In Common

Diabolic

Yo, get the fuck back!
You got a liar and a thief,
Combined with a beast from the east...
What the fuck you thinks gonna' happen?
Canibus! Let em' Know!

Yo!

Canibus and Diabolic get busy when we rhymin',
That's what we got in common,

Yo, yo, yo, yo,
I know how far this could go,
But I'm not willin' to go far, as long as you know,
I'd rather dump you off of the speed-boat,
Your trench coat; float, while you bleed; slow,
You already know!
I check my P.O. Box with a robot,
I got a ammo can in the corner full of old glocks,
Aight breathe... adjust to the beat,
Adjust to the speed of Canibus the MC,
The library of binary, words I rhyme surprise many,
But few realize, if any,
You navigate through a constellation of bars,
If it does not madden, you will be a god,
If it does not sadden, then you will be odd,
But they are on their way to capture you so be on your guard,
The world I live in, is different from the world you been in,
But I stay committed and still spit it,
The microphone is psychotic object,
Those who don't spit hot shit will get shocked and drop it,
I'll be there in the morning to collect your belongings,
If I have to knock more than once; you'll be sorry,
The door sign reads: enter or die,
That's when I wrote the hundred thousand bar rhyme,
So ask Canibus, he ain't understanding this,
Coz' ninety nine percent of his fans ain't shit,
And ninety nine percent of his fans didn't think,
That ninety nine percent of the planet can't spit,
But Diabolic 'bout to show you how we handle this,
Diabolic and Canibus, sample this...

Yo,
Ladies rock your body, while 'bolic cocks a shottie,
And pops these prima donnas posing for the paparazzi,
If not I'll prolly hop inside a stolen Maserati,
Goin' kamikaze like a pilot sent from Nagasaki,
That's why doctors got me on some anti-psychotics,
My logic's if I die, 'bolics sales sky-rocket,
This high wattage made corpses rise from pine boxes,
With the fire in their eye sockets like they Cyclops's,
By god this man lost his damn mind, and...
Buried his head in the sand to plant some landmines
I worry the feds had planned to scan our land lines,
Instead mankind embrace fags who can't rhyme
So for the last time I refuse to rap, it's worthless,
Till I land a better deal than the Louisiana Purchase,

My purpose is to scratch the surface till a crack emerges,
Afterwards its stuffin' bitches like a taxidermist,
And I’m glad my sperm is drippin' through your bitches panties,
Till she barefoot and pregnant sifting through my kitchen pantry,
My daughters nine, dad's living like a vigilante,
Kiss the family, huntin' peadophiles trickin' kids with candy,
In other words, those who dare touch what he treasures,
Sleep better than Heath Ledger beneath a dream catcher,
So I suggest you pray to G.O.D, bless ya',
Like a good Muslim on his knees facing east Mecca.

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