

Canibus, 702-386-5397

[Intro]

Yea, yea Can-I-Bus, Mic Club
(Nothin' to prove it's all love)

[Canibus:]

I bust through like Sputnik 2
This is man's best friend, whoop-woo
The flag is black, red, and blue
True shoot from the hoopy
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 556
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

[Sample from Nas @ the L.A. Listening Party on December 14th, 2006:]

"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 use to have me like
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

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[Canibus:]

Yea, 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 behavioural bomb rewritable radio songs
"What station is your radio on?"
My trainin' is worth millions
Imam death squad 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 Omani 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 batwing 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 80 degrees North, 14 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 you Suzanne Malveaux
On the down-low, know 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
"God damn that emcee made my day"
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapour 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-4's, 10.4's, still conscious but not for long
Missile lock-on; stop the song