

Canibus, Full Battle Rattle

(Canibus)

You wanna face lift? This is what it takes Bis
A beat that'll make a nigga think an earthquake hit
The blue-collar rapper, enigmatic, democratic
Rap-savvy fanatic that could smash any match-up
High when I wrote this, bring welding 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 bus' too
I'm like a Shaolin monk on crunk
Holding himself up with his thumb on a stump
Get a Hummer for the summer to stunt
And just sit in the front while my lungs become one with a blunt
Futuristic old-schooler, look like JFK Jr. when I suit up
Jacob The Jeweler' with an new cut
Can-I-Bus! I ain't got what I want yet
How could you respect one of the best
What, I can't get no
Grab the mic, nigga, let's go
Bet me who got the best flow
You end up with less doe
Open your vest, let your chest show
I'ma open your chest, let your breath go with a .38 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 plains

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Yo

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Salute or I'll smash you
Can-I-Bus bus' to blast you

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The Hundred 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 sergeant major honorably discharged me
For my sinsemilla and my hemp incense
Inspiration, why it's only worth ten percent
Another day in the life for Mr. Can-I-Bus
My life too rough for me not to recognize rough
The soldier's back to blow a fucking hole through rap
I wish they'd let me out the cage and stop holding me back
You might say the only thing holding me back is myself
It ain't hard to tell what's holding me back is my sales
I don't make record for girls, I spit for the borough
But I'm an artist in an ignorant world
World class athlete trained to attack beats
Mixtapes smash the streets, try to patch the leaks
Niggas try to battle me but lose, they got limited views

I remember when I was primitive too
I sit and talk with the inquisitive youth, cause I be spittin' the truth
Sometimes I ask them, 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 can do
The older advise the younger when they recognize the hunger
I do a couple reps 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 at Mach 10, take it up a notch then
Launch everything when I'm locked in
You in the kill-zone boxed in
Tried to play jump rope with skis 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 lightweight like rice-cakes
Anybody under twenty-one that touch the microphone is mic-bait
Hungry niggas start to get tight-faced, that's when the fight breaks
A sixty second round is a nice pace
Work a nigga out til he spit up white paste
Tell him he can hide the bruise on his face with nightshade
If you looking for a battle you came to the right place
This is Mic Club and over here I'm the Mic Ace

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