

# Canibus, 702 386 5397

Yeah, yeah, Can-I-Bus, Mic Club  
Nothin' to prove, it's all love  
I bust through like Sputnik two  
This is man's best friend, whoopty, woo, the flag is black, red and blue  
True shoot from the whoopty, dogs jump out of dooly  
But it'll take more than that to move me  
Like, wireless mics for tireless nights  
Firefigts inspire my life, why do I write?  
Twenty year hip-hop vet, they perceive me as a threat  
They manifest beads of sweat  
Examine the blood trail  
Squeeze trigger puss drips out of the thumbnails, I smell like gun shells  
Polonium, pandemonium with a dose of unknownium  
The Soviet Hugo Rodier  
Fourth generation Roper report  
Everything I was taught bore resemblance to my thoughts  
The truth and design of the Guggenheim rhyme  
Where every line is weaponized, then applied  
Mob shit, talk it, acquisition is sick  
I don't miss when I twist the five five six  
Stand there with arms folded  
Firearms make me look large and bloated  
(I'ma gonna have to project my voice)  
Equipment check, church bells time  
(Some of this stuff might get intense)  
One more time, just kill 'em 'Bus  
Ain't nobody around to witness nothin'  
Heavens Devil strangle Hell's Angel with a mic cable  
Then J Wells came through  
Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like  
B.I.G., 'Pac, Right, even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz was like  
If we go at it, dawg, we gotta go hard  
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B.I.G., 'Pac, Right, even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz was like  
If we go at it, dawg, we gotta go hard  
Yeah, yo, I support a secure change of custody  
Don't trust the beat, trust me, Canibus, the emcee  
Without movin' my neck, I turn to the left  
Yes I am the best, you'll learn to respect  
'Til your death hip-hop is the body, you are the chest  
I am the vest, we are sworn to protect  
This behavioral bomb, rewritable radio songs  
What station is your radio on?  
My trainin' is worth millions, Imam death squads rush the building  
From the frontline with Prince William  
I am Prince William's exercise cover and concealment  
Prohibit the media from filming

Never in the moment, always thinkin' of the Omen  
I pause soldiers, nobody told them  
Inoculate, I postulate not your weight  
Drop to your face, the active component will not break  
My Omanium friend tried to pay me in Yen  
I threw the money in his face and said, "Pay me again"  
You wanna talk to the kid? Enter this ten digit grid  
I'll explain to you what I did  
702-386-5397  
Call, leave a message  
Y'all niggaz can't rap, so why you wanna go and do that?  
You move the crowd, I move the map  
The defying mad lion triumph over the rulers of Zion  
Fuck your blood diamonds, I'd rather laugh dyin'  
Miners in the mine shaft cryin'  
Apocalypto from Gitmo, I'll clash with the last Mayans

The sun stone science, the black, red and blue alliance  
Jump through the fire, you'd be a fool to try it  
The fire suit don't fit, no shit  
My Saratoga suit got a customized grip  
With a bat wing released for both wrist and both feet  
Blazing high but I don't feel no heat  
Hip-hop's master chief, here, have a seat  
In the mic booth where I hang slab the meat  
Before, during, or after debrief, I'll crack your teeth  
Don't talk unless if asked to speak  
The Rift Valley Fever symptoms could last for weeks  
We call a hell in a cell, watch the bastard tweak  
Reach eighty degrees North, fourteen degrees East  
Beneath the ice sheet lies the Spitzberg Beast  
Transmission distorted, injuries reported  
Mission aborted, follow your orders, move forward  
Bravo, I fell in love with Suzanne Malveaux  
On the down low, now you know  
She talked to the Canibus man, code name Javelin Fangz  
With nothing to prove to the rap fans  
Could've elaborate further but suffice to say  
"Goddamn, that emcee made my day"  
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapor box maker from Jamaica  
Still talkin' trash to the haters  
I'll clash with the graders, this is major manual labour  
Beta test the data with blue lasers  
Canibus wavin' Alice, it's nothing to lose in Los Angeles  
Suing hip-hop for the damages  
G force, ten point fours, still conscious but not for long  
Missile lock-on, stop the song