

Canibus, No Stoppin

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

I wreck that shit, mic check that shit

Canibus, nigga, he the best that spit

Step on stage, and pace left or right

Like a lion, ready to bite, you dying tonight

More lines to your forehead than Brian McKnight

A thousand watt voice box, I'ma fry them tonight

I be shitting on sight, meticulous with the mic

It's a mic, but I rip it like a palm in the knife

Lyricist that don't lounge, break a nigga down

Says you iced out? You can keep the swelling down

Lift you off the ground with choke-hold till your bitch screams

"Let him down, he's a Micclub member now"

Beat you with my brow, force you to speak loud

Like, "motha fuckas, give me fifty bars right now"

I'm the king of the pack, bringing it back

Tell the queen of the bride, "come sit on my lap"

(Canibus)

You civilian maggots ain't ready for the illest rappers

Allied metaphors of the joint access

COM putative compliance of the rhyme science

Protected by the Micclub security advisors

(Canibus)

Too violent to tame, wolf bane pumps through my veins

Put emcees to shame, the lyrical linguist

Spitting colloquial English, like "Who art thou?"

Bow to the ten inch dick, suckith it //