

# Canibus, Westwood

(Canibus)

Yo,

I think fast, switch fast, quick fast, quick as //  
Immigrants say, No habla ingles', at border-patrol fences  
Messing with Canibus is senseless  
Divide my senses by six and you'll end up with triple sixes  
And triple the digits mean triple the spirits  
My light body to the third power will triple my lyrics  
I'm triple the threat, I'm triple my physical flesh  
I'm telling you, put your money on me then triple your bet  
Cause I won't be satisfied til I'm set  
Till I got a triplex out in Tribeca with the skyline effect  
Rhyming is the nine-to-five that I manipulate best  
Eight hours of writing and memorizing a manuscript  
Called "The Biography of Canibus";  
Subtitled The Ultimate Guide for Teaching Modern Man How to Spit'  
How to tongue twist, how to enunciate certain shit  
How to control your breath, how to make your syllables spit  
You niggas ain't listen to Bis, I kill em with shit  
I'm wicked with this, I should be selling tickets to this  
Paparazzi should probably be taking pictures of this  
My fans in the street with signs trying to picket for this  
Saying, "We want Bis! We want Bis!  
We want the rapper with the illest lyrics!"  
My dedication and my commitment's beginning-less  
I can go four quarters or nine innings for this  
Go twelve rounds, play two days of cricket for this  
Lead crusades across Europe like the Christians for this  
The notion I'm dedicated is an understatement  
My rhymes are out of this world like the Russian space-station  
Sneak-attack rappers, grab them and slash them  
Chop their heads off with claws sharper than velocer raptors  
Hunt them like Jurassic Park actors  
But spare Samuel Jackson's life cause he was the only black one  
Action packed like Shaft, the black assassin  
Blasting the .753 backwards Magnum  
Follow me down the road to Damascus  
Do not follow me these madmen, popping ecstasy pills like aspirin  
Drink a gallon of cyanide and still can not die  
Niggas want to lock the Chronicles of Canibus' away forever  
And put my book of rhymes through a shredder  
Never, I'm way too clever the way I manoeuvre  
Beat your ass like Lennox Lewis did to David Tua  
In front of a hundred-million pay-per-viewers your career is ruined  
Your face will be swollen like the Benihana Buddha  
Bring it to ya', prove you're a loser  
Beyond the length of this rhyme you have no future  
Pounce upon you like a puma or some wild cougars  
In the jungle with my adrenaline juices flowing through them  
I'ma reprogram everything that you're doing  
Hypnotize the audience you perform in front of to start booing  
You're stupid, you and your whole crew are extremely foolish  
I can't cipher with you cause your breath is too putrid  
Put your mic down and step away from it  
Shut your mother fucking mouth and don't say nothing  
You have the right to remain silent  
Sentenced to life on Rikers Island for terrible freestyling

Yo, yo,

I heard a rumour English women make love the best  
Is that true? Cause I ain't had no justice yet  
A lot of clowns keep arguing on who the best is  
Bite the style but can't digest it  
Til they get karate kicked in the mouth and their teeth get ejected

Told you to Watch Who U Beef Wit' on the last record  
Platinum teeth? I sell them for a thousand pounds apiece  
You buy one back and you get one free  
Put it down in the east, put it down in the west  
Put it down on paper, put the paper down on the desk  
In the studio is where I put it down to the test  
It's nothing but skull-crushing pressure down at them depths  
Throw a rough mix down, download it to disk  
Give a copy to everybody that's down with Bis  
Since ninety-six, the Dogg Pound remix  
First time anybody put me down to spit  
It's like Pak-Man don't stop  
Til I hear my voice banging up and down the block  
In a Magnavox with a hundred watts  
Creating ripples in the water like aquanauts  
breathing through their oxygen-box  
I belong on top of the pops not on the bottom with rocks  
I mean, honest to God, I'm shocked, I thought the album was hot  
I guess you can't write an infinite rhyme with a finite mind  
That's why rhymes like mine mystify mankind  
A lot of rappers are ahead of their time  
But when it comes to rhymes like mine the word 'time' doesn't apply  
You see, rhyming is the art //  
The microphone is the paintbrush responsible for getting the point across  
The canvas is the street  
Where the master of the ceremony paints the picture for everybody to see //  
Nobody could rhyme this fluent  
Nobody ever did what I'm doing  
Nobody ever spit what I'm spewing  
I'm the illest alive and I'ma prove it  
Plus I've got to show the people that I've got mad love for rap music  
I bury emcees with rosary beads  
A picture of their wife and their seeds and a picture of me  
I'm as graceful as the left hand of Rembrandt  
Put some instrumentals on and ask my pen to dance  
I'm such a gentleman  
Pull out chairs, open doors, never offend my fans  
Unless they offend me and I lose my temper, man //