

Canibus, What You Lookin' For

(Canibus)

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs
Cause in a minute I'mma be on top of the biz
Try to act like you don't know who it is
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus Quotable Quiz
It's like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is
But I'm a ogre in the biz with the vocals and libs
Said so much crazy shit on my last album
My name shut Interpol down for two hours
Now that's true power
I create what I can't counter rhyming from my anger-management counselor
Just listen to the vibes and blend in with the signal you gettin'
Can you hear me now? Answer the question
You want to talk about sick poems? I spit stones
Leave you split holmes, tie knots with your rib bones
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones
I can speak Chinese, Ching-Chong, get off the ding-dong
Knock your ass over the table like little ping-pongs
You got balls? Bring em on
I'll smash em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linkx on
One blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms
Spit raw, your face look like you smelled a stink-bomb
You ain't dreaming, nigga, pinch your arm
Canibus be spittin' bars that could dislodge Kanye's jaws

(Canibus)

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off
Punch lines on the song through the hook and all
You acting like you think you too good to fall
You spit with a glass-jaw, get up, give it more

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If I was focused I could crush you
Cause you saying you focused, then how come I could still touch you?
I'll bust you, then spit some Young Buck shit at you
Cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
My little arms carry big arms
To tickle the clit, finger keep the sink warm when I bring harm
I'll have a nigga screaming for his momma
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
Come along with me, let me see what you got
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy
When people see you they don't know that it's not me
I flow cause I got to, the shit sound hot cause it's not you
Try to catch me but I got you
I got a mind that spins like belt drives
And when I seen Hip-Hop die I felt cries
But I got an idea to bring it back to life
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right
I'll go all-out, pour my heart out, mix it around
Put my voice to these beats let it mix with the sound

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