

Canibus, Da' Facelift

[Canibus]

You want a facelift? This what it take 'Bis
A beat that'll make a nigga think an earthquake hit
The blue collar rapper, enigmatic, democratic
Rap-saavy fanatic that can smash any matchup
High with a roach, bring wealth and goggles to my show
My flow glow brighter than any diamond that you know
I walk among you, draw energy from you
The art of Sun-Tzu, he used to bust too
I'm like a Shaolin monk on crunk
Holdin himself up with his thumb on the stump
Get a Hummer for the summer to stunt
And just sit in the front, while my lungs become one with the blunt
Futuristic old schooler, look like JFK Jr
When I shoot up, Jacob the jeweler with a new cut
Can-I-bus, I ain't got what I want yet
How would you expect one of the best, what
I can't get no, grab the mic, niggaz lets go
Tell me who got the best flow, end up with less dough
Open your vest, let your chest show
I'ma open your chest, let your breath go
With a thirty-eight special
Keep it on the low, don't let the press know
Behind the scenes, they put me on death row and won't let go
Brace yourself while I break the chains
My beats bang so hard, they erase the blame

[Chorus x4]

This is full battle rattle, attack you
Salute while I smash you, Can-I-bus bus to blast you 4X

[Canibus]

The hudred bar monster, spit without hawkin up
Smash your whole roster, fuck what it cost ya
Fuck what it cost me, join the army
Smoke Bob Marley, the sergent major honorably discharge me
From my sentimiliar and my hemping sence
Inspiration, why is it only worth ten percent
Another day in the life of Mr. Can-I-bus
MY life too rought for me not to recognize lust
The soldier's back to blow a fuckin hole through rap
I wish they'd let me out the cage and stop holding me back
You might say the only thing holdin me back is myself
It ain't hard to tell what's holdin me back is my cells
I don't make records for girls, I spit for the pearl
But i'm an artist in an ignimant world, world
World class athlete, trained to attack beats
Mixtape smash the streets, try to patch the leaks
Niggaz try to battle me but lose
They got limited views, I remember when I was primitive too
I'd sit and talk with the inquisitive youth
'Cause I be spittin the truth
sometimes I ask 'em, what you listenin to
Lyrical fitness is the proof, let me put you in the booth
Nottz'll play the beat loop
Let me see what you could do
The older advise the younger when they recognize the hunger
I do a couple raps with the mic to get pumped up
Monkey bar sit-ups, blood rush to my head
I write rhymes upside down with an astronaut pen
Spit a hot sixteen and my ten, take it up a notch, then
Lost everything when I'm locked in
You in the kill zone, boxed in
Tried to play jump-rope

With skeets on and got dropped when you hopped in
The last mohican, smoke you in the first season
You don't speak it but it's no secret
Peep it, you light weight like rice cakes
Anybody under twenty-one to touch the microphone is mic bait
Hungry niggaz start to get type faced, that's when the fight breaks
A sixty second rhyme is a nice pace
Work a nigga out 'til he spit out white paste
Tell him he could hide the proof on his face with night shades
You looking for a battle, you came to the right place
This is Mic Club and over here I'm the mic ace

[Chorus x4]