

Canibus, Whoa Freestyle

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo

Now I said it once, and I'll say it a thousand times
I got thousands of rhymes, the rechargeable alkaline kind
You want a piece of mind? Fine, we can take it outside
Otherwise you're wasting you time, cause I'ma shine, for the one triple-nine
Niggas gambling, damaged they eyes
Going blind, trying to keep up with these lyrical lines
The type of nigga you can't flow behind, without a dope rhyme
You fuck around and get close-lined til your nosedive
We can rhyme fair and square or fair in the sphere
Anyplace, anywhere, you niggas don't have a prayer
Cause Doomsday is near, faggot niggas is scared
They stand and stare, as I appear upon a cushion of air
With a long white beard flaming, hot enough to sunburn Satan
Hotter than white people, taking vacations
Out in Jamaica, out in the sun-bathing
Sun-baking in gamma-ray radiation, til they skin color look Cajun
Mother fuckers start aging, to the point where they faces start shrivel up like raisins
And they become cancer patients

This is 2000 AD, after disaster
Flies buzz around a million rappers' cadavers
Never been the type to talk
My ice-grill's like looking down the wide jaws of a White shark
Bout to rip off your arms like perforated paper
A hundred times more sharper than stainless-steel razors
Shock you with an electrically-charged taser
Till you turn blue in the face and die from asphyxiation
The stench of a thousand ounces
Grab you by the throat and blow my second-hand weed smoke down it
Don't give a fuck what month you dropping in
I'll be on the radio hollering, Fuck you and your cult following
You cum-swallowing transsexual fag
With crabs and breasts that sag, dressed in drag
Running full-page ads in a porno mag
With pictures of you with a dick in your mouth and a dick in your ass

I'm probably what you would call a, Record Industry Population Enforcer
I slaughter like, 100 rappers each quarter
In order to keep my shit in order
I track wack MC's from border to border
Just like the stories of the hare and the tortoise
The rabbit was faster but fell asleep in the forest
And lost cause the tortoise had endurance
I always stay focused to artists
My bonus? I can promise any artist till they just get exhausted and forfeit
From actual, supernatural forces, a horsemen from hell
Immune to the garlic water and the crosses
After my last album I went through a metamorphosis
Probably fired more of my people than Doug Morris did
Kick the dead beats out, turn around and switch my whole team out
Now I got the bangin ass beats now
It paid off cause I came off like Aldof
And I could murder any, god damn camp I concentrate on
With the first strike I'm so nice
I could exterminate more suckas then the 3rd Reich
The way I burned mics, I've been accused of being all hype
All bark and no bite, every night I got into a bar fight