

# Canibus, Fourth Windz Blow

(Killah Priest)

My lyrics takes off  
Expand like the wings of a hawk  
Pen form a beak, when I speak, I'mma thought  
Third eye, moves like a bird when it flies  
Self like the stealth, unheard through the sky  
Undetected by the naked eye, only few could catch it  
The second that the message arrive  
For some it might blow by  
Only for the dumb, deaf, and the blind  
Searchin' depths for the mind  
Connect with a line, illuminate communicate  
With the concepts of my rhyme, come on

(Ras Kass)

Every sixth day I commit suicide  
This nigga rappin' a clue, check the dots under my eye  
Horsemen, equestrian, conquest we in  
No vest come and test me then  
Hit 'em up like a upper cut  
I'm tryin' to hit mach-ten on my fuckin' twin, buckle up  
By any means dog, I'mma take these ends  
Cause if you don't got cheddar, you just a waste of skin  
All up in the juice, and can't taste the gin  
Commit the felony, but can't face the pen'  
Speak on it if you want if  
If you get it illegal then don't flaunt it  
Cause loud mouth hustlers get snitched on it  
or phone tapped by DA, your rights get read  
Moral of the story, a closed mouth don't get fed  
Get it, neva been a nigga as ill as me to riddle  
I'm the truth and the answer  
With two balls that always double dribble  
Spit like Alien 3, and splash you  
With acid that make me greater than thee  
Just to leave your gutter red  
Tony Soprano shit bout to start callin' you niggaz butter heads

(All)

We are not to be fucked wit

(Chorus 2X: Killah Priest)

If y'all really wanna flow, take advice from the four  
First step could be the best, take breath control  
Then let yourself go, once applied with sound  
Melodies make music surround

(Canibus)

Excuse me, yo, Horseymen?  
You're the Horseymen, Horsemen, oh yeah I seen them  
Look what I did with a mouth and a pen  
I bet ya'll critics never doubt me again  
Try to catch the thoughts that come out of my head  
Look south of my chest, and north of my legs  
If you good with metaphors, than you saw what I said  
If not, too late, you're already wet  
Of course we the best  
And I'm a quarter in the Horsemen quartet  
Put us all to the test  
Canibus is like God in the flesh  
If the Lord is distrempt, you got a problem to fix  
I mean what are the odds you could out spit 'Bus?  
Especially if he could bounce like this  
He's possessed when he's on the microphone

He takes this more serious than just the poem  
A bad boy to the bone, true superstar  
Even before Sean John Jr. was born  
I ripped 100 bars before  
And I rip 200 if you mothafuckers wanna see more  
Death and War, Pestilence to keep the pesticides airborne  
Kurupt get your head on

(Chorus 3X - with echoes/adlibs)