

Canibus, Boyz 2 Men

(mr. cheeks)

Basically, lb fam to the motherf**kin death
Park side, queen's niggaz represent
Long isle, how we do? they new our style
Represent niggaz in and out the p now
Yo, I could do this mother shit for a while
I don't give a f**k, my rap style be true yo
Yo, eh yo, yo, yo, how we do this

Hey yo well back on my south side, jamaica part of town
Where us real niggas love to get down
Where you only hear g and p finessin tracks up on the tape
We stuck in queens and I'm not tryin to escape
Yo I'm havin cess', drinkin, I'm kickin raps and emceein
Lb for life, kid my way of bein
Its time to, set up shops, wild in this game and got props
And f**k cops, we puffin lah wit windows up in drop tops
Nothin stops my crew from gettin it we learn from the past
Puffin on this ounce of weed, I got this drink in my glass
Conversatin with myself, what does my future hold?
Niggaz is dyin, will I make it past 30 years old?
I can't run, I guess I gots to hold it down till I'm done
What the f**k's the deal? I been doin this here from day one
Official queen's nigga, be a lost boy till my death
Until I breathe my mothaf**kin last breath

Chorus: mr. cheeks {2x}

Eh yo from boyz to men
We're strictly fam, no longer friends
Lets keep it thorough, I hold it down till it's on again
Until we meet again, yo I'm back up on the street again
I'm tryin to make it, throw out my nine but pack the heat again

(a+)

Check this out
Yo, yo
My mind is reachin twice that size than it only did last year
Three times it's likely to feel clear
A+, I transform into a super emcee
With super vocals quicker than superman can find a phone booth
The whole truth nothin but the whole truth, I roast you
Thermonuclear vocals get hotter that in shanoba!

The double o, just abide nuclear explosions
Exposin radiation like a vulcan
I'm the only guy that knows why the golden eye
Was stolen by five soviet spies
They told me to lie, they don't want to hear the God spit
Chop my hands off at the armpits but I regenerate limbs
Like star fish, comin at you with the hard shit
Swallow my beeper and page myself so I can communicate with a dolphin
Lyrical arson rush the planet like a million martians committin arson
Walkin the tarpits in india with snake charmers that place all the weight
Down...

(Canibus)

A+ fuck the non-sense, I got the reinforcements
To crush any enemies offence, with a hundred thousand horsemen
The hardest mother fucker on the market, right here
I complete in a minute, what would take you a light year
Extra-terrestrial, biological entities
With infinite energy, battling for world supremacy

Who want to get touch, the Can-I-Bus will crush you
With hard jigsaw puzzles, and strong jaw muscles
Ambushing emcees, jumping out the trees
Like Vietnamese, in fatigues, covered with leafs
Interrogating you wack emcees, like M.I.B.'s
With dark glasses, asking you to tell me exactly
Where that alien craft landed, by flashing
Bright lights in your eyes with them silver gammas
So when you revive, you can't recall or understand it
That's how the Canibus keeps tabs on the planet
I use amnesia to neutralize public panic
And take advantage, and opportunities to do damage
I pierce your heart, with evil thoughts
The only thing faster than the speed of light, is the speed of dark
With the jaws of a great-white shark, I rip you apart
My state of the art, lyrical lasers is razor sharp
Splatter the brain matter, of my enemies
With the same bullet trajectory, that murdered John Kennedy
In the back of his cranial cavity
Which is accidentally what happens to any mother fucker for trying to battle me //

Chorus {2x}