

Canibus, Def Con Zero

(Canibus)

Def Con Zero

Gentlemen, we have just upgraded, from red alert, to dead alert

This is not a drill; I repeat, this is not a drill

Pack the belongings, in the immediate vicinity

and make your way to the shelter

When you get there, ask for GAMMA, OMEGA, DELTA

Def Con Zero

(Chorus)

We gotta fight, fight - we gotta spaz, blast

We gotta flow; yo, go Def Con Zero

Fight, fight - we gotta spaz, blast

We gotta flow; yo, go Def Con Zero

(Phoenix Orion)

Kevlar suits, M-16's with the laser beam

God squad supreme, hip-hop SWAT team

Spittin like the force of a bomb, so ring the alarm

We stay armed, Cloak 'N' Dagga this is Def Con, Soundwave transform

Canibus change to the ghetto Megatron arm

Kill these hip-hop robots, we spit hot words to serve nerds

Smoke you like I do my herb, that's my word

Fuck what you heard, it's a hostile takeover

The game is too jiggy and too pretty you need a makeover

You ain't Hova, or your rap career is over

Weapon exchange at dark creates a supernova

This is Def Con, we gon' drop the bomb

You muh'fuckers won't get us like you got Sadaam

Got you ratting niggaz shook up, they can't stay calm

Stop drop and roll nigga, hit the fire alarm

The fire is armed, burning like a towerin inferno

Commander Canibus transmitted to me from Yermo

Oh shit, here we go, gotta fight, gotta flow

Gotta spaz, gotta blast, nigga that's your ass!

(Chorus)

(Canibus)

Yo, step into the land of the Metronome Man

Click, click, click, bang! Suicide again

Black army-boots like Motley Cru

Chew barley root, I'ma attach the Charley troop

I'm the walking, talking Stephen Hawking

DNA genes were auctioned for genius offspring

Bust a nigga G Rap style, back em down

Gamma Omega Delta make mushroom cloud

On stage with masks and shrouds, we capture the crowd

On festival grounds, two-hundred decibels loud

Alchemists calculate the calculus, climb through the mountain mist

Then drink from the Fountain of Spit

It's like liquid wasabi or pool sharks swimming in saki

Annunaki tried to psychically block me

The rhyme author's silent partner

In the back of the Phantom my girl performs at the opera

I'm about to join her

The battlefield mortician in the mortuary talking friendly

Coughing heavy, pouring Henny //

Quadraphonic macho hot-shit

Hello, I'm in the Bio crawling through croc shit

(Chorus)

(Canibus)

Industrial strength, never fuck with the cousin of death
Eyes open, wide scoping, check, fuck a bling
I've got an AT-4 with a sling
Stand far away from the door when it ring
War of the Worlds part two want you
What you gonna do when we lock and load troop?
Shoot! Lay a hundred down with one dummy round
Thuggery style, bloody ground, fuck your money now
Def Con Zero, who the fuck didn't get the memo
Kick your best flow, let's go //

(Chorus) - 2X

(We're going to jump right into target two)