

The Mic Disease

Canibus

Yeah! New York City

You are now rockin with the best, the 'Bus

And I'ma test this once (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Let's go, let's go

Aiyyo I'm so updated niggaz get frustrated

I'm the best that you ever heard, nigga fuck your favorite

Fuck a public statement, I'ma say it right here

It's quite clear, I'm the nicest anywhere

You paranoid, what's the reason for that?

Scared in the barbershop chair, with heat in your lap

I drag you out in the desert, freeze you in fact

Pulp trees run out of paper, roll leaf with the map

It's like that, give me dap, Cani-Beezy is back

I'ma take 40 million this season in rap

Take small change as long as I can afford range

When I'm flyin overseas, I can't take no small planes

If the course change, I'll be in the cockpit

With the glock cocked, lookin at the pilot all strange

Jason Jermaine, born Williams as a false name

U.S. military trained, remember one thang

I remember was no other soldier like me

My M-4 carbine bang nightly

Hand combat Tai-Chi, fight me

I'm Sagittarius, so I don't like Pisces

Effect you with the mic disease, try to breathe

Airborne spores reach overseas with light breeze

Out in Waikiki with ki's and G's

On a hammock with my trees like, what you need?

Got shorties in tight jeans over there, this is what life means

She suck me off, then she take me sightseein

Spendin per diem with a real nicely tanned Korean

She and her friend, they drive a little BM

Picked me up at 10 P.M., took me to the VM

Cause I was already kinda leanin off the Seagram's

I'm feelin weak, blame it on the herb rush

Yo that's Kay Slay bangin Lloyd Banks? Turn it up

I got a track after this one, I burnt it up

Big Shaq, Money Mark, Canibus, you heard of us

I do you rhyme surplus, words deluxe

Manufactured the 'Bus, just observe me once

I'm the bright light before you, the first of one

Kay Slay brought me back cause they worshipped son

The cursed one, my hip-hop heartbeat thump

Who that punk talkin junk, I'll punch the chump

Badunkadunk, like Lil' Jon on crunk

Have wonton for lunch with Brazilian fudge

Toss a rock my way, and I'll probably throw a million slugs

Be at your door with a million thugs!