

# Canibus, Sit Yo Hot Ass Down

(Canibus)

Ayo,

Weed-vapor move through a six-figure vacuum-tube  
I magnetically attract the moon  
My blood was tested, they cloned my genetics  
The Chief Medic was Dr. Henry Merrick  
Vascular endothelial recombination  
In other words, I'm saying, regeneration  
Chromonal-mass injection from Germaine Jetson  
Boots, spurs and Stetson, sidearm weapon  
Federale Mexicans standing right next to him  
Take you back to the Trauma Unit for questioning  
Talk to the Texans about the next Middle East insurrection  
In the \_\_\_\_\_

(Canibus)

It's the counterattack for the mountain cat that pounced on your back  
Over here, let me show you on the mats  
Wrap a nigga up like a boa on a shoulder  
Take a picture with me, look brave for the photo  
They kill you in the prison-yard talking about life on Mars  
Don't nobody want to fight that war  
My train of thought can maim a horse  
With the ease that a crane lift a grain of salt

(Canibus)

Yeah,

What they call large, we call petite  
What we call the street C, what they call a D  
The off-road freaks with Boss Hog teeth  
I met a bitch called Daisy in Long Beach  
International Recon agreed to meet us at dawn  
Now the whole fucking beach is gone  
We're fucking remarkable, don't try to make us marketable  
We don't even want to talk to you

(Canibus)

Yeah, I drugged you, mugged you, take everything from you  
To bring you back morally humble cause I love you  
Boulder, Colorado Gestapo crawling out of foxholes  
Listening to Rock & Roll

(Canibus)

Lock and load  
Niggas say, How Solo's stock just grow?  
I say, Look, it's not just flows  
So \*when you hear the sound  
Prepare for the rounds\*  
Trauma Unit, Sit Yo Hot Ass Down, nigga //