

## **Canibus f/ Hamza**

### **"Punch Lines"**

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[Hamza]

Canibus, Hamza!  
Follow us into a new era  
Where lyrical content is a MUST!

[Chorus: Hamza]

We cut microphones like, gangsters holdin chrome  
Like, Toto you far from home  
Like, words spoken wrong will never help you reach  
excellence  
Stop bitin like you got a speech impediment  
When will you learn?  
Whack lyrics and a hot beat makes your song irrelevant  
This is not a movie  
I'm a poet so it takes more than punchlines to move me

[Canibus]

Can-I-Bus, your favorite rap star on ice  
What I talk on the mic make them call on Christ  
As far as the eye can see, gaze out into the wide sea  
Look for the island, the island is me  
I heard Fat Joe said, I was over in Iraq  
He said I was a soldier in lyrical combat  
Other people slandered my name but I dodged that  
They don't see the missing pieces my thesis provides  
rap  
Under the influence, bang 'Bis music in a Bonneville  
Buick  
I see your face, I'ma crash into it  
Lyrically I kick ass, if you don't wanna know don't ask  
I might do it pro bono for no cash  
The two-handed choke from the hope  
turn your brain and skull to sand and salt, sprinkle you  
on the floor  
I didn't wanna rap like that, but I had to  
Cause that's what my master would do if he was asked  
to  
The perfect music machine, mechanical being  
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever  
seen  
I did, I do, I does, I am, I will be, I was

The same nigga you love

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, I hope they film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze  
you  
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you  
Somebody gon' grab you - try to escape  
Hold you down while I perform {?} on your face  
Why you sound like that, why you tear the mic down like  
that  
Why you sound so intense when you rap  
The airborne attack you can't call off  
Breathe exhaust like a horse or a supercharged  
Mustang Ford  
Drugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to  
die  
They push me harder cause they want me to try  
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech  
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet  
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the streets  
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weak  
People layin on the concrete, exhausted from heat  
Watchin John Kerry spit over the mic with more beats  
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast  
I almost, was in control of all coasts...

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I get advanced rhymes to quote, they all dope  
Tote a lyrical landslide, give me all votes  
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be  
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin  
to me  
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV  
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free  
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is  
cuffed  
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff  
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna participate  
But they tryin to hold me back, a black ball number  
eight  
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate  
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate  
Jesus Christ! My name should be He-Bus Mic  
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight  
But I don't know if I'm right no more  
But I don't know if I'm right no more

[Chorus]

{\*shotgun blast\*}

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