

# Canibus, Lean Back Freestyle (Feat. Pak-Man)

Canibus)

Yeah! New York City

You are now rockin with the best, the 'Bus

And I'ma test this once (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Let's go, let's go

Aiyyo I'm so updated niggaz get frustrated  
I'm the best that you ever heard, nigga fuck your favorite  
Fuck a public statement, I'ma say it right here  
It's quite clear, I'm the nicest anywhere  
You paranoid, what's the reason for that?  
Scared in the barbershop chair, with heat in your lap  
I drag you out in the desert, freeze you in fact  
Pulp trees run out of paper, roll leaf with the map  
It's like that, give me dap, Cani-Beezy is back  
I'ma take 40 million this season in rap  
Take small change as long as I can afford range  
When I'm flyin overseas, I can't take no small planes  
If the course change, I'll be in the cockpit  
With the glock cocked, lookin at the pilot all strange  
Jason Jermaine, born Williams as a false name  
U.S. military trained, remember one thang  
I remember was no other soldier like me  
My M-4 carbine bang nightly  
Hand combat Tai-Chi, fight me  
I'm Sagittarius, so I don't like Pisces  
Effect you with the mic disease, try to breathe  
Airborne spores reach overseas with light breeze  
Out in Waikiki with ki's and G's  
On a hammock with my trees like, what you need?  
Got shorties in tight jeans over there, this is what life means  
She suck me off, then she take me sightseein  
Spendin per diem with a real nicely tanned Korean  
She and her friend, they drive a little BM  
Picked me up at 10 P.M., took me to the VM  
Cause I was already kinda leanin off the Seagram's  
I'm feelin weak, blame it on the herb rush  
Yo that's Kay Slay bangin Lloyd Banks? Turn it up  
I got a track after this one, I burnt it up  
Big Shaq, Money Mark, Canibus, you heard of us  
I do you rhyme surplus, words deluxe  
Manufactured the 'Bus, just observe me once  
I'm the bright light before you, the first of one  
Kay Slay brought me back cause they worshipped son  
The cursed one, my hip-hop heartbeat thump  
Who that punk talkin junk, I'll punch the chump  
Badunkadunk, like Lil' Jon on crunk  
Have wonton for lunch with Brazilian fudge  
Toss a rock my way, and I'll probably throw a million slugs  
Be at your door with a million thugs!