

Canibus, Punchlines (Original)

(Hamza)

Canibus, Hamza!

Follow us into a new era

Where lyrical content is a MUST!

(Chorus: Hamza)

We cut microphones like, gangsters holdin chrome

Like, Toto you far from home

Like, words spoken wrong will never help you reach excellence

Stop bitin like you got a speech impediment

When will you learn?

Whack lyrics and a hot beat makes your song irrelevant

This is not a movie

I'm a poet so it takes more than punchlines to move me

(Canibus)

Can-I-Bus, your favorite rap star on ice

What I talk on the mic make them call on Christ

As far as the eye can see, gaze out into the wide sea

Look for the island, the island is me

I heard Fat Joe said, I was over in Iraq

He said I was a soldier in lyrical combat

Other people slandered my name but I dodged that

They don't see the missing pieces my thesis provides rap

Under the influence, bang 'Bis music in a Bonneville Buick

I see your face, I'ma crash into it

Lyrically I kick ass, if you don't wanna know don't ask

I might do it pro bono for no cash

The two-handed choke from the hope

turn your brain and skull to sand and salt, sprinkle you on the floor

I didn't wanna rap like that, but I had to

Cause that's what my master would do if he was asked to

The perfect music machine, mechanical being

The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen

I did, I do, I does, I am, I will be, I was

The same nigga you love

(Chorus)

(Canibus)

Yo, I hope they film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you

And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you

Somebody gon' grab you - try to escape

Hold you down while I perform {?} on your face

Why you sound like that, why you tear the mic down like that

Why you sound so intense when you rap

The airborne attack you can't call off

Breathe exhaust like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford

Drugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die

They push me harder cause they want me to try

A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech

Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet

I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the streets

Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weak

People layin on the concrete, exhausted from heat

Watchin John Kerry spit over the mic with more beats

This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast

I almost, was in control of all coasts...

(Chorus)

(Canibus)

I get advanced rhymes to quote, they all dope

Tote a lyrical landslide, give me all votes

But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna participate
But they tryin to hold me back, a black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be He-Bus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
But I don't know if I'm right no more
But I don't know if I'm right no more

(Chorus)

{*shotgun blast*}