

# Canibus, Can U Handle The Heights

(Young Girl)

He's Almighty, They can handle the heights,  
Show em what time it is.

(Hook: Canibus, (Killah Priest sample)

(Everybody can't emcee)

Can you handle the heights, Can you manage the life,  
Start spittin some lyrical shit that I could listen to,

(Everybody can't emcee)

Yeah, Can you handle the heights, Watch how I handle this mic.

(Canibus)

Produce your past, remove your mask

I blow nerve gas through chicken wire at your ass

Prepare protocols, y'all, I declare war

Butt-stock to the skull, 'til the last man fall

I'm a H2O buffalo, a maelstrom produces my undertow

A slow process you must undergo

Javelin Fangz shit, bang you in the head with a bang stick

See if you can bang like this

I am Black Pegasus, I escort the Albatros

Sagittarius archers serve as my ground force

You shout, gallstone gout sprout from your mouth

I drop white phosphorous bomblets from snow clouds

Come around unannounced, zombies crawl out the ground

My team's authorized to gun em down

Look alive, look lively, La Di motherfucking Da Do

My posse on Broadway catching bodies

(Hook 2: Canibus, (Killah Priest sample), {M-80})

Can you handle the heights,

(Everybody can't emcee) Can you manage the life,

Start spittin some lyrical shit that I could listen to,

Can you handle the heights,

(Everybody can't emcee) {Watch how I handle this mic}

Start spittin some lyrical shit that I could listen to.

(M-80)

I can handle it, The Los Angeles mic avanglous,

Ignite flows like a candle stick when strictly out my manuscript,

What I do for success is considered a threat,

Your best bet against Allah is bullets brang by rap arras,

Didn't have what it takes, I would've stolen it,

Shift, Shaped and molded it and called it my own,

So when I dictate my dialect the science is revival,

This is highly obvious M-80's home on his thrown,

Was in your shoes I would save up some funds,

Do knowledge of self then reflect in a pair of new ones,

So you would know how it feels to appeal the dome,

You value your heart and sole more then your cushion insoles,

Gave a what, I would want a receipt,

So I could write you off on taxes every time that you speak,

I was born to compete amongst a swarm of unique intelligent emcees

While your destiny is prone for defeat.

(Hook 2: Canibus, (Killah Priest sample), {Bronze Nazareth})

Can you handle the heights,

(Everybody can't emcee) Can you manage the life,

Start spittin some lyrical shit that I could listen to,

Can you handle the heights, {Yeah, Watch me handle this mic}

(Everybody can't emcee) {Gun Rule vandal in sight}

Start spittin some lyrical shit that I could listen to.

(Bronze Nazareth)

Ayo, I spit heat serum, Beat clearin shots at your sternum,  
Burn em and send home our post cards to the sermon,  
Dirty vermin with shiny crowns and their dirty gloves,  
Show me thirty rounds, One for love, Bringing in slugs,  
I speak life sentences, Trapped in the years,  
Words escape like inmates from trapped between ears,  
Practice crackin sutures, Pollution from mutual war,  
My thoughts on a theatre ship like Lincoln on the ball floor,  
Keep the Magnum P.I. on top of it prophet,  
Detroit West burglars with murderer's logic,  
Pin point chest and vertebrae, Burn through your topic,  
Serve'n multitudes of fraudulent emcees be the conquest,  
We send warning gas, Harass like mad snacks,  
We toast, We crack glass, Smoke hash through Alaskan pipe line,  
Recite grenades, Bronze sonic mind,  
Runnin in front of the grim reaper, I'm ahead of my time.

(Hook 4: Canibus, (Killah Priest sample), {Keith Murray})

Can you handle the heights,  
(Everybody can't emcee) Can you manage the life,  
Start spittin some lyrical shit that I could listen to,  
Can you handle the heights,  
{Yo, Yo, Check how I handle this mic}  
(Everybody can't emcee)  
Start spittin some lyrical shit that I could listen to.

(Keith Murray)

Ayo, Everybody and they Momma wanna rhyme,  
So I hit em with more power then a molecule enzyme,  
Rappers persist to rock a mic like this,  
But aint mentally spiritually lyrically physically fit,  
You are not accustomed to my blows to the chest,  
I wear you down like post dramatic stress,  
I got to much mental capacity,  
For an uneducated street punk to fuck with me,  
I drink like a fish, Got a memory like an elephant,  
Submission specialist, Murder emcees excellence,  
Peep the rug scheme and the way I mouny it,  
My caliglialism is in the slang I pronounce,  
Metaphorically can't be challenge'n but not meant to complicate,  
I eat emcees, Rappers I regurgitate,  
You aint even gotta be considered talented to be considered exceptionable,  
In this hip hop profession, Meritocracy is the standard status quo yo,  
And every Joe lip professor,  
Before you open your mouth make sure you can run that route,  
Before you get knocked the fuck out.

(Outro: Keith Murray)

Yeah, Can you handle the heights,  
Yeah, Check how I handle this mic,  
Uh, Yeah, Can you handle the life,  
Uh, Yeah, Nigga, Get your game up,  
If I catch you it's a problem...