

# Canibus, Shakedown

(Canibus)

One for the money, two for the show  
Three for the first record-label with the dough  
We on the road, represented by Loeb and Loeb  
Platinum-sold, golden globe  
I pose for Rolling Stones with swollen bones  
Canibus Roc alone like Hov on his own  
They know me now, cause now they know  
And they can't wait for the fucking album to blow  
Broads in the background lounging with pounds of dro  
Canibus, the cofounder of smoke  
This real Hip-Hop, bang it down your block  
Drop it like it's hot, nigga, call the cops

(Canibus)

Yea  
Type of nigga with the super-flow  
You ain't rocking, we gon' stop the show

You see shorty in the V.I.P.  
She want to drink, but the shit ain't free

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(Canibus)

Yo  
Sarge, my SupaFriendz dog's in the yard  
Don't say a fucking word to him; just nod  
I came, I see  
And I'ma bust him in the jaw, if you fuck with me  
M.C., C.D.C., A.T.L., E.B.E.  
Miccie D sign; he see me  
Agreed, I see more depth than Imhotep  
I see no death, that's why I ain't no hero yet  
Translate the text, I throw scrolls you fetch  
My style is not even something unknown yet  
I'm a SupaFriend; come through in a stupid Benz  
Look at my roof; you see blue-wind  
That's where the truth ends, but a new loop begins  
I can't believe what we do for ends  
Nigga, nuck if you buck, pack if you tuck  
I bust out of these cuffs, grab your ass up  
Reach for the pipe, I'ma show you the light  
You can X-ray my hand, and see me holding a mic

(Canibus)

When the Canibus is on the mic  
Y'all niggas gonna get it tonight  
You know we don't play around  
Just lay down, better stay down, this is A-town

(Canibus)

Fahrenheit negotiate price, I load the dice  
DJ Mowf told me, never bring gold to a heist'  
The sun don't compare, I'm twice as bright  
The sink goes cold when I put your nose to my ice  
Everything's right, this is my life  
My Matrix is empty; I reloaded it twice  
Mothafucka we can fight, I'm a soldier for life  
You can X-ray my hand, and see me holding a mic

Look at the hand in real-life, I be holding a pipe  
For spite, holding you as hostage for your own life  
Too broad for my own britches, spit till a nigga's spit-less  
The fifth's twist, here, sip this  
One million mixes, ten million disses  
Two-dozen bitches move into positions  
Train not to miss one drop when I'm dripping  
Listen, you should let me fuck a remix, and don't get it twisted, nigga

(Canibus)  
I drink, I smoke  
I'm supposed to stop, but I won't  
I drink, I smoke  
I'm supposed to stop, but I won't  
I drink, I smoke  
I'm supposed to stop, but I won't  
I drink, I smoke  
I'm supposed to stop, but I won't

(Canibus)  
Yea  
Keep smoking, nigga  
Yea  
Keep toking, nigga  
Yea  
Who the G.O.A.T., nigga  
Yea  
No joking, nigga  
Uh  
Can-I-Bus, oh-five, flow live  
Yea //