

Canibus, Get Retarded

"I-I-I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Canibus]

Yo -- niggaz is phony frontin like they Master of Ceremonies
None of you suckers are even remotely close to me
To be nice I sacrifice things like no sleep
I keep a library of lyrics on microfiche
Creating concepts so deep, niggaz quote me
They rewind and interpret my rhymes to they homies
I did things beyond your flows, eons ago
It's inevitable in ninety-eight I'ma blow
Ever since eighty-four, I've been in it to win it
But see back then we used to battle by spinnin on the ce-ment
You can't even absorb the rhymes I record
or resolve the deep laws of the physics involved
I travel to the end of the universe and beyond
Parsecs, out of range from a cellular StarTec
From the galaxy of Andromeda; I puzzle niggaz
like crop circles and other unexplained phenomena

[Chorus: Canibus]

Aiyyo, nine out of ten of these rap artists is garbage
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
You spineless, rhymeless, niggaz is heartless
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
Aiyyo, I came to see that hip-hop is never tarnished
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
So I [echoes]
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Canibus]

Aiyyo, all I really want is you niggaz to stop bitin
All I really want is you niggaz to start writin
All I really want is you niggaz to be original
and start spittin some lyrical shit that I can listen to
You haven't written the perfect rhyme yet
You don't even know the sequences to the Human Genome Project
You haven't come to terms with your God yet
And you refuse to believe in Unidentified Flyin Objects
When I bomb shit, I get retarded; probably more than you bargained
I'm talkin about rippin mic off your arm shit
Hype shit, blow up a mic shit, you might get
beat the fuck up in broad daylight with a nighstick
To the British, I'm Ghandi
To the Japanese I'm an American pilot flyin over Nagasaki
To the AIDS patient I'm your last antibody
Sittin and waitin for a cure from modern biology

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo I be lookin directly into the human eye to see if you pussy
And completely ruin your ability to lie to me
I pull a nine on a bully, cock back the cannon
God damnit, I don't think you fully understand it
Ask nine out of ten niggaz on the planet

who the best is, the question'll go unanswered
til I step up, to the front line with rhymes
Revin my engines like they were powered by Lemans
Murderin niggaz with lyrics manufactured within
my DNA's double-helix, I leave you in troubled spirits
I'm absolutely the purest, breed of MC
from the United States of America to Europe I deserve it
However you wanna word it, I'm perfect
Touch my microphone on accident and get murdered on purpose
Motherfucker!
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Chorus]

"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"