

Canibus, Sundullah Spit Bullz

(Sun)

Live from Southside, Sun's the livest.. One
Representing Sharpshooters to the fullest
Battle forces of darkness, escape the Abyss
Return to salt refuge in the Temple of Bacchus?
Where I learn verbal weaponry to conquer my enemies
The keys to infinity, words to pure energy
Spittin' the livest shit, saliva on some lava shit
Sun, Cena, Bis Spitbullz we the livest click
Armed for war using words as my weapons
We clash like Satan and Christ at Armageddon
We turnbuckle titans, We fear these mics like Tyson
I go straight for ya ear when I'm writin
Mics are hand-to-hand, we dont just throw blows
We fight in the UFC, the size of the Rose Bowl
Word to K-Solo, battle Sun spells Death
Imma cannibal Canibus spit flames and eat flesh

(Tha Trademarc)

Discrepancy, edit the dialect, the heavy the steady, context
Direct spawns loose forever, Circumnavigate, manipulate the center
Physical status, anatomy is broken down signs and theorem equations
instead of Arabic letters, activate together, bite my style is like high-jackin me at 30,000 feet in a pa
Styles saturated, weighed down like pants with 20 pockets full with spare change tryna leave the gr
A modest endeavor, divide my body in half and suck the piece of flesh in the center
You and me in the same sentence, never
Thats like comparing a planes scratched the bleeding interal
Like comparing a blaze masters fuckin inferno
Scaring every MC out the city
Like diving in a pool of razorblades with immune deficiency
Publicly with every MC and DJ in the country under me
The main reason the world stop rappin and breathin is what I'm gonna be

(Canibus)

Spitbullz off the muzzle, airborne off the turnbuckle
To touch you, tear bones off the muscle
Stomp you, try to get the swamp monster off you
The awful scent of bloody flesh and barnacles haunt you
Couldn't kill me with a 50 cal round of three hundred fifty pound Hound with a canine growl
I scan the road from a mud hole like Rambo
The chain-fed ammo open you up like manholes
I'm Uncle Sambo with a Ku Klux Klan robe
Black face, pink lips Arctic coloured camo
Spitbullz whore let me get a fix on this fool
I drool when it's time to get tool
Six wolves minimum, interrogate before killing them
Water board torture below zero temperature
Hot bars generate sparks, bitch, I told you don't talk
Fibrillate your heart til you fart
On your feet, drag you outside, march
Walk til your feet parched and your BDU bottoms starch
Feed you pork soaked in sodium salt
Big weapons spark like tuning forks in the dark
Won't tell you again, do not talk when we walk
Do not gawk at the corpse laying on the sidewalk
Handcuffed behind back flesh decompose and crack
Heads are detached from the respiratory tracts
Crossbow buttstock across the throat
Pardon the approach I thought you was walking too slow
No one who is able to hear will care
Those with compassionate care cannot conquer fear
The final battle won't be in space but right here

Thirty two thousand four hundred Maidenhead squares
Sharpshooter assault, Mankind versus The Land Sharks
You don't want none of the Spitbullz