

## Life Liquid

Canibus

Blood spillin' in the streets, the what?  
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Blood spillin' in the streets

Aiyyo wit two precise niggaz, holdin' the right biscuits  
There'll be a lot of cats leakin' out they life liquid  
Niggaz who actin' hard this ain't Columbia Pictures  
When we throw two in yo' ass while you huggin' on your mistress

From Philly, where cats quick to mute you at  
Cuckoo cats, twist back your FUBU cap  
Crucial black, two chicks to screw you at  
Then they shove a pool stick where you doodoo at

While you checkin' on your pagers, weapons in your faces  
Shot blazin', cops section off the pavement  
Hoppin' out with gauges, prepare for the occasion  
We throw about eight in, the house that you was raised in

Mouthin' off fakin'll make you a loud patient  
Achin', with your arms in a alcohol basin  
And while your brain's achin' I'ma have your dame slavin'  
Cocaine and apron, over a flame bakin'

Niggaz take it for granted until they layin' dead on the granite  
Innocent bystanders get shot by standin'  
Y'all better duck when you hear the cannon or y'all be checkin' for leaks  
Niggas'll leave your blood spillin' in the streets

Niggaz take it for granted until they layin' dead on the granite  
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Y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon, now you layin' deceased  
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Can you feel it? Nothin' can save ya  
'Cause this is the season of the infrared laser  
And since I got time, what I'm gonna do  
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too

'Cause I don't give a fuck, I just cock back and bust  
With more arms than an octopus, as if one gun wasn't enough  
I fuck around and pull eight out  
Blast your face off or blow your brains out  
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out

Then I pull the gat in my waist out, put it in your mouth  
And keep squeezin' 'til the whole clip is sprayed out  
Take the gun in my ankle brace out, shoot you in the stomach  
Till I see the last meal you ate drain out

Your face look spaced out, I gut you like a trout  
Scream my name out while I'm scrapin' your rib cage out  
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of Windex  
Bullets buzzin' by your head like insects

From your head to your mid-sec'

And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet  
Your masculinity is questionable, you probably a homosexual  
Just the thought of havin' a woman lay next to you probably threatens you

You probably look at grapes and see testicles  
You probably fantasize about vegetables  
Like cucumbers and bananas havin' sex with you  
And you probably let gerbils crawl up your rectum too

Shame on you, I defecate on you and simultaneously urinate on you  
And pour some acid rain on you  
I stop your heartbeat with heat  
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin' in the street

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Ayyo Journalist what you workin' with?  
Old school burners with  
Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit  
What you holdin' Canibus?

30 bullet banana clips  
Just to handle the kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit  
We got permits to murder shit  
We critically injure niggaz who deserve the shit, put 'em in a tourniquet

Bomb proof Suburbans with tractor-tread tires  
So we can ride through the dirt with it, drive over curbs with it  
Merc in it, even over slippery surfaces we can swerve in it  
And crash into niggaz who don't deserve they shit  
Try stoppin' the dudes, you gotta be bruised  
Cockin' the tools that knock you out your socks and your shoes

We'll leave you shoe less and keep shootin'  
Look how much life liquid you losin', you need a blood transfusion  
In the back of a medic truck, shots in your neck and gut  
While we holdin' our weapons up, I'm still reppin' Philly, what?

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The what?  
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