

Canibus, Ain

Pop, the King of New York calls me the King of New Thoughts
Serious talk, I'm the imperial spit boss
It's going down from the troposphere to the ground
Everybody's mouth moving but you can't hear a sound
Five round six, direct hit
we don't miss, imagine a snake that don't hiss
Spit without fork tongue, heavyweight words support drums
nothing but trace of rounds in the gun
The odds are a 1000/1
Rocket launch a lung Sharpshooter 1, pass the mic to Sun