie to the masses
I'll tell'em that you got murdered over some East West beef, between rappers
Radio stations'll express they sadness
Play classics back to back and pass out "Stop The Violence" pamphlets
Just imagine, every night ya' girls fuckin' ya' best friend
While you in hell throwin' tantrums
I'll be lampin' in a mansion somewhere out in the Hamptons
Givin' some pretty ass bitch a spankin'
Nigga you can't win
I'm laughin' cause you a has been
You'll never get ya' groove back
So don't even bother askin', Angela Bassett
You'll just get ya' ass kicked
Get ya' head chopped off and dropped in a basket
My left arms taken but my right ones free
That means I could diss another muthafuckin' emcee
Wit rhymes that appear clearer than liquid crystal
My lyrical is more visual than television screen pixels
I fire pistols, hit you wit' miniature missiles
Riddle ya' body wit' holes then watch the blood sprinkle
Ya probably had no idea what you was gettin' into
On the mic, Can-I-Bus is invincible
Fuck you

("Die Slow" through out the convo)
Hey Yo that nigga got an attitude

Yeah he be actin rude
And he's always tryinna' battle you
That last album was terrible
When he's on the radio he never got a clean mouth
Yeah everytime he freestyles, his words be gettin' bleeped out
You got the album?
Naw I heard it was weak
You got the album?
I said it was weak
But the shit don't come out till next week
Hey Yo I like the nigga's beats
Yo that shit be comin' bugged out
Hey Yo that nigga Bis dumbs out
He waited too long to come out.....

To you bitch niggas who talk a lot
But walk the block, in halter tops
Left side of ya chest, mark the spot
That's where a nigga put it, when i'm hooded
Then fill you up wit big bullets
Prepare you for some channel 6 footage
Know what is, Me and Bis, runnin' through ya courtyard
Creepin' wit a four-five and reachin for ya door knob
Throw a gun under ya chin, see how quick your whore rise
One shot could have a short slide, right out the North side
Your whole flow is porkrine
Spit the small oints
I'm nasty, but my small joints grip the bar point
Drop on top of the blue line..right beside the red one
Keep the flow fairsome, 'till the day my career done
Bring it to ya ass if you the challengin type
Especially those, surroundin' the mic
Sound of the light
To the Journ, ya'll ain't no suitable spitters
True to you niggas
Lay you out on MD's, recoupin' ya liver
Shoutin' my name,
Ya best to control the noise soldier boy
Or homicide will be all over you poys with Polaroids

("Die Slow" through out the convo)
Yea, yo that nigga Journalist gets busy yo
I heard he's from Philly yo
I seen him in Bis video
He's so skinny tho'
Now he's rollin' wit Canibus?
I don't even understand his shit
That nigga sounds like an amaetur
Yo i heard Jay manage him
Yo he got some heavy gold shit
Man, that's some old shit
Yea yo the niggas that he roll wit' probably let 'em hold it
He got alotta Benji's - no he don't!
Everytime I see him in the back of The Source, he look dingy!