

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs
Cause in a minute I'ma be on top of the biz
Try to act like you don't know who it is
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus quotable quiz
Its like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is
But I'm a oldie in the biz with the vocals and libs
Said so much crazy shit on my last album
my name shut Interpol down for two hours
Now that's true power
I create what I can't count to rhyme from my anger management counselor
Just listen to the fives and blend in with the signal you getting
Can you hear me now? Answer the question
You wanna talk about sick poems? I spit stones
Leave you split holmes, tied knots with your rib bones
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones
I can speak Chinese, ching chong get off the ding dong
Knock your ass over the tables like little ping pongs
You got balls? Bring 'em on
I smash 'em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linx on
Blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms
Spit raw, your face look like you smelling stink bombs
You ain't dreamin nigga, pinch your arm
Canibus be spittin' bars that can dislodge Kanye's jaws

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off
Punchlines on the song through the hook and all
You actin' like you think you too good to fall
You spit with a glass jaw, get up give it more

If I was focused I could crush you
Cause you sayin you focused, then how come I can still touch you?
I bust you, then spit some young buck shit at you
cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
My little arms carry big arms, to tickle the clip finger
Keep the sig warm when I bring harm
I have a nigga screamin' for his mama
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
Come along with me, let me see what you got
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy
When people see you, they don't know that its not me
I flow 'cause I got to
This shit sound hot 'cause its not you
You tried to catch me, but I got you
I got a mind that spins like belt drives
And when I seen hip hop die I felt cries
But I got an idea to bring it back to life
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right
I'll go all out, pour my heart out, mix it around
Put my voice to these beats, let it mix with the sound