

Canibus, Hip-Hop Body Rock

[chorus]

Hip-hop do that body-rock
Jam on and keep smokin
Hip-hop do that body rock
I've been gone for a while but I'm still in style [x2]

[Canibus]

Yea, come on now get on down
Can-I-Bus, back with the hip-hop sound
Twenty years deep in this culture, compulsive
Every day, this was the dream that I wrote with
Outside chillin, b-boys spinnin
Pretending not to notice the supreme choice women
I rep the rude boy, not the dread posse
I a bugsy ride with zombies behind me
Turns the lighs up, pick the mic up
Get 'em hyped up lookin for the right cut
I don't write much, but I love to bust
At the crowd 'cause they love the rush
The mark is on my arm, was drawn
To symbolize the art of hip-hop in its rawest form
We could take it to the stage like we goin to war
Both fallin through the crowd, we perform on tour
Come correct with the rhyme, they remember the flow
I was "Gone Til November" six Decembers ago

[chorus x2]

[Canibus]

Every day is a piece of enernity to weed control
That's why rap music feeds the soul
DJ drop needle, I shock people
There's mic doc in the house and he's not legal
Canibis just entered the building yo
If you lookin for the illest, start filming yo
I get a call, slide to Diego
Hit the bay off with something less than a day old
Here's a hot one for you to hold
The super MC, Superbowl, winner takes all
The Fahrenheit, nine eleven, rhyme weapon
The underground give me credit when I'm sound checkin
I feel like it's now or never, the rhyme state clever
When the wisdom teeth grind together
(Go to sleep) I cant go to sleep unless I write something
(Then stay awake) I can't stay awake unless I recite something
I can't recite something without tight substance
When I bust and I leave mothafuckin mics busted

[chorus x2]

[20 seconds of beat playin]