

Canibus, October 23rd

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

Your rhymes are far from impressive

You got me snoring and I'm not even a narcoleptic

I gotta give you credit

You look like a garbage pail kid descendent

I used to collect them and I see the resemblance

I'll give you ten cents for every time you spit ten bars

Do it five times, you got enough to buy a candy bar

Let me hear some more, you ripped it God

Here's a penny, now get the fuck out of my face, you fraud

Niggas better raise the standards, or get the fuck off campus

Cause you can't even talk to Canibus

Moved all over the place, I used to rhyme over Miami Bass

But kept moving state to state

I'm a rogue, I'm a warrior on the road

Like them CIA moles, living in shadows

A highly hazardous negro, with a patented flow

Crazier than a Hollywood actor would act on coke

I ain't no joke, ask Rakim //

I wouldn't share the spotlight with anybody but him

And the Four Horsemen, the Yang and Yin

We open the can of big bang theory all over again

As deadly as a cobra fang puncturing your blood vein

Or Mad Max behind the wheel of a Mustang

Puffing a hundred and twenty nine octane

Enough thrust to achieve flight like prop-planes

Armed to the teeth like tanks in Iran

Driving like Terminator two through block lanes

You wanna be a thug, you better watch it man

Getting shot can't help u feel Tupac's pain

After the autopsy they'll just pull out your brain

Put it in a jar you probably won't feel a thing

They go straight to the pawn shop and pawn your bling

This rap industry is such a morbid thing

Country singers live different, their fans got more commitment

They get bigger shipments, big difference

It's a big fitness, and we can learn something

Why would you want to rap forever and earn nothing

I rap like the end of the earth is coming

Grab the mic and act like I wanna murder something

Cursing, fighting, or busting like a drunken Russian

Show me a wack emcee and I promise I'll bust him //