

# Canibus, Black Kobra

(Canibus)

The Black Cobra, the Black Cobra  
The Black Cobra, the Black Cobra  
The Black Cobra, the Black Cobra  
Move over fore he back up over ya'  
I told ya'

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The hand-to-hand soldier, Black Kobra  
Fast attack to the mat, and it's over  
Guyanese flying knees bust through pine trees  
Cantonese ninth degree Muy Thai Chi  
The thirty-third parallel jab from Hell  
Mortar-fire to your chest and your back, for real  
Back blast area not clear, I'm too near  
From here, my crosshairs intersect between your ears  
Hammer-nail scorpion-tail impale crab shells  
You've never heard Hell till you hear a male yell  
Bionic reflex electronic defence  
Knees bent jump straight up, rapid descent  
My feet imprint left in the cement  
All they ever saw was the black silhouette thru the Jeep tint  
Black Kobra, K-1 boxing toga  
Move over, before he backs up over ya'  
I told ya'

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Yo

Back to my new old self, for your belt //  
I'm the new owner of the last flow you felt  
Flight bound to a nice town V.I.P. night lounge  
With some light-brown girls walk around in nightgowns  
Step to the stage, nigga, put your mic down  
Look how the crowd sound, we could do it right now  
Jesus, the great Can-I-Bus just  
Please us, with your lyrical thesis //