

Canibus & Phoenix Orion

"Majestic Mic Masters"

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Yea!, yea!

[Chorus: Canibus]

The +Majestic Mic Masters+ with a jar of Anti-matter
Cloak-N-Dagga
There the van goes with two stolen Van Gogh's
Dagga-N-Cloak

The +Majestic Mic Masters+ with a jar of Anti-matter
Cloak-N-Dagga
There the van goes with two stolen Van Gogh's
Dagga-N-Cloak, they know!

[Verse One: Canibus]

Ayo, Butane Germaine, Hussein's my new name
Head Trauma Records produce the blue flame
Let's play, my ink pen spray what Sean Penn say
After the picture is drawn, I yawn then lay
Enter the quiet zone, harps and xylophones
Provide the tone, pass me the microphone
Flow natural, walk over to control panel
Highlight the mode of attack, select battle
Directives deviated, everything's recreated
Be creative, step inside my MC simulator
Slowly pull the wool from over your eyes
As troops mobilize to recover stolen rhymes
You push, I pull; you drive, I ride
You buy what I supply, shut the fuck up and drive
Dragon fly aerial view, wind speed less than two
Lieutenant Manchu, the best in my crew
Mandarin too, arguin' with Aryan Zeus
But the truth is, he mad 'cause I married a gook
But she know, when I lock and load my cock grows
I burn the block down, get the cops on the phone
Don't look for contact, contact finds you
We walk up behind you while you listen to iTunes

[Chorus: Canibus] X2

[Verse Two: Phoenix Orion]

Ayo, I'm lyrically lethal

My Sifu, taught me how to spit C-4
Initiate the death flow
The ?Dan Mak?, Tai Warrior Ong Bak
Brooklyn to Vietnam, hold me down on the block
To warn his block, crooked ass cops, psych you out with
the phych-ops
Third eye bigger then Cyclops
Return the planet rock, 0700 hours on the dot
We stopped the plot to ban hip-hop
Marshall law got every city block on lock
Snipers on top of the buildings scopin' out the ghetto
children
Five 5 percenters, in the cipher building
'85ers still long for the return of Stigmata
The father, the son, the holy spirit, you hear it, you feel
it
Possessin' my lyrics, ancient spirits from the pyramids
We spit graffiti hieroglyphics, terrific
Audio graphic cybernetic pictures direct from the flame
scriptures
Rip your flesh from your bones, body bag them on the
microphone
Gamma Omega delta drop zone
Don't test it until we bless it with the Masonic message
The +Majestic Mic Masters+, Sith Lord Assassins
Trained in the black arts, I spit a poison dart in your
heart
Hannibal Lector let you tear your body apart
Stand parallel, I parasail down the carousel
Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu, I do this well
Front sword, hand stand, I landed on the back of the
van
I made the driver crash into a trash can
Before we exchange blows, Cloak bring with the scope
Spitters not, but with the Hindu red dot
Cleanin' the soap, the jar of Anti-matter was stuck in his
coat
I bagged the two Van Gogh's, then repelled up a light
pole
Black Kobra commander, Rambo Commando, platoon
Walk up under Jacob's Ladder, you're doomed
Blood spilled; you get served for meal, on Hamburger
Hill
My squad's been ready to die, but now they're ready to
kill
My soldier's are ill, swallow six caiyan pill
March from Brooklyn to Brownsville, to buck you with
the hot steel
What the deal?, C & D, we birth worth a mil
Penetrate your force field, Wesley Snipe you with the
raw skill

I fuckin' wipe you outta this planet, fo' real
C & D, soared the shield, hip-hop prophecy fullfield

[Chorus: Canibus] X2

[Verse Three: Canibus]

Yo, the gifted God, sick with the bars
My spit's like the world's biggest liquid bomb
welcome to the nation of Bislam dot com
Stop storms from spinnin' with fists and arms
A beast on the mic, nowadays I chill
Anywhere rap exists, they praise my skill
All by myself I buckled the whole asteroid belt
I laugh when they ask for my help
Capture more souls than Hell's Gate border patrol
Exported the flow, imported some hoes
Better respect the verbose vet, Yermo's best
Germanicus left and came back with Merlot breath
The robomech, turbo tech with a Werewolf chest
Servos turn both my wrists
Mic Masters with a recipe for the Anti-matter
You don't wanna fuck around with cloak or Dagga

"They all have specific sonograms, voice prints"

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