

Canibus, About That Time

(Intro: Canibus)

It's About That Time

You know me I'm about that rhyme

Canibus and Termanology

Two of Hip Hop's top chiefs, watch beef

(Canibus)

Canibus lyrically fit, Termanology spit

A million bars, first sixteen start like this

A rack of bombs lay stacked on the floor above the doors of the Bombay

I could drop bombs all day

Any city, all states, any place, any muscles, they all ache

My metaphors break jaws out of place

Thirty shots, change cartridge, lock, reload

What up Hijo? I throw bullets the size of burritos

Prototype speed boats, built by Lockheed on the East Coast

Drag you by the feet with thirty feet of rope

Got to pay dues dude, put you on YouTube

One millions views of that moment you lose

Against the freckle faced Elephant Man

With cold clammy gelatin hands research and develop the plan

Cause now everybody hollering, Hip Hop ain't bringing the dollars in

Radio ain't got no more tolerance

Objection sustained, y'all niggas can't fuck with Germaine

You can't verify the shit that he claim

Just a man in the Matrix, I stand by my statements

Every time I run a program they erase it

The block unfolds, you hear the army snare drum roll

The Beat Tolls' cause you know I got soul

Yo, I rap alone, strap a microphone around my chest like a saxophone

Fully automated battle drone

Canibus and Termanology, white high speech

Black box beats, you listening to Hip Hop's chiefs

Termanology, what's the prophecy?

Show them how you got the right to rock with me

Boy you better fry that beat