

# Canibus, Back With Heat

(Canibus)

Yeah

The, the, the, the

The rhyme weapon legend

That's what my nigga's yellin'

That's what they yellin'

The, the, the, the

The rhyme weapon legend

Yeah, niggas just don't know

That's what my nigga's yellin'

But I'ma let em know

Let em know Bis

How to flow

How to

How to go

How to

How to

(Canibus)

Yo,

If I coughed in my fist when I opened my hand

There'd be dope in my hand cause I spoke in my hand

In the gym til I turned a two-pack to a four

Til the four got sore and had to make two more

In a whole other state of mind

Mexican standoffs waste lives but they save time

You know the danger of the Ranger, pantyhose over cabeza

Scopes and lasers, my toaster is a widow-maker

Good things comes to those that wait

Bullshit, better things come to those that chase

I sweep the streets with a fleet bigger than the Greeks

Till we occupy your land like thieves

We fittin' to eat, nigga

(Canibus)

I'm back for the music

Back to do exclusives

Back to change the view of Hip Hop from that bullshit

Back to mash up beats that bang up your Ave and streets

Canibus, nigga, Back with heat

(Canibus)

Ayo,

Hideout the box with Nottz, shots just went off

Nigga better check to see if you caught

Shootouts between rap stars driving fast cars

Through the hills of Madagascar, we can take it that far

Screw-face you niggas

Yo, who's the real rude bwoy, rude nigga?

Not you nigga, you got booed nigga

My close quarter combat, not bad

Big niggas drop dead when I stop their air

You're just a man, you're relationship with oxygen's clear

Canibus rockin' with Nottz this year

Yeah, mother fuckers, your back-blast area clear

Canibus rockin' with Nottz this year

Yeah

(Canibus)

Yo, ayo

A slug to the stomach make a thug move sluggish

Crawling in his bloodiness no matter how big the gun is

If the fuzz is coming, blast shells by the tonnage

Till there ain't nothing left and start runnin' // (Run!)

I got a message bout I got a court summons  
Everybody around me want somethin', they all extort nothin'  
I was young, I was stupid, I was really too hyped  
Cause I thought a microphone was really worth my life  
Go make a club banger, that's what they ask me to do  
You a dumb nigga, who the fuck is asking you?  
I'll write a book for you, Nottz'll write a hook for you  
We can both split half of what we took from you  
I'm just a round-the-way neighbor in your hood fella  
You want to show love? Let's break bud nigga  
We control the price of rap-fuel  
I attacked you because annual tax was due  
Four dollars a gallon, we're going to take it back to two  
Hip Hop nigga, that's what we back to do  
For you, for you, for you  
That's what we back to do  
For you, for you, for you

(Canibus)

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That's what my nigga's yellin' //