

Canibus, I Wish U Would

(Intro)

Sway and King Tech

Bringin it back to basics

Mic skills

You know what I'm sayin

2005

Keepin it live

Can-I-Bus, Chino XL, and Royce Da 5'9"

(Royce Da 5'9")

The cold shoulder holdin the frozen boulder of ice

Chosen type to the poor polisher

Just let go of my foes shit let go of they mics

Just let go of they souls before the 4-4

At night you wanna send them you higher in the sky

When god meant you to fly 'til Christ blows over

The Farrakhan and the most soldiers the headliner

The show close and the doors close the shows over

The pope spoke and potentially the marijuana

The coast to coast coke leaf the dope beats

So close to the pope he can show Moses

No competin is no for the poor closer

My whole M-O-Ps M-O mister simple

M-O-B N-O-T ya N-O

I been on Leno don' diss don' hit the thrown

My head's growin

The crown don't fit (don't fit, don't fit, don't fit)

(Chorus)

I wish you would (Not beef it'll never settle)

I wish you would (You never know who's got the heavy metal)

I wish you would (Violate minds put holes in your riddle)

I wish you would (Get the knocked the fuck out)

(Canibus)

I carry niggas like a brute with a screw face carrying

A suitcase, with his picture and today's newspaper

To pay the cops to make cargo drops

I wish you would talk shit about me on the wrong block

Get a high performance shot on the spot, soon as you park the drop

Give a fuck if you're a star or not

General Hip-Hop ordered you to stand down nigga

(Don't make me have to,) beat you up with your fans around nigga

Fuck who you roll with, your man's a clown nigga

A couple quick snapshots, you out of the picture

Put you on the A-list

Your faceless assassin looks like Ghostface before '36 Chambers'

Hang around guerrillas, your fragrance becomes ape-ish

Behavior modication, I slap you when you say shit

Pull your pipe out, we can go there too

You get blasted where the most hair grew, in your head and your jewels

Plus your back and your chest to be cruel

If I say don't run and you do, I'm dumping you fool

The moon light blessed me, the vibes direct me

You might be better than me, but not directly

Perfect rap muscles, Public Enemy half or double

Do the math, I'm a classic rebel

I wish you would try to dance with the Devil, I'll wet you with petrol

Chop off your arms off, hand you a shovel

Never stare at you, keep it professional

Hit you with a handful of metal, you'll be face down when I bury you

After that, I wish somebody would try and remember you

I kill you on the mic, that's the simple and simple truth

(Chorus)

(Chino XL)

Imagine a world without Chino XL bein illest
No one raps landlord murderin all my tenants
Hurdling over an image harmonicas by Bruce Willis
Avoidin women like monica them types that try to kill us
I don't write verses, I write controverses
Harder than controllin Anthony Anderson's sexual urges
You nervous at my foul ability to smile while
Killin off ya family child by child
Mutual respect it's wild cats like KRS in Miami
Music's my apprentice Donald Trump couldn't fire me
Any sticky drama beef physically imma strike back
Vin Diesel was like Chino nigga how'd ya arms get like that
I sit back simplify the style (monumental)
Cuz niggaz keep missing the point like a broken pencil
Street education I slip it in like white boys who
think they down
Threw the word nigga inside their conversation
Back of cryogenic hibernation
The lyrical Benicio Del Toro up for ya oscar consideration
Not a adulation they show my battle raps on cinemax
To open ya eyes I drive a cadillac through ya cataracts
Some raw like Puerto Rican birth control after sippin rum
Got 99 problems but a verse ain't one
Since 14 been in the street of my own
Don't cry for me like Evita Peron
Find my mind iller than Nina Simone
Backpedalin like Sly Stallone on a 10 speed
Smokin weed in a world where everybody's against me
See I'm more than famous
The public school system plans class trips to my
projects to watch me twist the language
I'm dangerous as swarms of locusts wanted with niggaz that's broke as
Handcuffin soldiers that sold for some dotal emotions
I notice ya cd for 99 cent what
Blank cds a dollar fifty you make more from shut the fuck up
(the fuck up, the fuck up)