

Canibus, Westwood Freestyle (Extended) (Feat. Jeymes Samuel)

(Canibus)

Who write the song, I write the song
Rhymes accelerate through the cyclotrons in nine microns
Turn my mic on, regurgitate the windpipe bomb
The opposite of a black lung is a white one
Can-I-Bus in your face, shrapnel free concussion grenades
Mammalian diver reflexes, undulating under the waves
Got something to say come to the cave, stick your head in
I'll bring a new meaning to the phrase dead end
A totally tumultuous tragedy, you battle me?
I'll perform rhinoplasty with surgical savagery
Wield the axe with more gravity than Agassi
Crack your teeth till you mouth sounds like a tambourine
You think I'm over rated? I'm nauseated
I'm the living creation of the equation Minkovski formulated
With an automated overbite
Swift as a canard wing shin den prototype, when I'm holding the mic
Who write the song?

(Canibus)

The human barometer
It's illogical and preposterous, they don't believe in my preponderance
I arm wrestle servos
Calculate the distance between worlds through worm holes
To escape when the earth blows

(Canibus)

I'll fry your ass, recycle your biomass
You never seen lyrics fly so fast
Canibus from the carnivorous phylum class
Wherever hyenas cry, the lions laugh