

Canibus

"88 Hiphop Freestyle"

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Yo, Yo, Yo
Wack mc's is so fake
You make me wanna punch ya whole face
Hit you so hard my hand breaks
And my shoulder dislocates
You ever heard the sound ya bones make when they
break?
It's like stomping on a whole crate of porcelain plates
Run over ya skull wit a tank
Rip out ya guts wit a shank
Then bite you wit poisonous fangs fa tryna mess wit the
champ
Nigga you can't
You shouldn't even try to
Half the square root of my IQ is beyond you
So when you see me on the street
You betta not say a damn thing to me
Cuz sucka you pink pussy
I gotta rhyme degree
Triggahappy fingers of fury
Put one in ya skully and 5 in ya belly
Cuz whenever rhymes fly
Like bullets in drive-bys
I catch em and throw em back like Miami Highline
Cock mines
Spit counterclockwise
And shoot 5
3 missed you
2 hit you
1 in the leg
1 in the thigh

Yo, cuz Canibus was ol' skool
Before niggaz was talkin about jewels
Before engineers was usin protools
I make my own rules
No matter what i flow to
Started vacuum in the mic booth the way my tongue
moves

I'm proolly what you'd call a

Record industry population enforcer
I track suckas down from borda ta borda
Just like the stories of the hare and the tortoise
The rabbit was faster but fell asleep in the forest
But lost cuz the Tortoise had endurance
I always stay focused the longest
I promise I could battle any artist until they just get
exhausted
and forfeit
Wit actual supernatural forces
I'm a Horseman from Hell
Immune to the garlic water and the *pause* crosses
After the last album I went thru a metamorphosis
And probably fired more people than Doug Mo

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