

Canibus, 4,3,2,1 (Original)

(Redman)

Aiyyo I put it on a nigga, shit it on a nigga
Turnin Christian to a certified sinner
The bomb I release, time pent up (explodes)
While you got set up I was hittin your ex hoe
Shit I kept low, petro' your metro
Politic, keep the chickenheads gobblin
Shit I'm drivin in, come with funk halogen
Terrorize your city, from the spliff committee
Kick ass till both Timberlands turn shitty
Gritty, smack the driver's head in the chin see
When I approach rappers be takin notes
I drop like I shoulda invented the raincoat
Absolut, I love to burn to the roots
I keep comin til your pour sperm from your boots
Vigilante hardcore to the penis
Tell you fuck you my attitude is anemic

(Method Man)

Playin my position, hot Nixon
This one, for all the sick ones, confliction
Posionous darts sickening, best believe
finger itchin with two broke legs, now I'm trippin
on MC's cliché, shot that ricochets
start trouble bust bubbles, hip to wicked ways
Gotta love me, G-O-D no one above me
Look good but fuck ugly, tap your jaw
from my Punch Buggy sunnin you
Got you shittin in your last Huggie, runnin who?
Fuckin punk, get a speed bump comin through
A single shot make your knees knock, respect Wu

(Canibus)

Meth, where the Gods at? Redman, where the squad at?
L, is that a mic on your arm? Let me borrow that
Who's the God of rap, you sayin' is nice
I beat a nigga to death, and beat a dead nigga to life
When you look at me long enough, I start to read your thoughts
If the signal was strong enough, and then I'll call your bluff
To see how many rhymes you got
I could go on for more Millenias than Mazda's got on a car lot
And there's no where to run to, when I confront you
Nigga, I call your bluff, like you had a phone number
Who want to see Canibus get wild?
Who want to act fly and get shot down with a surface to air missile
I take them on in all shapes, sizes, and forms
And spit on, anybody who ain't close enough to shit on
Zero to sixty, I'm already doing a hundred, when I'm blunted
And I give it to any nigga' that wants it
Your head will spin so fast, you'll catch whiplash
I practice, lyrical witchcraft, on your bitch ass
Make your hard drive crash to c colon backslash
Then I'll go back to the roots and school your wack ass
Cause the object of the game, is to spark every cell in your brain
At degrees hotter than blue-flames
Propane gasses, incinerate into ashes
I got you breathing harder than girls at Lamaze classes
Stop bitching about if it's written or freestyle
Got the whole Spanish community saying I'm muy mal
Charging niggas with booty styles fifty dollar fines
In addition to twenty-five dollars for wack punch lines
Cause I'm the top dog running the yard
And I represent, cause I'm never chained to the fence
Hence, to battle me is impossible

I put your whole crew in the hospital, with I.V.'s in all of their nostrils
So stop sleeping on me, I ain't a mattress
But you do more drama than a soap-opera actress
Don't even think about pulling out and opening fire
Gun-shots wound, but I remove bullets with pliers
I inspired to kick the fattest that you've ever witnessed
From a far-side that's even confusing the fat lip
Rhymes designed from lines of pure knowledge
I make your head nod till your neck runs out of cartilage
I think it's obvious that I can bring the ruckus
Scream at your crew like a military drill instructor
When I come through, niggas stand still in statues
If I have to, I'll battle your whole rap crew
Then I'll attack you with words that's absurd
And rip your fucking skin off, just to get on your nerves