

Canibus, Canibus - Hiphop.mp3.com Exclusive

Bout to put it down for my man Paradise

right here on mp3.com alright?

Yeah, check it out yo

uh, yah

uh, uh, yah, check it

yo, yo, yo

This is hardcore, out of my heart's core

Principles, laws, equations, and formulas drawn on chalkboards

Generate thought forms quicker than Concordes

With onboard computers logged on to On Star

En garde, take ten steps and draw

I'm the law around these parts, respect it dog

Or you might spend a weekend in the county morgue

With an unsuitable coffin that's way too small

And a deacon blessing your body at a funeral

You get a 21 blunt salute, and life goes on

Gotta stay *positive*, focus on the *protons*

And post dope songs on mp3.com

As deep as a Tupac poem, I wish I got to know him

Both him and Big Poppa was the greatest, and know they gone

'What's Goin' On?' On my album, I'ma do a song

Who Shot Ya? Remix featuring Shyne and Sean

Before I battle total strangers

I make em sign disclaimers, that state they're aware of the danger

See, I might become overwhelmed with anger

Split your skull like a banana, and bludgeon your face with a hammer

You wanna rhyme? Fill out this W-9

Sign below the dotted line, now your publishing's mine

I gotta have your publishing rights, hang you upside down

See if you scared of heights, remember Vanilla Ice?

Ask Paradise if I'm nice

I took the train to Chambers Street and blacked out on his mixtape twice

Back in '95, I was a tiny guy

You could see the hunger in my eyes, I just wanted to rhyme

And I'm Still in my prime, Still chasing down what's mine

Still, like Dre, but Jay-Z ain't writing my rhymes

Quick to say hi, and quicker to say bye

Take a flick with some guys, and leave before the Polaroid dries

"He was standing here a minute ago," the brother replied

"With his mind on his money and his money on his mind"

Reflecting over the times when I was signed

Selling records for ten dollars, but only a dime was mine

What's the odds of rolling two dice with six sides each?

As if there's only 36 ways to die in these streets

There's a million ways to die at the absolute least

One of those ways is messing with the Beast from the East

Aka me, aka the capital C

Ripping the Jacker with Paradise on mp3

keep it locked y'all...