

Canibus, Snakes & Ladders

Canibus)

Yo

I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace, selling reefer
Puffing a chalice with the beef eaters
Getting so high that whenever I drop shit
It'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit
Structurize with the hot shit, crazy I click //
Niggas is bloody idiots thinking that they can stop this
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth six pence
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste
Then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face
From Princeton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe like Joseph Stalin
And murder niggas for rhyming
Spitting fire, with gasoline for saliva
Drunk as Lady Diana's driver with reporters behind her
Alcohol in the hands of a minor
I got you panicking like bombs, with thirty second timers
Clear the building, evacuate women and children
Fuck what you feeling nigga I came here to kill them
Straight shitting, from New York to Great Britain
And when we do shows we make the queen pay admission
What? //