

# Canibus, Stretch Armstrong

(Canibus)

Yo, it's Can-I-Bus the illest emcee  
Get slapped in the face with Murder Mixtape Part 3  
Aight, keep it locked ya'll  
Stretch Armstrong and Whoo Kid

Live and direct, live in the flesh  
Mixtape 2000, Whoo Kid and Stretch  
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Mixtape 2000, Whoo Kid and Stretch

Yo, yo,  
Who got the streets jumping off with the force to short-circuit motherboards  
And melt rubber chords plugged in the wall  
I'm a thousand metaphors ahead of ya'll  
Drink a bottle of Irish Moss and outrun a horse by twenty yards  
Faster than turbo-charged racecars with double carbs  
Stronger than the sway bars that be on muscle cars  
Think my sophomore album is soft? You got it wrong  
Stretch knew all along Bis was the bomb  
A hundred-bar monster thirsty for blood like piranhas  
Arms bigger than pythons, legs like anacondas

Yo, check it, yo,  
Observe how the rhyme blurs, twists and turns  
Shifts and curves, the most disturbed nigga on earth  
Fuck layman's terms, if you can't listen and learn  
You get burned then submerged in the ocean of words  
Last year I know for a fact I put a lot of rappers on Prozac  
And only got a gold plaque  
Bringing the pain since I've been in this game  
Crushing niggas like a ball and chain connected to a swinging crane  
Lyrically the Hip-Hop Statue of Liberty  
Could flatten New York City with seismic-activity  
Got rap artists putting out restraining orders  
Scared to death I'm going to run up on them at their live performance  
With a sharp object, assassinate them at their live concert  
And take the audience for hostage  
Torture the whole front row in the process  
Leave them slaughtered and sacrifice them on the turntable altars

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Mixtape 2000 AD, after disaster  
Flies buzz around a million rappers' cadavers  
Never been the type to talk  
My ice-grill's like looking down the wide jaws of a White shark  
Bout to rip off your arms like perforated paper  
A hundred times more sharper than stainless-steel razors  
Shock you with an electrically-charged taser  
Till you turn blue in the face and die from asphyxiation  
The stench of a thousand ounces  
Grab you by the throat and blow my second-hand weed smoke down it  
Don't give a fuck what month you dropping in  
I'll be on the radio hollering, Fuck you and your cult following  
You cum-swallowing transsexual fag  
With crabs and breasts that sag, dressed in drag  
Running full-page ads in a porno mag  
With pictures of you with a dick in your mouth and a dick in your ass //