

Canibus, Yeng Meng

(Canibus)

Niggas running around like, what did he say?
All day, everyday, what did he say?
Everybody want to know, what did you say?

(Canibus)

Yo

I don't want to waste no lyrics talking about you
Just let my body die and rot in hell why don't you
You asked the same question, I already told you
I'm a lyricist, I do what I'm supposed to do
You ever wonder what Hip-Hop would have been without me?
I'm six albums deep, somebody is thinking about me
Whether it's good or bad, yo, I can't control it
A nigga's opinion belongs to him; I can't own it
I microphone this with my own way of doing things
All my rhymes really do is provoke you to think
People don't care about your passion when they coming at you
All they ever see is record sales and dollar value
What the fuck does it matter what I'm rapping to?
I can rhyme a capella and attract the youth
If you want to compromise, we can do that too
But I ain't never in the mood to drink no wack juice
The bottom line is I need a bigger budget
Advertising is how you program the public
People don't have to understand to love something
As long as they see it enough, they just trust it, that's why I'm like fuck it
I might as well do what I do best
And that's rip a microphone to shreds
Even the best confessed, at some point in they life, they said
That I'm the illest, but now they want you to forget
So I accept the bitter with the sweet, mix it with some heat
Show them how to emcee, and spit it to a beat
I can do it in my sleep, nigga
If I'm awake, how the fuck you gon' compete, nigga? The nerve of these niggas
I move like my shadow is weightless
Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient
Transmitting from an undisclosed location
Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations
My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals
And you never get the antidote from me, cause I bit you
Stab you with a jagged crystal, cause my energy emit through
Anything metallic, even a pencil
Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm
My flat-feet with no curves squish worms
The bad news is I got a tight flow
The good news is I just switched to Geico
This is Hip-Hop nigga
Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid
The mic is a spark-plug
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow
When I yolk back the choke full-throttle and go for broke
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note
The width of my rap, too thick to fit through the gap
The viscosity of my spit lubricates the track
Touch the VAT-lit screen, illuminate the map
Show me where you at; show me how you plan to get back
My navigation better than yours, and even though you the best
Hip-Hop is my house; you still my guest
You want more, I give you less
You want less, I give you more till you swimming in it up to your neck
Listen to the words bouncing off the lungs in my chest

Hitting you from every angle like porno-sex
Still here cause the Lord knows best
Last thing he said to me was, let them know Bis, I'ma let them know this
Nobody contends with Canibus
When it comes to rhymes; everybody pales in comparison
Word
Nobody compares to Canibus
Hip-Hop is Yeng, Canibus is Yang to balance it

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