

Canibus, Gun Clap

Yo, I do thumb push ups till hands numb
then I get in the club, they ban the rum
Crush rapper groups this how cloak N dagga do
After this reboot, we emcee Proof
Rhymes on deck, check the chart specs
light your ass up, it ain't even dark yet
Its hard to digest high-tech rhyme specs
Design techs ain't seen nothin' like mine yet
Great, got the last crate, motor voice box in stock
since you want that I give you what I got
We stand by the burn-barrel
tryin to stay warm and act natural
Soldiers do what they have to
Do Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, C
I sing it to myself till I fall asleep
Walkin' is restricted, everybody crawl or creep
there's been a sniper on the loose for a week
Park my striker on the street,
open the hatch, stand on the seat
catch an RPG with my teeth
where for art thou noble emcee
we seek, your blood we drink your flesh we eat
too strong, the unicorn with bull-horns
destroy a million, civilian new cars
bite the flesh out the beast neck like T-Rex
with mince-meats a row of teeth three feet thick
sleepless nights, bed-less sleeps
My belief is anything with teeth got a right to eat
A-Yo dagga, the beat sick talk that street shit
When the jeeps on the strip pussy meet dick
satellites watch me they think they got me
right hands turn, left shoulder's around but its not me
what up papi? shot up on the block, cocky
in hotels my cloak drag across the lobby
pick the beat up on my back my knees crack
ma' fucka we the sickest emcees in rap
Cloak And Dagga that scatter raps across the map
its like that!