

# Canibus, Commandos

(Canibus)

Yeah,

Standing in a B-Boy pose next to Pete Rose

In a Hall of Fame-ous flows, code name: Cloak

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide

Nowhere on the out or the inside

Spit rhymes this wide

The definition is high

The fisheye don't blink when I rhyme

Beef language, speak Angus

Snaggle-tooth hanging like chandeliers in a twenty-room mansion

Coming through in a steel-toed jungle boot

Lock you in a jail that I weld in front of you

Hell covets you, I punish you

Your blood boils in a brew

I can see it through the Hubble-view

Cloak N Dagga, underground government group

Subterranean chambers under it too

Buried in salt, a lyric-vault, lyrics in bulk

You benefit, so let the heretic-lyricist talk

Trauma Unit

(Canibus)

Southpaw spit cranberry-juice give my mouth more grip

Hip-Hop could never outlaw this

I sacrifice my rap life for your rights

I jackknifed the forty-ton on black ice

Die for what I rap for

I teach the crash course

The God Squad joint task-force

Swap reports, Hip-Hop thoughts

Spray you with a biochemical hot-sauce you can't wash off

Teach these dip-shits lyrical fitness

If it's the last thing I ever do in this business

Piracy on all levels

Board your vessel with four-hundred uncivil Nordic-devils

Worship the warship flying through your formless orbit

On, above and under water

One-point-five miles, there he is

The Millau Bridge in France, that's where he lives //