

# Nationwide Ruckus

Canibus

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh  
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh  
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh  
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh

Ey yo, I had to make this beat available offline  
Just in case the power goes out in the middle of my rhyme  
Improvising, improving, maximizing my ability to do this  
Pullin' strings even when my mouth's not moving  
The black cat that's stoopin' on the love boat film or action movies  
You want to hate boat troll? Then active coofy  
The intellectual thinker is attracted to me  
Rollin' up Scooby snack doobies, take two puffs and pass it to me  
Sittin' in the back of a jacked up tailgate  
I know my bitch look young, but she ain't jailbait  
Copenhagen's known for fake, she kinda like how it taste  
That's why she all up in my face  
Speakerbox boomin' all up in that place  
Codename 308s, Can-I-Bus that great?  
Holdin' hands, singin' kumbaya, it's too late  
They say a racial war coming, go paint your face  
Ripper verse psychology curse, statue even during apologies  
Are you not entertained? Then follow me  
Cody wasn't for hire, brief fabricated slam fire  
Silver rounds for the vampires

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Now let's stay on topic, let's talk about it  
My product and my latest Hip-Hop project, CBD vaporizers  
Gold plated Olmec face, they come with a golden neck brace  
Senior technician, 401K  
Activate, smash your face with the trey eight strapped around the waist  
Then dump you in a dilapidated place  
Beat 'em down with aluminum, then I put two in 'em  
The harlem world hooligan with a bad boy pseudonym  
Throw you off a highrise, see if you can skydive  
They fear me like cavlike tile, black child  
Go surgical, chop it up vertical  
Bars from my notebook murder you  
Can you say "testicular turpitude"?  
'Course you can't! Tongue twister metaphors put you in a trance  
In that sunken place doing the drunken dance  
Wake up, upside down hung by the pants  
M-m-monster truck transmission, crush your hands  
Body blows to the guts, stomach cramps, tough man  
I'm a sheepdog covered by the blood of the lamb  
I'm hot, my hands are warm, my mind is cold  
Together they strum notes on the strings of your soul  
I was there when they put Hip-Hop under arrest  
When the artificial intelligence took its first breath  
The Boston Dynamics mechanics scoured the planet for antediluvian amulets buried in Atlantis  
The haters just talk shit cuz if I ever break loose they panic

They don't know I got brain damage

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