

## Vi-3

### "Freestyle"

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Lyrically I'm bananas  
My tongue moves like Hindu belly dancers performing  
tantra  
I blur your vision like slow-setter speeds on a camera  
And get up in that \*ass\* like colon-cancer  
Brain cells hand-picked  
organically enhanced with third millenium medical  
standards  
My DNA was tampered with  
By genetic engineers with scholarship grants that  
studied at Stanford  
Canibus too adavanced for this  
I turn spit to gas vapor than back to spit  
Your style is one-quarter bull, one-quarter horse \*shit\*  
One-quarter garbage and one-quarter awkward  
Make you nauseous till you vomit  
Like the backwards Pharcyde video going forwards  
As I drink the blood of a thousand mcs  
I can tell by the taste of the pulp if they was hand-  
squeezed  
This is Transylvania vampire-mania  
You should be afraid of my fangs in your neck drainin'  
ya  
I was made to buss, made to crush  
any mic I touch just disintegrates into dust  
I've been watchin rap city since it had the first mayor  
Secen years back when D.C. was swarming with  
secaters  
Before Big Lez before Joe Clare  
Before Steph Lover and before anybody in here  
See I been there done that  
But you see the problem was I had to double back  
cause the first album was  
wack  
A little short coming less than what the fans wanted  
Now I'm back bussin'  
My new album is disgusting  
Bumrushin the basement with rhymes blazin in the  
booth  
forget the pool table and the Playstation  
Im too busy tryin' to concentrate

Grab you by the face and lay hands on you like Mase  
'Cause when the saints come marchin' in  
He'll be flossin in the clothes he bought with the money  
from the offering  
Then it's Jim Baker all over again  
Till he's back in the studio recordin' again  
The Source gave me three and half mics  
I should take three and half lifes from the staff for  
hiring that asswipe  
Irv Gotti represented real well  
The rest of y'all act like you scared of the double L  
\*(Jamaican Accent)\* But it's alright, you can't stop  
Rastafari  
It's a part of my life ??? mics see \*(End accent)\*  
\*Niggas\* don't mine  
I rhyme all night  
We run out of time tell the label to cancel my flight  
'Cause Ima stay right here and flow  
Tell hits from the street I'm about to jack a whole hour  
from his show  
Show you how I get down when I'm freestylin'  
Smack Tavey Smiley and tell him to stop smilin'  
Make the whole wake up show throw they hands up  
When they listenin' to Can-I-Bus  
It's 2000 B.C., July 18th  
The illest emcee puttin it down on.....Cali!

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