Is this what you want?

Yee yo yo I rap that shit when the mic check that shit Canibus nigga he the best that spit Fuck the fact that I never had a hit I don't need it cuz I never met a rapper that I ain't rip Walk strap wit a mic and a 50 minute DAT for the night just incase your show ain't tight Step on stage and paste left to right Like a lion ready to bit you dieing tonight More lines to your forehead than Brian McKnight A thousand volt voice box I'm a fry them tonight I've been shitin on site Meticulousness with the mic takes a mic and rips it like a Corbin knife Lyricist that don't lounge Break a nigga down Since you're iced out you can keep the sweating down Lift you of the ground till your bitch screams Put him down he's a mic club member now Beat you wit my braw Force you to speak loud Like motherfuckers give me 50 bars right now Plus another 50 that's not 100 You spit 86 you trying to tell me you can't count Throw you in the sweat box let you sweat in out 1 2 3 4 1 bar figure it out You should feel you maggots aren't ready for the illist rappers Allied metaphors in this joint active compensative comp linens in the rhyme science Protected by mic club security advisers Pick the mic up and train Till my voice becomes number one again on a Marge ton exchange Too violent to tame Move vein pump thro my veins Cuz I never been embraced by the game Put emcees to shame With the lyrical linguist spiting vintage colonial English Like who art thou, bow to the 10 inch dick suck on it I'm the aflame of this shit From the king of the past bringing it back Tell the queen of the pride to come sit on my lap Her body is spotless she ain't got one scratch So you could keep them other ugly bitchs in the back

Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but they can't bust like the canibus can
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