

Canibus "2000 B.C."

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[Canibus]

Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad
Knock a nigga unconscious and talk shit
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'
So in the ring, you cannot win
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin
The beautiful blend of power and strength
From the top of my head, down to where my toe
cuticles end
I verbally burn a nigga,
Lyrically hurt a nigga,
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga,
Kennedy curse a nigga,
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?
Who can embarrass a man?
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands
On candid cam, the Canibus can
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man
It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!
It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!

[Canibus]

Yo! I spit for it (lie for it!)
Live for it (die for it!)
Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it
If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it
I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it
you mad at the last album, I apologise for it,
Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it,
But this time for 99 I got 5 on it
You should double up and put a dime on it,

Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it
I'ma shine on it,
Watch Flex drop a bomb on it
About ten times on it
Watch people call a request line for it
Cypher sounds keep pushin rewind on it
Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it
12 O'Clock in the morning you'll be standin on line for it
I'm a live poet, with a sharp ear and eye for it
Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on it
[Canibus]
Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics
Of a hollow tip at point blank distance
I flip shit when I spit shit
Father forgive Bis,
I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians
Coz they sounded like idiots
They went from silver to gold to platinum
After the millenium they'll probably be wearin' Iridium
They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd
probably cum helium
Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice
Before Christ, before the words let there be light
And a light took over the night
I was born with a mic
Lord of the mic before all plant and animal life
Took this rap shit to new heights
Before the Wright brothers took flight
Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes
Before MC's picked up pens and started to write
Before promotional marketin and posterlights
The Can-I-Bus'll bust up mics
Punch out lights
Punch out your motherfuckin eyesight
For the title bought fight
Ask Ty Fyffe, I snatch the track for half price
The Canibus is too nice
Gimme that mic!

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