

Canibus "Chaos"

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Yo yo yo, now ain't nobody fuckin' wit' the mastermind
I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified
Nicola Tesla an', Jon Von Neuman
All wrapped up in the body in one human

I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest
I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris
When it comes to rappin', I'll smash your ass
Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon

I'll smack you wit' a backhand
That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin' at
your catscan
In between albums, I've become a masked man like
Batman
And stalk my own rap fans

I'm like a madman fightin' a war
Throwin' lightning rods, swingin' lightning swords
Blow you away wit' a force that'll leave your body lost
Gone, nothin' to mourn, nothin' to do a autopsy on

I rock till I can't rock no more
Till I can't get no mothafuckin' props no more
Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour
Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more

I'm a dragon wit' the head of a lion, jaws be like saws
grindin'
Claws rip through walls of cast iron
I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start
shootin'
I clap iron like Duke Nukeum

Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped
Flatter than a compact disc wit' black Timbs
Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim
Flatter than the knife j**** stabbed un wit'

If you the first nigga that laugh, I'll blow you in half
The first nigga to talk trash, I'ma blow you in half
The first nigga to show your ass, I'll blow you in half

The first time'll be your last, 'cuz I'ma blow you in half

Yo check it, I destroy your whole city block when I'm
ready to rock

Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not
Magnetically energy poppin' gates of radio waves
Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape

Manipulatin' space in large proportions
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin'
About shit like supernatural forces
Gnomes and theories and superstring theories

Most of you mothafuckers barely
Even understand the English language, much less
think clearly
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell
Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt

I researched my roots, lookin' for proof
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths
The aftermath of a nuclear blast
When the average death sentence becomes a dead
paragraph

I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass
Reach your Epitah and bury your ass
As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on Karaoke

If you the first nigga that laugh, I'll blow you in half
The first nigga to talk trash, I'ma blow you in half
The first nigga to show your ass, I'll blow you in half
The first time'll be your last, 'cuz I'ma blow you in half

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