

Canibus, Lost @ C

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo, Yo

Now when you see that big-ass C, you know I'm coming through
And when you know I'm coming through, you know what I'ma do
I never said that battling me would be impossible
I just think it's highly mother fucking improbable
You talking to a nigga that can split molecules to subatomic particles
Strong enough to stop a bull
Body-slam two ox's, drop a mule
Urinating rocket fuel, freestyling over gospel tunes
Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours
I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album
The kick boxer, beating the shit out niggas proper
I beat them 'til they holler, beat them 'til the cops come
Beating niggas 'til they have seizures, beat them 'til they start screaming
Like fax machines when they start receiving
Beat them 'til my own hands start bleeding
Beat them 'til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beating
From twelve A.M. to twelve P.M. in the evening
With three fifteen minute breaks in between them
Good Jesus, that's a real West-Indian beating
That's what you get for fucking with this lyrical demon
My bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons
I got cast out of heaven for treason
Got cast out of the garden of Eden for letting the reptilian beast in
Got locked up for a D.U.I. and speeding
A whole legion of half-decent emcees get'll released when
They spit a hundred bars for they freedom
See I'm much too nice to compete with
Too nice to flow over beats with, too nice to hold a MIC with
Off some Diesel-Hercules shit, I cold flip
And start to punch trees 'til they leafless
Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath
'Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it

(Canibus)

Yo

You ain't as cold as us, or as bold as us
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us
'Cause we rolling rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust

You ain't as cold as us, or as bold as us
When we in the war zone, we got the chrome with us
'Cause we rolling rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo

Now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet
'Cause I ain't heard shit worth buying
I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven
The drive comes from my lyrics, and my lyrics come from my inner spirit
Vibrating and spinning, faster than twelve cylinder engines
with nitrogen in them, faster than F-1 McLaren pistons
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm
'Cause you nigga is slower than fat bitches metabolism
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spitting
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism
Show me a man that can't feel him
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck and put his head to the fan on the ceiling
Suffer real ban from television shit
Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him

I hop in front of the cameras and tell them how I'm feeling
I'll tell them how I feel that Hip Hop, should deal with it
Tell them how I'm tired of the state rap is in
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers kick is subject matter less
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters
Shooting the same videos, it's embarrassing
Using the same formulas to have a hit
Using the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatching your mic
I make you run for your life, chill during the daylight
To track you at night, my global position is satellite
Got a infrared lens to detect your body's Fahrenheit
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow
I track you 'til your ceasar grows into a afro
Until you plaid them into cornrows
Track you 'til your shoe soles develop holes and you get corns on your toes
'Til your teeth develop halitosis
But you been going so long without deodorant you don't even notice
Mother fucker

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