

Canibus, The Mic Disease

[Canibus]

Yeah! New York City

You are now rockin with the best, the 'Bus

And I'ma test this once (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Let's go, let's go

Aiyyo I'm so updated niggaz get frustrated
I'm the best that you ever heard, nigga fuck your favorite
Fuck a public statement, I'ma say it right here
It's quite clear, I'm the nicest anywhere
You paranoid, what's the reason for that?
Scared in the barbershop chair, with heat in your lap
I drag you out in the desert, freeze you in fact
Pulp trees run out of paper, roll leaf with the map
It's like that, give me dap, Cani-Beezy is back
I'ma take 40 million this season in rap
Take small change as long as I can afford range
When I'm flyin overseas, I can't take no small planes
If the course change, I'll be in the cockpit
With the glock cocked, lookin at the pilot all strange
Jason Jermaine, born Williams as a false name
U.S. military trained, remember one thang
I remember was no other soldier like me
My M-4 carbine bang nightly
Hand combat Tai-Chi, fight me
I'm Sagittarius, so I don't like Pisces
Effect you with the mic disease, try to breathe
Airborne spores reach overseas with light breeze
Out in Waikiki with ki's and G's
On a hammock with my trees like, what you need?
Got shorties in tight jeans over there, this is what life means
She suck me off, then she take me sightseein
Spendin per diem with a real nicely tanned Korean
She and her friend, they drive a little BM
Picked me up at 10 P.M., took me to the VM
Cause I was already kinda leanin off the Seagram's
I'm feelin weak, blame it on the herb rush
Yo that's Kay Slay bangin Lloyd Banks? Turn it up
I got a track after this one, I burnt it up
Big Shaq, Money Mark, Canibus, you heard of us
I do you rhyme surplus, words deluxe
Manufactured the 'Bus, just observe me once
I'm the bright light before you, the first of one
Kay Slay brought me back cause they worshipped son
The cursed one, my hip-hop heartbeat thump
Who that punk talkin junk, I'll punch the chump
Badunkadunk, like Lil' Jon on crunk
Have wonton for lunch with Brazilian fudge
Toss a rock my way, and I'll probably throw a million slugs
Be at your door with a million thugs!