

Canibus & Phoenix Orion

"Don't Hurt Nobody"

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Put up your fists, roll the dice like this {*2X*}

[Chorus]

We came to party
We don't wanna have to hurt nobody-body
My clique is sick, real soldiers dog
H.T.R. hold me down, I'ma ride for y'all

[Phoenix Orion]

Your boy PXO got a twisted flow
Son I'm sicker than them whiteboys on the Jackass
show
Y'all been hatin on my flow since I came to the do'
Hip-Hop been waitin on me, that's why the game didn't
grow
Head Trauma, we psycho man
Every nigga in my clique sick with his hands
You don't wanna start no shit with my clan
I'll body bag you UP, that's whassup
I'm from Marcy nigga, never forget that
I'ma flamethrower, if Jigga is the Hova
Then fuck it I'm Noah, run for cover the liquid flower
Red Rover, Red Rover, send your best rapper over

[Chorus]

[Phoenix Orion]

Your boy PXO got a twisted flow
I had to say it once slow just in case you slow
Last Dragon dog, I got the glow
Sho' nuff, I'ma make the crowd say ho
Got tricks like Morpheus, Neo
Make tricks octaves pitch fast or rap slow
Move your hips girl, drop your ass to the flo'
I got purple and hydro, you got two hands to grow
I'ma hit the bar up, put some Henny in your cup
with the Hypno, girl you incredible, sexy
Two-way text me on the Blackberry
When you want me to come with whipped cream and a
cherry

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I barely pulled the pants off my ass, nobody shit that fast

It's nice to me to shit back with class

I dumped on dog leg, now they all dead

Autopsy report read they ate warm led

Beef jerky and cornbread with warm veg'

I touched Jesus forehead, the fetus was born dead

Slept with chains on, rapped throug jail bars

Fuck mail call, I'm a runaway rail car

Fail with flying colors, prevail with dying numbers

Swerve like a motherfucker when I drive the Hummer

The Commander-in-Chief came over for the weekend

Told him not to bring those Boca Raton rejects

He asked me if I spoke to Professor Bries yet

Negative, handed him the keys and the address

Nobody ever met with Bries in the flesh

But we ain't got much time, the world is at risk

The bi-polar rhyme promoter, ill shit

Bill fished in Key Largo four times this summer

Head Trauma patient, my brain popped out of placement

I awaken, after sleep deprivation

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Put up your fists, roll the dice like this {*4X*}

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