Canibus, Life Liquid

[blood spillin in the street] [the what?] [blood spillin in the street] [the what?]

[Journalist] Yo, Wit two precise niggas Holdin the right biscuits There'll be alot cats leakin out their life liquid Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures When we throw two in your ass while you huggin on your mistress From Philly, wit cats quick to mute you at Cuckoo cats, twist back your Fubu cap Crucial, black Two chicks to screw you at Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at While you checkin on your pagers Weapons in your faces Shot blazin Cops section off the pavement Hoppin out with gauges Prepare for the occasion We throw about eight in The house that you was raised in Mouthin off, fakin will make you a ?mouth? patient Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin And while your brain's achin' Imma have your dame slavin' Cocaine and apron Over a flame bakin'

[Hook-]

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted until they layin dead on the granite [Canibus] Innocent bystanders gett shot by standard [Journalist] y'all better duck when you hear the cannon [Both] Or y'all be checkin for leaks -Niggas'll have your blood spillin in the street

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted until they layin dead on the granite [Canibus] Innocent bystanders gettin shot by standard [Journalist] y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon -Now you layin deceased [Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Verse 2: Canibus] Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya Cause this is the season of the infrared laser And since I got time, What I'm gonna do Is show you how you can get spotted by one too Cause I don't give a fuck I just cock back and bust With more arms than an octopus As if one gun wasn't enough I fuck around and pull eight out Blast your face off or blow your brains out Nigga, I'll leave you laid out Then I pull the gat in my waist out Put it in your mouth And keep squeezin till the whole clip is sparyed out Take the gun in my ankle brace out Shoot you in the stomach till I see the last meal you ate drain out Your face look spaced out

I gut you like a trout And scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of windex Bullets buzzin by your head like insects From your head to your mid-sec' And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet Your masculinity is questionable You probably a homosexual Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you You probably look at grapes and see testicles You probably fantasize about vegetables like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you And you probably let gerbles crawl up your rectum too Shame on you I defecate on you and simultaneously *urinate* on you Pour some acid rain on you I stop your heartbeat with heat You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Both] Ayyo Journalist what you workin with? Old school burners with -Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit What you holdin Canibus? 30 buillet banana clips Just to handle a kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit We got permits to murder shit We critically injure niggas who deserve the shit Put em in a tournaquet Bomb proof Suburbans with ?track to tread size? so we can ride through the dirt with it Drive over curbs with it ? in it, even over slippery surfaces We can swerve in it And crash into niggas who don't insert their shit Try stoppin it dudes You gotta be bruised, cockin the tools And knock you out your socks and your shoes We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin Look how much life liquid you losin You need a blood transfusion In the back of a medic truck Shots in your neck and gut While we hold nour weapons up I'm still reppin' Philly - what?

blood spillin in the street the what? blood spillin in the street the what?

[Hook]