

Canibus & Phoenix Orion

"Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu"

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[Canibus]

Yeah, Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu
Comin to get'chu
G-G-G-G-Giu spit some lyrical shit at you
Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu, left hand pin you to the wall
While the right hand lift spoon and sip soup
Bones levitate, I meditate, strong as a ape
Slim as a snake, whatever it takes
Yo I went to the morgue to identify the body of rap
Decomposed and entirely whack
I'm the reason every rapper in the world still breathin
More blood for the machine, bring the next team in
Brrrap, spit a verse like a five shot burst
Actin like you not hurt, make your injury worse
Y'all niggaz look rich, put your money in the square
I'ma take you on a walk through the metaphor fair,
yeah

[Chorus]

In the motorpool, odors and fumes
Soldiers in rooms, you notice them, they notice you too
Park my Strike on the street, open the hatch
and stand on the seat and catch a RPG with my teeth
They used to call me Gunny on 1-3
I don't give a fuck G, the Mark 19 got one speed
Put your H3 HumVee in the junk heap
The 25 mic might make things ugly

[Canibus]

The junkyard dawg, drunk on tour
With biochemical scars, left on my arms
The wanderer, conqueror, turned absconder
And record labels don't sponsor that kind of monster
Spit so nice, my own lips slice
Come get me a knife, my infrared sight split rights
Got you in a tight squeeze, coughin up like cream
Like Chinese refugees with white knees
Overseas I was Santa Claus, in camoflauge
With a Mark 19 on my left handlebar
Memorize the landmarks, close to the airport
Can't stay here and talk, safety is a rare thought

Wanna say fuck this, too late to just quit
Slugs hit, different type of blood gets published
Wifey complainin cause I'm home on crutches
I complain back because there's no more dutches,
yeah

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Readily the one repeat, read one copy
Get somebody down here, Canibus is bein cocky
Back from the ash in the flesh again
I'ma keep gettin in like Mexicans
With big breasts, estrogen, watch who you questionin
You got them girls I requested men?
Low key I'm so lonely, nobody knows me
I move like molecules do but more slowly
People get close to me but only to quote me
Lyrically I feel like the whole world owes me
A thousand years old in dog years, I'm on a lawn chair
My pages dog-eared, I belong here

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yeah, the junkyard dawg
Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu
With biochemical scars left on my arms
The wanderer, conqueror, turned absconder
Def Con Zero over, Head Trauma

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