

Canibus "Beasts From The East"

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(Mr.Cheeks)

Yo we come through like balls, see us niggas takin two
pulls and pass
nigga watch your back once you talk out your ass
I pack a .380 in my stash for protection
family deranged, the world is acting crazed
I never thought I'd make it, it was hectic when I
scrambled
on point like a knife I'm living life as a gamble
living in the rotten apple, yo where every corner is
rotten
to all my niggas rest in peace, see you gone but not
forgotten
now my main wifey, dead as shady chicks,
official Lost Boyz since the year of '86
and fuck these crooked niggas I could kill 'em with a
passion
at times I feel like slashing in Jamaican Queens fashion
you think you can fuck around, but kid you just thinking
it's over when I'm sober, imagine when I'm drinking
without blinking man, I'll tear your crew like pages
I rip you from the backyard, and (?) in stages

(A+)

A plus the lyrically superb one, spittin rhymes
from the top of the tongue to burn ya ear drums
rotten shit, make the opposite team call time out
knockin niggas three times my size out
the crowd loves me, so when I ain't around they ask for
me
I buckle up to kick rap like a crash dummy
for the fast money, I get up in that ass money
the fact you tryin' to test me kinda bugs me
I leave crews fed up, like handicap niggas tryin' to get
up
emcees get wet up with lyrical gun pellets,
I blow up the spot when it's time to rock
I speak out - my voicebox peak out at a hundred watts
who wanna cipher, I get dumb
word to my mother, the Father, the Holy Ghost and Rev
Run
when the Source set it down, I'm inna service

to cop the kind of verses that average emcees will
worship

(Redman)

My style is milk of magnesia, clutch the 5-speed and
bust
the more the merrier, secure the area, my la familia
is ultimate superior we don't jack cars
we jack for aircraft carriers
I bounce like trampolines, when I be blowing the fiends
to pieces
hymn em like sewing machines and Jesus
when the shadows of the barrel pointing out my boy'
Camarro
I get punished like pharaoh for splittin'
You're better off singing Christmas carols for
Christmas
because I'm on point like bow and arrow equipment
the president of chicken head conventions
I give you a deluxe Ku Klux lynchin'
I got a headache from the stress, success, not wearing
a vest
511 for being dirty, quarts of 9-30
yo, Mr.Cheeks, I made this bitch call police
she tried swallowing a nine piece
forgot the warranty on false teeth
I return like Makaveli on 18 inch Pirelli's
assault and battery like my palm says Eveready
sharp as machetes
matter of fact I slap the cardiac (?)

(Canibus)

Canibus brings the sickest drama
fierce enough to pierce the thickest armor
I smack bitches who try to suck dick through the
condom
playing with the mic is something I won't do
my only concern when I approach you, is to roast you
I smoke you and whoever you standing close to
and make every man in your crew deny that he knows
you
defeating niggas like Segal, Steven
putting Emcees in positions to prevent them from
breathin'
I'll make you question any and everything you've ever
believed in
by peeping your deepest secrets like psychic readers
what's the matter with ya'll, I splatter ya'll
against the muthafuckin wall with these raw lyrics I
catapult
none of ya'll got the balls big enough to battle

I go On & On like Erykah Badu
a hundred times nicer than the best is
twice as African as KRS is, who wanna test this?
fuck y'all you don't impress me and no one can test me
an emcee so ill, I got AIDS scared to catch me
all that shit you poppin' will stop, when I put you in a
headlock,
and apply pressure until I crush your muthafuckin
noggin
I grab mics and push niggas to the left
so fast their hearts end up on the right side of their
chests
my hypothesis, is that nobody can see this
lyrical genius, i got it sown like a seamstress
but if you want to battle, I'm down
if you got nine lives, I'll take eight of them off your
hands right now
step up and get your neck cut from ear to ear
if you survive then you can cover up your scar with a
beard
I'm the illest from Queens to the new Jerusalem
briddicks
anyone who ain't feeling my shiddit can suck my
diddick
you need to quit it, if you ain't spittin'
more than 50 bars per minute cause you ain't in lyrical
fitness
kickin' boring raps with metaphors that's wack
all of ya'll muthafuckas need Nordictrack
to get ya weight up, fuckin with Canibus you get ate up
beat down and sprayed up, just for bringing my name
up
been rockin' longer than niggas twice my age
back in the days before Bob Marley was rockin' a fade
before Honest Abe signed the paper that freed slaves
before Neanderthals was drawing on walls in caves
I existed, in the garden of Eden gettin' lifted
stickin' dick to Eve before she was Adam's mistress
before Christ created Christmas, I been in lyrical
fitness
the Canibus is spittin' til' he's spitless
50 bars of total sickness, you won't forget this
I'm puttin' every wack emcee alive on my shit list
verbally vicious, telekinetically gifted
took you a minute to exhibit that I'm sick wit it
now you tell me who you think is damaging shit
going once, going twice
sold! to that nigga name Canibus
me and Mr.Cheeks, A-Plus, and Funk Doctor
hopping out the Huey helicopter to suey chop ya.

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