

# Canibus, Future Flavaz

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo

If I had half as many bars in gold, as I had in lyrics when I flowed  
I'd be the richest man on the globe  
Niggas want to know, Is Canibus gold?  
That's a stupid ass question, motha fucker, is Canada cold?  
By the thousand degrees lower than liquid nitro is  
Five-thousand degrees hotter than flamethrowers  
I reflect light, bounce off walls and wreck mics  
Disconnect your windpipe, by cutting your neck with a knife  
Rip through, everything from tissues to blood vessels  
My ninjitsu, kill you with the art of tenchu  
I zigzag, zig, crushing the kid  
With G-forces violent enough to crush your ribs like pilots that fly Russian MIG  
Coming to punish you pigs  
Give a fuck who you is, nigga, Canibus'll get biz  
From the lowest point on the planet, to Mount Everest  
I kick the illest shit, spray painting my name across the pyramids  
The rap terrorist, Professor Emeritus  
Fuck forbidden fruit, I was eating pussy in Genesis

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

I'm probably what you would call a  
Record industry population enforcer  
I slaughter like, a hundred rappers each quarter  
In order to keep this shit in order  
I track wack niggas down, from border to border  
Just like the stories of the hare, and the tortoise  
The rabbit was faster, but fell asleep in the forest  
But lost, cause the tortoise had endurance  
I always stay focused the longest  
I promise I can battle any artist 'till they just get exhausted and forfeit  
With actual, super-natural forces, I'm a horseman from Hell  
Immune to the garlic water, and the crosses  
After the last album, I went through a metamorphosis  
And probably fired more of my niggas than Doug Morris did  
I kicked the dead beats out, turned around and switched my whole team out  
Now I got some banging ass beats now  
It paid off, cause I came off, like Adolf  
And I can murder any motha fuckin' camp I concentrate on  
With the first strike, I'm so nice  
I can exterminate more niggas than the Third Reich  
The way I burn mics  
I've been accused of being all hype  
All bark, and no bite  
Every night I got into a bar fight  
Defending my title, cause niggas was like, yo  
yo, I ain't feeling yo' shit  
And I had to beat they ass with Tae Bo  
You read somewhere that I was wack?  
Must have been a typo  
Out of a grand, I got 755 votes  
For freestyle champion, two years in a row  
The type of shit I be spitting  
Y'all niggas ain't even close  
You wonder why I do this, I do this because I find it therapeutic  
for all the enthusiasts that love my music  
You're stupid; my brain's faster than Cray computers  
With microprocessors submerged in cryogenic fluids  
On some rude shit, I put voodoo on your two-inch  
Tell you that you better not use it, then bootleg your new shit  
You think that you can fuck around? Prove it  
You got a beat? Loop it

You got lyrics? Then flip something to it //