

The Bad Seed

"Buckingham Palace"

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[Canibus]

Aiyyo I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace
Selling reefer, puffin the chalice with the Beefeaters
Gettin so high that whenever I drop shit
it'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit
Canibus with the hot shit, "Crazy I. Click"
Niggaz is bloody idiots thinkin that they can stop this
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth sixpence
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste
then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in
the face
From Brixton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade
Europe
like Joseph Stalin, and murder niggaz for rhymin
Spittin fire, with gasoline for saliva
As drunk as Lady Diana's driver wit reporters behind
her
Alcohol in the hands of a minor
I got you panickin like bombs, with 30 second timers
Clear the buildin, evacuate women and children
Fuck what you feelin nigga, I came here to kill em
Straight shittin, from New York to Great Britain
And when we do shows we make the Queen pay
admission, what!

Chorus: Canibus (and crowd)

When I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)
Yo, when I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)

[Canibus]

Yo.. yo..
Yo prepare for the worst
This next verse is the face of death
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic
With more flavor then Skittles when I'm digitally
mastered

I go off like a cannon and blow up the planet
with "No Fear," like them clothes white boys be wearin
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake
bites
The marijuana makes my eyes bright red like brake
lights
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me
feedback
I'm strong, my word is Bond like James
Niggaz be tryin to test, but they 'week' like seven days
MC's run away when I kick it; they act so chicken
they should come with a large drink and a biscuit
My style's radioactive, massive atomic
I plan to push the Earth in front of Halley's Comet
Breakin the +Facts of Life+ down like Tudy, I'm raw like
sushi
with more +Vocab+, than three fuckin Fugees
So recognize or be hospitalized
cause lyrically on a scale of one to ten I'm twenty-five

Chorus

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, a little bit of weed and some Hennessey
got me ready to set it with kinetic energy
See I need much more energy then my enemies
If I wanna make more Bill's then Bellamy
So I could be on MTV
with women constantly tellin me I resemble Billy Dee
I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene
Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green
Then I take the green, buy a automobile machine
for that thing on page 43, in Jet Magazine
Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream
Swingin the guillotine, cause whenever the head is
severed
from the human body with a sharp enough weapon
the brain remains conscious for ten seconds
Long enough for me to give you one last message
And when you get to Hell you can tell Lucifer I said it
Don't ever get it confused, fuckin with Canibus
the human Rubix Cube like you got somethin to prove
Yo, whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booted
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew
From Moet bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods
You got a album out, you get hit with your CD too
Runnin outside, cryin, lyin, denyin
that you ain't The Gay Rapper, but you got fucked by
him
What's the difference? Y'all niggaz still ain't in lyrical

fitness

Too busy mixin your bid'ness with your bitches
While I be in the lab composin forbidden scriptures
So wicked I got, Satan ejaculatin on his fingers
Like Dirk Diggler, in the middle of +Boogie Nights+
Sniffin white, livin the hype, he ruined his life
But I'm a MC of a different type, yeah that's right
Make sure your shit is tight, or I'ma snatch yo' mic,
nigga!

Chorus

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