

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 //