

The Bad Seed

"Lost @ 'C'"

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[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo

Now when you see that big ass 'C', you know I'm comin through

And when you know I'm comin through, you know what I'ma do

I never said that battlin me, would be impossible

I just think it's highly motherfuckin improbable

You talkin to a nigga that can split molecules

to subatomic particles, strong enough to stop a bull

Body-slam two oxes and drop a mule

Urinatin rocket fuel, freestylin over gospel tunes

Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours

I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album

The kickboxer, beatin the shit out niggaz proper

I beat 'em till they holla, beat 'em til the cops come

Beatin niggaz til they have seizures, beat 'em til they start screamin

like fax machines when they start receivin

Beat 'em til my own hands start bleedin

Beat 'em til they lungs stop breathin and they heart stop beatin

From 12 A.M. to 12 P.M. in the evenin

With three 15 minute breaks in between 'em

Good Jesus, that's a real West Indian beatin

That's what you get for fuckin with this lyrical demon

My bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons

I got cast out of heaven for treason

Got cast out of the Garden of Eden

for lettin the reptilian beast in

Got locked up for a DUI and speedin

A whole legion of half-decent emcees'll get released when

they spit a hundred bars for they freedom

See I'm much too nice to compete wit

Too nice to flow over beats wit, too nice to hold a M-I-C wit

Off some diesel Hercules shit, I cold flip

and start to punch trees til they leafless

Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath

til the whole planet suffocates and then release it

(RELEASE IT)

Chorus: Canibus

Yo, you ain't as cold as us, or as bold as us
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to
us
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust
Yo, you ain't as cold as us, or as bold as us
When we in the war-zone, we got the chrome with us
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust
(Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!)

[Verse 2]

Yo, yo
Now for the last couple of months, things been real
quiet
cause I ain't heard shit worth buyin
I'm bout to show you niggaz how I'm driven
The drive comes from my lyrics
and my lyrics come from my inner spirit
Vibratin and spinnin, faster than 12-cylinder engines
with nitrogen in 'em, faster than F-1 McLaren pistons
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm
cause you niggaz is slower than fat bitches metabolism
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spittin
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism
Show me a man that can't feel him
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck
and put his head to the fan on the ceilin
Suffer real "Banned From Television" shit
Drop him off the roof of a buildin and let the news film
him
I hop in front of the cameras and tell 'em how I'm feelin
I tell 'em how I feel that hip-hop, should deal wit it
Tell 'em how I'm tired of the state rappers in
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers kick is subject
matter-less
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the
same characters
shootin the same videos, it's embarassin
Usin the same formulas to have a hit
Usin the same actors and actresses, same shit
different laxative
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatchin your mic
I make you run for your life, chill durin the daylight
then track you at night, my global position is satellite
Got a infrared lens to test your body's fahrenheit
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or

snow

I track you til you're seizure grows into a afro
until you plant 'em into cornrows
Track you til your shoe soles develop holes
and you get, corns on your toes
til your teeth develop halitosis
but you been goin so long without deodorant
you don't even notice -- motherfucker!

Chorus 2X

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