

# Canibus, Bar War Sample

...like a pit bull

On full moon, man switch to wolf

Full proof verse from Hell to Turnbridge Wells

You never seen an emcee do it this well

Everyday we battle at Saint Germaine's Chapel

But it's practical, I'll smash you and nobody laughs at you

The Ripper rip you up, drag you behind the basilica

They find drugs, lyrics and blood, I hit you up

Lonely heart, vocal throwing dart oligarch

Creates art from an upstate New York motor park

And won't get off his high horse to come talk unless it's important

And it could cause a spark, but it's dark so he stays dormant

You don't want it, you just act like it

Your style ain't flawless you just rap like it

I'm level 3-A like Curtis LeMay

The Blackhawk bird of prey with superb taste

I re-inject my blood to give me a buzz

Then I re-inject the buzz, blow out your earplugs

Scrub your eardrums, suck the air out of your lungs

You combust in a vacuum of solar flare from the Sun

I walk through a gestalt of thought to the sound of a harp

From afar playing the notes I was taught

I was caught, shackled, sold, re-bought

Global mind forced to restart, my rhymes skipped forward

The HRH of time and space

And rhymes through the bars, my lines displace

Concentrate, mitigate concrete debate

Great, how I create what you hired me to make

Extrapolate, update rap to rapid rate

Fans hate it cause I can't practice everyday

Numismatic treasure chest stashed in the attic

Spondulix in exchange for the musical magic

With two tablets placed on the cabinet, I wonder who will grab it?

If no one does, I'll have it

Both lobes connected, flow been perfected

Whatever method, select it, let's spit

Incredulous lyrics, the breath of life spreading through the spirit

Hip-Hop never knew what hit it

Stubby beard, chubby skin under the hair

I spent my wonder years carrying nothing but guns and gear

With a focused rap flow, tongue snap like a hybrid bow

My quotes end up inside your throat

Respect for Hip-Hop balance the Biosphere

But I've been there before so why go there?

I soar through the air, my clarity so clear

That my Dali Lama prayer give me cauliflower ears

I've been rhyming for years

Climbing the monastery stairs being involuntarily prepared