

## **Kilo**

### **"2000 B.C"**

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[Verse 1: 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

[Chorus: Canibus] + (Killah Priest)

It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you (should  
have never 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 (should  
have never 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!!

[Verse 2: Killah Priest]

Thieves in the temple, a priest murdered at the  
doorstep  
He heard the hounds of horses, surround his fortress  
Look down, the whole town with torches  
Blood on the door knock where our lord slept  
Night before the see-er saw it, so they slept nautious

Broken windows with canisters, hidden cameras  
Masked man at the top of the bannister  
Shattered glass everywhere, someone pushed his man  
down the stairs  
A knife in the back with a note attached, read 'Beware'  
Looked up, saw a blowin curtain, a open window  
and heard the whistle of the soft air, someone  
screamin 'warfare'  
So Solomon takes cover, a servant yells out 'the bitch is  
cursed  
don't touch her', but he trusts her, he also loves her  
Cause her to hold the sharing, his bright morning star  
His lil' way out the valley, a spy cut her throat inside a  
dark alley  
Someone knocked his daughter off a balcony,  
bloodshed in Galilea  
The cowardly flee to the hills of Cabrera  
Thieves of a hundred gates, the queen of cities  
No one shows pity, flyin spirits, floatin demons, fallen  
saints  
Soldiers walkin by their ranks, service of the East gate,  
scared to drink  
What would our leaders think? Every man lookin at  
each other, scared to blink  
The seed inside the sanctuary, scary  
Portraits of Saint Mary, with Mona Lisa  
The Queen of Cheeba, strokin a cheetah  
Other mid-wives sayin 'I don't like the way he treats her'  
Pass the reefer, bass cheeba, Solomon judge wisely  
Wisdom spoken of highly, hair knotty, ask God 'Why  
me?'

[Chorus: Canibus]

[Verse 3: Ras Kass]

I'm live evil, I know live people  
Anxious to bang ya wit heavy metal like Magneto  
Now who really on some gangsta shit?  
Not every nigga with a stomach tattoo, bandana and a  
click homey  
You ain't dope just cuz ya sniff it, I lace ya blunt with it  
That just makes ya a wack rapper and a drug addict,  
get it  
These niggaz rhyme like they AK spray shit  
Sell a ki of yay shit, gotta ride, homicide, every single  
day shit  
Get smacked in the streets by some real nigga who  
don't play shit  
Hit the pavement screaming it's just entertainment  
And that ain't it, life sucks like pedagation  
My obligation, expose all ya funny bunnies

Rappers actin slash fudge packin for the money  
Cuz next week if the new fad was hip hop fags  
You'll find a lot of these thug niggaz in drag

[Verse 4: Kurupt]

I'm ghetto symatic, automatic static  
Catatonic, supersonic, ebonic chronic addict  
Astronomical when the thunder dome sinner  
In the depths of the dungeon  
Dangerous, disasterly  
Catastrophes, metamorphis into a pit  
To run and die, cracking the bricks on the walls  
Camoflaug on the side of the lodge  
Bout to put something up in the garage  
Its time for World War 3 mufucka!  
You know me Young Gotti mufucka!  
I holds the microphone like a grudge  
In a 'llac laid back so back the fuck up  
Dis might give you a heart attack  
It's real simple can't get more simple than that (than  
that, than that)

[Chorus]

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