

Canibus, Spit A Billion

I'm outside walking the dogs, on my way back
Two dark brown mismatched Rhodesian Ridgebacks
Majestic Mic Master, Maverick, this is Goose
Don't crash it, move or get mauled by a mastiff
Live, freestyling from the files of whatever
The gravity pull your body apart like mozzarella
I make you bark til your lungs warp, my tongue's sharp
Cut cha thumbs off, Cut you down while you run off
Heavy swings, no ploughs, artillery is danger
Close now, you just flow loud with no know how
Wow! did I just say _____
You understand what the fuck I'm saying now
The last man to stand and talk to you through a bloody moustache
Javelin Fangz you don't know the half
Sourdough biscuits and warmed up beans
In my stronghold steed jeans busting 16s
Mouth covered, every sound uttered come out muttered
Live buzzers indicate that you're all outnumbered
Got caught in the remedy of an untimely loss
I'm the boss, don't ever forget that cuz