

Canibus, Throw It Up (DJ Kay Slay Version)

(Canibus)

Mark niggas and busters

(Canibus)

Jakes that want to handcuff us

(Canibus)

(A)

(Canibus)

Foes that want to touch us

(Canibus)

Kidnap your baby's mother's mother

(Canibus)

Me and Kool G Rap, we stash the heaters in the (B)

(Canibus)

Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up high
Rep for your set, nigga, show me that you live
One mic, two mics, three mics, four
A hundred bars, or more, till my voice goes hoarse

(Canibus)

Kool G Rap rocks the mic, we both nice
So our voices is twice as horrifying at an expensive price
As horrifying as a blade of a knife, stabbing you twice
Horrifying enough to melt mics
I snatch you up by your hands and feet, tie them tight
Cry for your life, while you get beat with an iron pipe
My rhymes, worthy of the Nobel Peace Prize ribbon
I should just log-on and carbon copy the world with them
Two thousand B.C., my CD
Will shock you like two hundred volts DC, repeatedly
Two thousand CC's of liquid weed
Injected into the arms of all your hip-hop fiends
The dominant, nuclear armament
My submarine's underwater with launch coordinates, to sink your cargo ship
Soon as the radar blips, I charge with a blitz
Break your jaws with my fist, fix the scar with a stitch
Break your legs and arms, make you crawl like a cripple
Then fuck your bitch raw, sprinkle salt on my dick
G Rap, Can-I-Bus, M.O.P.
How bout some hard-core shit for two G
Motha fuckas //