

# It's No Other Than

Canibus

It's no other than...  
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic  
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic  
This gotta be the biggest track I ever touched in my life  
Like the club can't breathe cause I'm clutchin too tight  
You 'bout to see a live Canibus eruption tonight  
Thugs in black, the bitches in white  
I got the olive green marine fatigues on for sensitive light  
Took my time with the rhyme to build, I'm alive and well  
Got that seven figure dollar smell  
Take a chance baby, not Chanel  
She come check me at the telly in a minute with the longest L  
As soon as she got there, the plot got clear  
The bitch volunteered brains and she didn't stop there  
Hot and fierce, she was not prepared  
Pounded her upside down from the top of the stairs  
'Til started poppin the airs  
She thought it would last forever but I told her I was droppin this year  
C'mon

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Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!  
It's no other than... it's no other than...  
It it, it-it's no other than  
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!

I can't stay long, I'm on my way to the bank  
But while I'm here, I'd like to thank  
Canibus supporters, they knew the time  
Ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?  
(Go 'Bis, go 'Bis) Yo bring it back one more time  
And ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?  
(Go 'Bis) I bust/bus lines like public transportation  
The rhyme always on time when I say shit  
I give you far to go, murder the flow  
My voice travel like that smell when they burnin the 'dro  
On the tour bus they searchin the coach  
In the airport they searchin my coat, they say they searchin for dope  
"Legal Drug Money" stickers on the back of my bag  
The only artifact from my past that I still have  
I'm a brand new man, with a brand new plan  
Talkin to bitches new tannin in the Cancun sands

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I play the nine, you play the target  
Y'all all know my name, so I guess I just start this  
I'm so swift and that's a natural fact  
I'm like RIP, I mark a C on your back  
Yo, follow me into a, solo  
To get the flow.. that you can picture like a photo

They say I'm shallow, I never learned to swim  
But they mention my name cause I got the urge to win  
Tell me who's your weed man, how you smoke so good  
You a superstar baby, why you still in the hood?  
Damn! I hate to brag but you know I'm good  
If a mic was a gun I'd be 'Bis Eastwood  
Bandagin MC's, oxygen they can't breathe  
Mad tricks up the sleeve  
Wear boxers so my dick can breathe, hip-hop is my drug  
I even got a mask and glove to bust slugs, one love

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