

# Cannibal Ox, Raspberry Fields

(Vast Aire Kramer)

Yeah, know what I'm sayin  
Think you got it figured out by now  
Yo, yo

If first you don't succeed try, try again  
Step up to the mic and die again  
This is the next lifetime and you wanna battle  
Either you like reincarnation or the smell of carnations  
The sample's the flesh and the beat's the skeleton  
You got beef but there's worms in your Wellington  
I'll put a hole in your skull and extract your skeleton  
Oh my God, said a word twice, Vast Aire, I'm twice as nice  
You get caught up, in my blade, might get diced  
The flesh is dangerous here  
Yo, hahaha, yo, it's Can O, yo  
If first you don't succeed try, try again  
Step up to the mic and die again  
This is the next lifetime and you wanna battle  
Either you like reincarnation or the smell of carnations  
The sample's the flesh and the beat's the skeleton  
You got beef but there's worms in your Wellington  
I'll put a hole in your skull and extract your gelatin  
Mustard seed faith move mountains  
This is jailhouse rap, rock hard  
Like faces in a cell block  
You'll catch a Kennedy curse from the speedknot  
Son, I mack cause I think different  
Plus your girl's sex technology, I wanna plug in  
Now every golden egg my goose lay stay golden  
With your poker face, I punch you in the stomach and you folded  
Folded, f-f-folded, folded, f-f-fo-fo-

Yo, see what happens  
Fuck with the wrong people  
You might get dragged into a kitchen, and cut up  
This is for real right here, Def Jux right here  
I'm serious, yo, Vordul Megilah

(Vordul Megilah)

Yo, uh  
Spit with lyrics, that spill off the grill nasty  
Off the top, live five, fancy  
Fly mic strapped with nozzles  
Blowin Earth's color through a nostril  
Apostle that write novels with thoughts, mega hostile  
Ready to pop you, venomous snakes out the Congo  
With through these clear optics  
Yo, with large, I'll watch you  
Rap in the coldest winters, strapped with  
All sorts of snorkels attached to hoods that pull over Motorola goggles  
We pigeons equipped, with talons to twist, split owls  
Now watch me, skate off the scene with a mongoose  
Pop a Willie and, I'll leave you deuce bottles of  
Frozen rhyme juice  
Smoke bubble gum while munchin on Milanos  
We crazy, off the head, lazy  
Blaze emcees, amaze with degrees  
On a higher level, in-spire devil to leave  
God cypher alone, bomb pipes on bones  
Architect when I write these poems, write these poems, write these poems