## Canibus, 88 Hip-Hop Freestyle

(Canibus)

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You mother fuckers is so fake, you make me want to smash your whole face

Hit you so hard, my hand breaks, and my shoulder dislocates

You ever hear the sounds your bones make when they break?

It's like stomping on a whole crate of porcelain plates

Run over your skull with a tank, rip out your guts with a shank

Then bite you with poisonous fangs for trying to fuck with the champ

Nigga you can't, and you shouldn't even try to Half the square-root of my I.Q. is beyond you

So when you see me on the street, you better not say a mother fucking thing to me

Cause nigga, you pink pussy

I got some live niggas with me, with trigger happy fingers of fury

Put one in your skully, and five in your belly

Cause whenever rhymes fly, like bullets in drive bys

I catch them and throw them back, like Miami Jai Alai

I cop mine, spin counter-clockwise and shoot five

Three miss you, two hit you; one in the leg, one in the thigh

Cause Canibus was old school before niggas was talking about jewels

Before engineers was using pro tools

Make my own rules, no matter what I flow to

Start a vacuum in the mic booth the way my God damn tongue moves

Journalist, one time

(Canibus)

I'm probábly what you would call a

Record industry population enforcer

I slaughter like, a hundred rappers each quarter

In order to keep this shit in order

I track wack niggas down, from border to border

Just like the stories of the hare, and the tortoise

The rabbit was faster, but fell asleep in the forest

But lost, cause the tortoise had endurance

I always stay focused the longest

I promise I can battle any artist 'till they just get exhausted and forfeit

With actual, super-natural forces, I'm a horseman from Hell

Immune to the garlic water, and the crosses

After the last album, I went through a metamorphosis

And probably fired more of my niggas than Doug Morris did

I kicked the dead beats out, turned around and switched my whole team out

Now I got some banging ass beats now

It paid off, cause I came off, like Adolf

And I can murder any God Damn camp I concentrate on

With the first strike, I'm so nice

I can exterminate more niggas than the Third Reich

The way I burn mics, I've been accused of neing all hype