

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 //