

Project G%B

"How We Roll *"

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* also known as "Niggas We Roll With"

[Canibus]

I never freestyle for free, without chargin niggaz a fee
It'll cost a brain cell just to cypher with me
I'm the type of MC, that rocks for the glory
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me or camcord me
Freestyle or written, spittin with infinite ammunition
for anybody tryin to go the distance
I promise ya no less than a hundred-thousand
kilometres
My bomb threats'll have you evacuatin your continent
I'm barbaric with the alphanumeric
Hittin you with lyrics that separates your body from
your spirit
This is for wack niggaz doin shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it
(Rakim: "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

Chorus: Panama P.I.

I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

[Canibus]

We savages, snatchin microphones from amateurs
Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin it
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you
into little, powderlike crystals, so I can sniff you
What I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?
Comin afta ya, blastin ya, with the shotgun
like a front seat passenger
You must be askin fa', some sort of a massacre
I'll attack ya cardiovascular
Shatter you like glass in automobile crashes
when I smash that ass into blackberry molasses

Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it
cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it

Chorus: Panama P.I.

You see I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz
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[Canibus]

I'm the illest lyricist in America -- MC's can't see me
cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to regista
I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves
At a +Speed+ that would confuse Keanu Reeves
So ask yourself, who am I?
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fuckin life
I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme
til the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9
Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time
whether they signed or unsigned
Wit many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas
More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus
More lines than a African herd of zebras
Niggaz just ain't fuckin wit the 'cannabis seteva'
This is for ALL you niggaz doin shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it
(Rakim: "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

Chorus: Panama P.I.

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