

Canibus, Cloakman

(Canibus)

Ayo,
I feast for five days
Every Friday lay you sideways
Soon as Dagga say, "Engage"
Boot to the neck, bayonet to the chest
My flame-thrower spray filet a la vest
Mississippi Masala was not a hard test
Select the right men for the job, ignore the rest
I bust poems, crush souls in the dust-bowl
Walk over, take his mask off, I must know him
RPG at less than ten paces
Somebody, please tell me where his face went
CodeOrder, flow caught him, postmortem
No last words so I quote something for them
Systematic blabber-mouthed bastard
Here's the mic; grab it if you want to have at it
We suffered largely from cerebral palsy
Yo, Redman, Method Man, How High are we?
Take tablets, bring havoc with Head Trauma tactics
Spit rhymes, an all day habit
Who get it on like Cloak N Dagga?
Co-smoke a rapper, your whole show's a disaster
Supernova after, lay flat on the floor
In the reactor-core, My tattoos interact with God

(Canibus)

Ayo,
Where's Cloak N Dagga? I want to talk to both assassins
You tell them I'm gonna smoke both they asses

In no uncertain terms we spread words in the form of germs
On Earth before the great purge
Neuro-linguistic, God Squad exquisite
Don't you ever ask me about my business

Electrolysis from the nobilis that does not exist
I just came through to rock the shit
Spit a rhyme that tastes like bitter, dry wine
Twenty miles up in the sky, flying blind
I do not rhyme when I can find the time
Even when a girl says, "Here, sign mine"
Keep a lean waistline, diet all the time
No baseline, keep quiet all the time
David Blaine with Germaine Williams' brain
Cloak N Dagga, fucking rhy-amese twin
The dynamic-duo of rap, who dat?
Sumo-fat like bread rolls around lower back
I'm so anxious to spank these amateurs
The team is Cloak N Dagga; Phoenix and Canibus

Disciplinarian micro-manages
Caesar Germanicus looking like Canibus
I guarantee you lyrics with supreme proof
The Golden Egg from the pristine goose
The gods is out, gone with the spouse
You guard the house, I'll guard the couch
Switch, sleep outdoors
Metaphors seep out pores
Beef in the street bleed without gauze
Cloak N Dagga //