

# Canibus, C-Quel Extended

(Canibus)

I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh  
I'll battle you over the phone; you can call me collect

Verbally vicious, telekinetically gifted  
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it

Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you?  
How many niggas in my career I've ran through?

At a thousand degrees Celsius I make emcees melt  
Fuck my record label, I appear courtesy of myself

Canibus is the type to fight for mics  
Beating niggas to death, and beating dead niggas to life

While you niggas is babbling my lyrics is traveling  
Like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen

The intellectual athlete accurately rapping so rapidly  
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically

I walk the B-lock, with the G-lock, C-ocked  
Tryin'na get the D.R.-op, on the C-ops

The Canibus is an animal, with a mechanical mandible  
Coming to damage you, spitting understandable slang at you

Rhymes ricochet off the inner walls of my lungs  
And go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns

Whenever the head is severed from the human body with a sharp enough weapon  
The brain remains conscious for ten seconds

What's the matter with ya'll? I'll spatter ya'll  
Against the motha fucking wall with these raw lyrics I catapult

I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme  
Till the meter says, nine, nine, nine, nine'

(Canibus)

Yeah, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel

Yo

I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores  
To every single pore in my skull, hard from my mouth to my jaws  
From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored  
And from my balls in my drawers to the floor  
I pray to God they hurry up and start the Third World War  
So I can start World War Four, and murder us all  
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor  
Don't give a fuck if you got your picture in The Source or Forbes  
I don't give a fuck who won an award  
On stage tryin'na thank God, I'll chop they tongue off with a sword  
Let they blood pour all on the floor  
If it ain't a cordless, they getting punched in the jaw, and hung with the cord  
I'll leave your corpse stiff as a board  
Like frozen meat tryin'na thaw, then bury him under the morgue  
Getting in my way is like jumping in front of a car  
Breaking the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn  
By the time you hear it blowing, it's too late to respond  
By the time you feel it hit you, I'm gone  
I'll send you to hell where you belong  
So by the time your body hits the floor, your spirit won't be in it no more  
Who could flow for four minutes or more

Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws  
Got millions of styles and I've mastered them all  
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bull charge and crash in the wall

(Canibus)

Whoever grabs the mic after me will get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew

I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it  
I'll snatch your crown with your head still attached to it

I'll battle you for the respect, I'll battle you over a blank-check  
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck

Ambushing emcees, jumping out the trees like Vietnamese  
In fatigues, covered with leaves

Next year, you'll be walking around the 'How Can I be Down?' Conference  
With a laminate, that says I got shitted on by Canibus'

Turn your head around, give me the cheddar  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever

Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me  
An emcee so ill I got A.I.D.S. scared to catch me

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo, Yo

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waiting on  
Debating on, what the fuck is taking so long  
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippings bout to get shared out  
Wack niggas bout to get aired out  
Faggot niggas get they ass teared out  
Grab a wise-man by his goatee, and rip his fucking beard out  
Cold beat a niggas ass like stout  
Then bust a shot in the motha fucking courtroom and watch it clear out  
A hundred-thousand mile warranty  
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally  
Took a lion on tour with me, made him respect authority  
Smacked him in the head for tryin'na roar at me  
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty  
And there ain't nothing on this God damn planet that's worth more to me  
In the name of Hip-Hop, niggas could corner me  
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery  
Way back before gold-plated male and female  
R.C.A. jacks was used for crystal clear playback  
I was tryin'na blaze a D.A.T.S., and if a nigga said my demo was wack  
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back  
'Yeah nigga' (smack) what? Yeah nigga take that'  
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped  
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus will bust your ass  
Then I bust you with a shotgun blast  
It's not fun so I don't laugh  
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one  
You know how I be feeling sad?  
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone, but niggas don't understand  
Canibus is unequivocally, the illest killing machine in the industry  
For the twentieth-century  
Trapped in a max security building  
Suffering from a severe illness called brilliance //  
They sent doctors in protective suits  
Pressurized helmets, plastic gloves, and boots  
Army recruits in small groups  
Tortured me for the truth  
If I resist, they got orders to shoot

Put one in my brain with a trey - deuce  
Rapped me in cellophane and dumped my body in the trunk of a coupe  
Instead I find myself blindfolded  
And stripped naked  
Being interrogated by some highly professional agent  
He spoke bad English, but fluent Haitian  
One in the background was Jamaican  
He offered me a piece of plant but I wouldn't take it  
He shook me hand, and I could tell by the way he embraced it  
He was a Mason  
He said "You're only here for one reason mister Can-I-Bus  
You know too much"