

Canibus, Woof Tickets

(Canibus)

Rock them the top of the head, millions of people fall victim to bloodshed
I leave more dead, than a nuclear warhead
We'll all be killed, if I turn it up full tilt
God knows I got this rap shit, sowed like a quilt
You probably wondering if I'm versatile, no question
My styles adapt like luxury car suspension
Kick the type of shit, that will blow a microphone to bits
If it's close enough to kiss, I'll walk away with chap lips
I slap in clips, and get down, to the sounds of rounds
Hitting niggas, and niggas hitting the ground
Copperfield niggas disappear like magic
As soon as I pull the semi-automatic out the jacket
I got you illing, like King-Kong was climbing your building
Movie directors recording me screaming, Keep filming!
They love to see me rock mics, cause I rock it right
Curious people pause, like cars at stoplights
Cause it's banging in a way you wouldn't believe
Just to rate my tape, you gotta combine five Source Magazines
That's twenty-five mics total
I got average niggas with four mics saying that I'm immortal
Fatal as carbon-monoxide, I gunshot you at your backside
From a bullet traveling Mach Nine //