Canibus, Some Shit

(canibus)
Yo, the fact that I'm down wit def squad's hard to determine
Till you see me hoppin out the coupe wit e sermon
Or hoppin out the keith murray suburban
Or hoppin out the lex land wit redman, wildin and cursin
My thought process is mysterious like the lochness
My furious mindset is complex
Killin shit like a carniverous millitant prehistoric monster
Comin to stomp all over you hip-hop conference
Landed in an unidentified flying object
Turn you into an unidentified frying carcus
The smell of raw flesh make you nauseous
Acidest arsonist, burnin your bones to carbon and phosphorus
My metaphors sting like after haircuts when
The alcohol is applied to the raw skin
So whoever wanna battle get blasted
Get your teeth enamel shattered, shitted on like pampers
You had a bad bitch, I left the back twist
I stuck my dick in everything from asshole to the nasal passage
Dug her out all day, then changed my sperm dna
Now she got nobody to blame
I been spittin raw, what the f**k you think I'm livin for
Throw me in jail, I'll do a prison tour
For wannabe hard niggaz, insecure niggaz
Wit they heads to big for they neck to support niggaz
Three in the squad plus me equal four members
An extra addition for any special force mission
Man listen

(erick sermon)
Ain't these niggaz on some shit
Keith murray, canibus ain't no stoppin it uhh

(keith murray)
Let me draw a brief description of what happened
I was rappin, niggaz got the scrappin, guns got the clappin
Three-fifty-seven degrees I was separated
Have bullets deflected metal, bodies decapitated
Gush! a nigga got struck as I look

I caught the next guy runnin by wit the metal hook
Blew his back open, blood gushed on my face
A bitch fainted 'cause she seen I enjoyed the taste
The case is that I split your melon
And feed it to the jigga-boos wit fried chicken wings
I'm wildin for long island, I turned and took charles ferguson
And open fire on any trains now
You may never know who's in your shadow
You punk ass niggaz just best stay shallow
And hollow, if you wanna live to see tomorrow
'cause ain't no sun comin out tomorrow
Yo, I might do something y'all niggaz might regret like
Blast you in your face and disregard your vest
I'm pissin and dissin off of recognition and niggaz to listen
Just to let you pussies know how I'm livin
'cause I return like the jedi, wit my dead eye
Leave niggaz to die, peace to niggaz up in bed-stuy
Oh-ah, this that type of shit that make them niggaz wanna wet it
Word up, got me ready to set it

(deja vu)
Seems I steps wit aggression
To any bitch who think they nice in this profession

What? what you think your wrecking?
I break your stlye down to little fragments
The pain is permanent, so spare yourself the embarassment
Buck-fifty 'cross the face
Followed by knife wounds to the chest for you attempt to retaliate
I noticed all you bitches flows is based around clothes
But deja vu got something for you stankin hoes
Studio gangsta bitches I diminish ideas of bringin beef
Before the thought even finishes
I wanna see red, blood from a chicken head
'for I wild the f**k out like the grateful dead
This wild style must run in my genes
Because my sister's in the county
And my brother just came home from green
I strike like the black widow, through the underground radio
Kiddo and still stack dirty ditto