

## Second Round Knockout

Canibus

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here  
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but  
eat eat eat eat MC's, for lunch, breakfast  
Hey man they been playin me all my life man  
You know I won a title a couple a times did right  
No but they can't hurt us man  
We gonna do it, get up in this ring man, put on these gloves  
Let me show you how to handle this li'l nigga

Yo I'ma let the world know the truth!  
You don't want me to shine  
You studied my rhyme, then you laced your vocals after mine  
That's a bitch move, somethin that a homo rapper would do  
So when you say that you platinum, you only droppin clues  
I studied your background, read the book that you wrote  
Researched the footnotes, 'bout how you used to sniff coke  
Frontin like a drug free role model, you disgust me  
I know bitches that seen you smoke weed recently  
You walk around showin off your body cause it sells  
Plus to avoid the fact that you ain't got skills  
Mad at me cause I kick that shit real niggas feel  
While 99% of your fans wear high heels  
From Ice-T to Kool Moe Dee to Jay-Z  
Now you wanna fuck with me? You must be crazy!  
You drippin with wack juice, and you can't get it off  
You better be prepared to finish what you start, nigga!

Hey hey hey hey, you just hold it right there  
(Yo, get off me man)  
We got an illegal low blow on the fighter in the blue trunks  
(Yo, yo get the fuck off me man)  
If I see one more of those, you're outta here brotha  
(Yo get out my way man, yo he started this shit)  
You understand? (Fuck you!)  
You'll be disqualified (I'll bite that nigga again!)  
Stop bein a bitch (Get the fuck off me man!)  
We came to see a fight

Yo Canibus man you gotta hit harder than that man  
You don't want no bitch ass niggaz hangin out wit me man  
We're warriors man, when we go into battle  
we come out, or don't come out at all!

Yo, you better give me the respect that I deserve or I'ma take it by force  
Blast you with a 45 colt, make you summersault  
Shock you with a couple hundred thousand volt thunderbolts  
Before you wanted a war, now you wanna talk  
It's about who strikes the hardest not who strikes first  
That's why I laugh when I hear that wack ass verse  
That shit was the worse, rhyme I ever heard in my life  
Cause the greatest rapper of all time died on March 9th  
God bless his soul rest in peace kid  
It's because of him now at least I know What Beef is  
It's not what I would call this, see this is something different  
A faggot nigga trying to make a living off of dissing  
Somebody that he's got to know is better than him  
but he's feelin himself, cause he got more cheddar than him

Well let me tell you something, you might got more cash than me  
But you ain't got the skills to eat a nigga's ass like me  
And if you really want to show off, we can get it on  
Live in front of the cameras on your own sitcom  
I'll let you kick a verse, fuck it, I'll let you kick em all  
I'd even wait for the studio audience to applaud [cheers]

Now watch me rip the tat from your arm  
Kick you in the groin, stick you for your Vanguard award  
In front of your mom your 1st, 2nd and 3rd born  
Make your wife get on the horn call Minister Farrakhan  
So he could persuade me to squash it, I'd saw naw he started it  
He forgot what a hardcore artist is  
A hardcore artist is a dangerous man, such as myself  
trained to run 20 miles in soft sand  
On or off land, programmed to kick hundreds of bars off hand  
from a lost and forgotten land, you done did it man  
You done spitted some wack shittit  
And probably thought that because it's been a minute I'd forget it?  
Fuck that! 'Cause like Common and Cube I see The Bitch In You  
and I'ma make the world see it too, motherfucker!

I'll battle you on the net  
I'll battle you in the flesh  
I'll battle you over the phone, you can call me collect  
I'll battle you for the respect  
I'll battle you over a blank check  
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck  
'Cause battling's my favorite hobby that's probably why you despise me  
We can battle in Hot 97's lobby  
Constantly battling, out in the streets  
Or Battle of The Beats, we can let Angie referee  
Inside the jail y'all fenced prisoners look tense  
Armed with shanks waiting for the battle commence  
Ladies and gents,  
pick up the phone and call in the side with the highest  
?pennant and decide the wench?  
Lowest versus the highest, I'll start a riot  
You're a virus, you run around screaming "Stop The Violence!"  
I rip mics tighter than pliers  
You say you the greatest of all time?  
You're a liar, your time's expired  
You no longer have what Hip Hop requires, so retire!!!