

Canibus, Horsemen Promo

(Canibus)

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
And stop talking behind my back, you bitch
You faggot ass fools get mad cause niggas know that you blew dick
Trying to get on some whoop de whoo shit
I don't give a fuck, what you or your crew think
Because I know where you live
And I got the address to your crib
Plus the bazooka that I'ma use to remove it, cause I'm a sore loser
And losing is off limits, especially when Canibus is involved in it
Spitting some wicked ass lyrics
Four sacrilegious niggas, that'll rip your Adams apple out in a minute
And play two-on-two tennis wit it, bitch

Fuck the critics
I'm the illest