

Canibus, Beasts From The East

(Mr. Cheeks)

Yo, we come through like bulls, nigga take two puffs and pass,
nigga, watch your back once you talk out your ass
I back up 3-80 and my stash for protection,
family is raged, the world is acting crazed
I never thought I'd make it, it was hectic when I scrambled
on point like a knife I'm takin' life as a gamble
And living in the rotten apple, yo where every core is rotten
all my niggas rest in peace ya see you gone but not forgotten
now my main wifey, dead as shaded chicks,
official Lost Boyz since the year of 86
And fuck these crooked niggas I could kill em with a passion,
at times I feel like slashing in Jamaican Queens fashion
You think you can fuck around, but kid you're just thinking
It's over when I'm sober, imagine when I'm drinking
Without blinking man, I'll tare your crew like pages
I'll rip you from the backyard of ? ...

(A+)

A plus the lyrically superb one, spittin rhymes
Off the top of the tongue to burn ya ear drums
Rotten shit, make the opposite team call a time out,
knockin niggas three times my size out
The crowd loves me, so when I aint around they ask for me,
I buckle up to kick rap like a crash dummy
For the fast money, I get up in that ass money
the fact you tryin' to test me kinda bugs me
I leave crews fed up, like handicap niggas tryin' to get up
Emcees get wet up with lyrical gun pillars,
I blow up the spot when it's time to rock
I speak through a mic my voice peak out at a hundred watts
Who wanna cipa, I get dumb
Word to my mother the father the holy ghost and Rev. Run
When it's all said and done, I end the service
To cop the type of verses that average emcees seem to worship

(Redman)

My style is Milk of Magnesia, clutch divide speeding bust
the more the merrier, secure the area, my life familiar
is ultimate superior we dont jack cars
we jack for aircraft carriers
I bounce like trampolines, when I be blowing the feces to pieces
hymn em like sewing machines and Jesus
When the shadows of the barrel pointing out my (?) Camarro
I get punished like pharaoh for splittin'
You're better off singing Christmas carols for Christmas,
because I'm on point like bow and arrow equipment
The president of chicken head conventions
I give you a deluxe Ku Klux lynchin'
I got a headache from the stress, success not wearing a vest
5-11 for being dirty and quarts of 9-30
Yo, Mr.Cheeks, I made this bitch call police
she tried swallowing a nine piece
forgot the warrantee on false teeth
I return like Makaveli on 18 inch Pirelli's
assault and battery like my palms was ever ready
sharp as machete's
matter of fact I slap (?) ...

(Canibus)

Canibus brings the sickest drama, fierce enough to pierce the thickest armor
I smack bitches who try to suck dick through a condom
Playing with the mic is something I wont do
my only concern when I approach you, is to roast you

I smoke you and whoever you standing close to
and make every man in your crew deny that he knows you
defeating, niggas like Segal Steven, putting Emcees in
positions to prevent 'em from breathing
I'll make you question any and everything you've ever believed in
by peeping your deepest secrets like psychic readers,
What's the matter with ya'll, I splatter ya'll
against the mutha fuckin wall with these raw lyrics I catapult
None of ya'll got the balls big enough to battle,
I go On & On like Erika Badu
a hundred times nicer than the best there is
twice as African as KRS is, who wanna test this
Fuck yall you dont impress me and no one can test me
An Emcee so ill, I got AIDS scared to catch me
All that shit you poppin will stop, when I put you in a headlock,
and apply pressure until I crush your mutha fuckin noggin
I grab mics and push niggas to the left
so fast their hearts end up on the right side of their chests
My hypothesis, is that nobody can see this
lyrical genius, I got it sown like a seamstress
But if you want to battle, I'm down,
If you got nine lives, I'll take eight of them off your hands right now
Step up and get your neck cut from ear to ear
If you survive, then you can cover your scar with a beard
I'm the illest from Queens to the new Jerusalem briddicks
anyone who aint feeling my shidick can suck my didick
You need to quit it, if you aint spitten
more than 50 bars per minute cause you aint in lyrical fitness
kickin' boring raps with metaphors that's wack
all of ya'll mutha fuckas need NordicTrack
to get ya weight up, fuckin with Canibus you get ate up
get beat down and sprayed up, just for bringing my name up
been rockin longer than niggas twice my age
back in the days before Bob Marley was rockin a fade
before Honest Abe signed the paper that freed slaves
before Neanderthals was drawing on walls in caves
I existed, in the garden of Eden gettin lifted
stickin dick to Eve before she was Adams mistress
Before Christ created Christmas, I been in lyrical fitness
The Canibus is spitten till' he's spitless
50 bars of total sickness, you wont forget this
I'm puttin' every wack Emcee alive on my shit list
verbally vicious, tele-connectically gifted
took you a minute, to exhibit that I'm sick wit it
Now you tell me who you think is damaging shit
going once, going twice Sold to that nigga name Canibus
Me and Mr.Cheeks, A-Plus, and Funk Doctor
hopping out the Hue helicopter to suey chop ya