

Canibus, Sharpshooter Masters

(Canibus)

Javelin's hawk within striking distance
Alert to the sound's that we hear, the rapper's response, verses in the air
I smell the tobacco, you know that you're here
Show just the white tail buck and the black bears
So what the fuck gave you the right
to come into the wilderness just to pick a fight?
Whatever jurisdiction you from we rip mics
The B-line, the blood trail in the dim light
Back to the kill site
Come here city boy, I hear you're real nice
Surrounded by dark so far from the city lights
Stop browsing, sniff downwind cowards
You pissed yourself, you smell more foul than public housing
Hardcore, parkour tear off your car door
Fire-breathing gargoyles, eating hyenas charbroiled
Alien tongues long sharp but called predator claws
I rip through the Kevlar for your heart
til your lower body support lost
The large carnivore spit boss Beowulf rip your torsos off
Float like the flying albatross, part mothman part wasp
Ambush armour transport to the marsh
Javelin Fangz, Germaine's bombing ray campaign
My hands change when I drink Beowulf bane
You ain't seen nothing nearly as strange
Glorious alien planes, still in the frame but nearly out of range
Canines, Sons of Cain, impervious to pain
Numb off cocaine, ripping railroad tracks off trains
Deranged batshit insane, rhymes liquefy brains
They dreaming of rain, smoke haze and stargaze
AK spray photon rage, Sharpshooter sharp fangs
Heart pump napalm through coarse veins
Speak to barmaids, breath reeks of Grand Marnier
She says, come on behave, I remove my dark shades
Eyes buried behind wrinkles like Shar Pei's
I got a scar face from back in my dog days
The posttraumatic microphone mechanic
Leave the habitat damaged when I rat-a-tat that ratchet
You fucking with the Sharpshooter Masters