

Canibus, Benny Riley

[Intro]

DJ's, cuttin up beats and stuff like that and
That was my first exposure to the whole, artistry in hip-hop
There is nothing in this music, that I don't wanna hear
There is words, that are kind of syncopated and rhythmic
And there's this hot drum track, it's great!

[Chorus: x2]

"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
And I could hear, this enormous
"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear

[Canibus]

Aiyyo! I don't give a fuck, if you gettin some cash
or gettin some ass, if I was there I'd pick up the tab
Talk to a rag, tell you to wipe your stinkin ass
Get back to the lab, make sure hip-hop last
Through death or dishonor, I do this cause I wanna
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
I'm ready for the encounter like a titty bar bouncer
Or Muhammad at the Mini-Mart counter with four-pounders
Quick Draw McGraw spitter, let me see your hands jitter
I'll hit'cha where the good Lord split'cha
You faggot-ass niggaz are see-through
I treat you like we in the same cell, but I'm Bugsy Siegel
Smack your teeth loose, the street juice
Go to court in cheap suits, givin testimony over beat loops
Take 'em to my hood, show the evil I'm from
They can't blame me for the evil I done, now they see where I run
And why I keep a tight leash on the gun
Why my speech is so revered by the young, cause my spirit is young
A nigga spittin LIKE THAT, got SERIOUS LUNGS
Yo I'm serious SON, he a FURIOUS ONE!

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, the name Benny Riley, the trip took twenty-eight days
from New York to Cali, drivin through alleys
My mom mad at me, my dad laughs at me
My life's a track meet, I need this record deal
Precious, she got the freshest breast-es, and the ass from heaven
36-24-37
She the second broad I ever humped, under a bridge
But she the first broad I ever fucked with in the record biz
Desi told her I was crazy and she called the feds
The bitch didn't know any better, I let her live
She don't know Desi is a greasy fuckin pig
And he's settin me up for somethin he knows I never did
When I see him I'ma put the Smith & Wesson to his head
To change his outlook on life
Maybe I'd show him what it's like to be DEAD
Like the way I look at lyrics, I kill it 'til they DEAD
It's that vivid; got skills to kill the rap business
Got bills to put a contract on the witness if he rat-snitchin
You niggaz in the back, thinkin holds 'til your next actin role
Get buried wit'cha cash and gold
Acts that sold, family of Marlon Brando broke
Shattered hopes, rappers choked, took it like a man though
Benny Riley is the closest thing to Canibus yo
Niggaz just don't be understandin his flow, until the hammer let go
Grab the mic and cold damage the show
Get split with bananas, flows of the Canibus blow

[Chorus]

[Outro]

This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear
And I didn't know it