

Canibus

"Hot 97 "Release Day" Part I"

Visit "[Hot 97 "Release Day" Part I](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'll cut thru your epidermal layers with verbal lasers
Sharper than razors on the feet of olympic ice skaters
Carvin figure 8's in the pavement
Judges will smile wit amazement till they facial muscles
start achin
The most dedicated hip hop lyrical patron
Bussin on Hot 97's frequency modulation
Make sure your Monday Night Mixtapes is tapin
Clueminnati controls the airwaves like free masons
Thought I couldn't freestyle?, you must be freebasin
After this album, tell UNIVERSAL I'm a free agent
I might move to Japan and marry me a Asian
Or move back to Jamaica and start DJ'in
(Speaking Jamaican) Prendominum 1, Prendominum 2,
Prendominum 3
Or I might just stay in New York and murder MC's
I intertwine with rhymes like
Two girls livin together havin they menstrual cycles at
the same time, like
I'll kick a rhyme that'll melt the earth
And ask you in the afterlife if you felt the verse
Sippin on sizzurp, tryin to stay alert, belch and burp
I know I'm the illest, I don't know if it
helps or hurts
Nobody can copy me, I got a doctors degree in botany
That's why I can grow my marijuana properly
Listen to my voice New York, listen deeply
You are getting sleepy
On July 18th, You're gonna get up, go to the record
store and you're gonna buy 2000 BC
Listen to my voice, please listen deeply
You are getting sleepy
On July 18th, you're gonna get up, go to the record
store and you're gonna buy 2000 BC
I breathe in real deep, thru the nostrils
Charge my lungs like a CO2 cartridge
Soon as the air is released the rhyme launches
Hit you like a Shoemaker Levy 9 comet, WHAT!
CaN I BUS will buss your ass
Strike a match against ya mustache, light my spliff and
laugh

Take two totes and pass
Wait till my lyrics reach a critical mass to whip the
GOATS ass
I speak with the silence syntax of insects
Humaneers are in-equipped to hear my E.L.F./
Extremely Low Frequencies to frequently flow
Type my rhymes out in morse code with pinky toes
Bury your body underneath stones, where algae grows
Underneath oak trees guarded by 13 flows
CAN i BUS will buss a flow, buss my load
Buss all over your radio, I'll buss down your throat
I'll buss like Busta Buss be bussin for Flipmode
And keep bussin till you can't see cuz the gun smoke
Like them active volcanos, mad cuz they ain't blow
Searchin for that pot of gold under the rainbow
Or searchin for that big pot of platinum
Down at the bottom of the North Atlantic with the Titanic
captain/
I been rappin since rap happened
My passion goes way beyond drinkin Don P. outta
crystal glasses.....

Yo, Yo, Check it, Yo, Yo , Yo , Yo , Yo
So everyday from Sunday, Monday, thru Friday
We can battle in 5 o'clock traffic on westside highway
If they can see it live, WHY PAY??, I'll slay you in broad
day
So stop bein cocky and try me
I'll be downstairs in Hot 97's lobby
In about 5 minutes if you think you can out rhyme me
To the Ghetto Superstar who plays the guitar
That got lucky off Salaam Remi's track Fu-Gee-La....
Trust me nigga, every dog has his day
I'll chop off ya dreds and auction em' on E-BAY/
So yo, forget the he say, she say
Rumors are cliché, I'm just here to talk about my
release date
July 18th, I gotta be honest 12 o'clock in the mornin
You should be standin in line for it
2000 BC, comin out tomorrow
My album is ill you can ask CLUE and DURO
Ask anybody you see in the 5 borough's
Even niggaz that bootleg said my shit is thorough
Listen it's not like I'm wack, It's
not like I can't rap
Its not like I'm not black so cop that
Believe that, you just witnessed the sickest MC rap
A hundred bars no Feedback, Peace Black.....

