

Talib Kweli F/ Bahamadia

"Ras Kass & Canibus Freestyle"

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[Ras Kass]

Since the wake up show
I've been handin rappers they ass in a silver platter
Its empty ill & gray matter
I do a selectively crew
The type of brotha that will go to ya album release
party
Grab the mic & BOO you
Like how's how F' how's how
I make a fool's do-rag do not want to
Nephew just a Brontosaurus with a sixth sense
Walking around not even knowing that he don't exist
The cardio by linguistic this shit be the hardest act to
follow
I don't even spit I unswallow
I got so-called hip-hop purest that hip-hop tourist
That I mandate that I replicate 1988
Fool its 2000 so get a life do u know what these
Rugged ghetto streets look like
Now to my b-boy & b'iches black be the
Best brutalize beats like Beebe Briches
I got turrets when I finish rappin the black community
Gonna hate you for real like you got on BET
And screamed F' Lauren Hill
Like that Canibus

[Canibus]

Yeah
War the hardcore raw metaphor
Bout to blackout one time for ya
I'm as dangerous as they come
Dangerous with or without a gun
I've been dangerous from day one
Rhyme flows explode like pyro's
Stick to your ribs like chicken & think gravy from
Roscoe's
You get your head flowin if you dumb in the dome
Or struck with some stone till you fill numb in the bones
You betta keep your big mouth closed
'Fore I stick a muzzle of chrome in that hole under your
nose

Send a signal to my index & tell it to fold in the
direction of wrist bone
To release your soul I told you to freeze
If I was you I would have froze but you chose that other
route
And got blown full of holes a pistol to ya mug cripple ya
tongue
Rip through ya lungs then write your name on your
tombstone
Scribbled in blood
C'mon give me a little love is there anybody out there
that never felt
One rhyme that Canibus bust
You a liar liar ya pants on fire watch the G.O.A.T.
But the ghostwriter get slaughtered by a tiger
I saw him in the Pun video holdin up his lighter
I smeared his career like doo-doo inside a diaper
My style is sicker then infected women & men
I'm so raw I can caught AIDS without stick in it in
Flip & dip like scrimps n scampi
Switch my language up like a black kid raised by a
Spanish
Nanny you think you got big chuoonas well I got bad
news
After tonight you'll have a testicular tumor
Dirty Manhattan alley to Atlanta where niggas drive
Cad's
To Trick Daddy & Trina down in Miami
To Louisianan with Cash Money & Manny with (?????)
To Cali with a raspberry daiquiri I'll assault
And battle you badly words fire rapidly
Like heavily armed apaches piloted by a trigger
Happy Iraqi with extremely bad acne
I cause catastrophe to any nigga trying to battle me
Word
Yeah 2000 B.C.
Ay yo I radiate like plutonium as far as the glow
Got ya counters drum roll when I start to flow
A patriarch with a heart of nopleum barn apart
I stomp across continents to conquer my art
I'm millennium lyricist area 51 physicist
Rhymes hot to melt the wax off the turntables
Before the DJ even starts spinnin it
Raps can melt the wax right of the back of kid Icquris
Sharper then the shit you shank niggas with
Sharper then scissor sharper then rings on
RZA's fist its ridiculous
How so many of you suckas figured it
Maybe we could get a name if Canibus diss
Us I know how you suckas think
You figure since you already a pussy you might as well

Give me syphilis envious cause my rhymes is infinite
And you lyrically limited to the little boxes you livin in
Ras Kass show'em how you blast off

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