

Canibus F/ Panama P.I.

"Doomsday News"

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Yo, yo..
If I had half as many bars in gold
as I had in lyrics when I flowed
I'd be the richest man on the globe
Niggaz wanna know is Canibus gold?
That's a stupid-ass question motherfucker, is Canada
cold?
Bout a thousand degrees lower than liquid nitro is
Five thousand degrees hotter than flame throwers
I reflect light, bounce off walls and wreck mics
Disconnect your windpipe by cuttin your neck with a
knife
Rip through, everything from tissues to blood vessels
My ninjitsu, kill you with the art of Tenchu
I zig zag, zig crushin a kid
With G-forces violent enough to crush your ribs
like pilots that fly Russian MIG
Comin to punish you pigs
Give a fuck who you is; nigga, Canibus in ya biz
From the lowest point in the planet to Mt. Everest
I kick the illest shit, spray-paintin my name across the
pyramids
The rap terrorist, Professor Emeritus
Fuck forbidden fruit I was eating pussy in Genesis

Chorus: Panama P.I.

What you got niggaz that's ready to brawl?
I'll give you the phone card and the celly to make a call
What the fuck y'all bitch niggaz actin like y'all tuff for?
We'll stuff y'all, uppercut y'all, confront y'all
On stage we break arms, legs, backs and jaws
Enough damage to cancel your tour (Fuck y'all!)

[Canibus]

Now I said it once and I'll say it a thousand times
I got thousands of rhymes, the rechargeable alkaline
kind
You wanna a piece of mind? Fine, we can take it
outside
Otherwise you're wastin your time, cause I'ma shine

for the one-triple-9, niggaz gamblin damage they eyes
Goin blind, tryin to keep up with these lyrical lines
The type of nigga you can't flow behind without a dope
rhyme

You fuck around and get clotheslined til you nosedive
We can rhyme fair and square or fair in the sphere
Anyplace, anywhere, you niggaz don't have a prayer
Cause doomsday is near, faggot niggaz is scared
They stand and stare as I appear upon a cushion of air
With a long white beard flamin, hot enough to sunburn
Satan

Hotter than white people takin vacation
out in Jamaica out in the sun bathin;
sun bakin in gamma ray radiation
til they skin color look cajun
Motherfuckers start agin to the point
where they faces shrivel up like raisins
and they become cancer patients

Chorus

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo.. I manipulate the metaphysical
power to hold my breath for half an hour
Continuously breathin outward; you ain't an MC you a
coward

I make wack rappers lose control of they bladders
and piss in they trousers
Pink pussy possum niggaz play dead
While my heat waves hit, and verbal x-rays evaporate
shit

Water molecules get transformed to vapors
My lyrics turn the Pacific into a dry lakebed
Electromagnetic cassettes melt tape decks
Niggaz battle in space; tryin to hold it down
but they can't cause they weightless
Amateur swordsmen gets stabbed through they face
mask

trying to escape death
A world where the whole globe will contract Ebola
from drinkin spring water darker than Coca-Cola
Human with AIDS, computers with Y2K
I rock rhymes counter-clockwise until doomsday

Fuck y'all, fuck y'all, fuck y'all

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