

Canibus F/ Journalist

"Life Liquid"

Visit "[Life Liquid](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

11bc

(Blood spillin in the streets!) The what?

(Blood spillin in the streets!)

(Blood spillin in the streets!) The what?

(Blood spillin in the streets!)

[Journalist]

Uhh, yo, yo, ayyo

Aiyyo wit two precise niggaz, holdin the right biscuits

There'll be a lot of cats leakin out they life liquid

Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures

when we throw two in yo' ass while you huggin on your mistress

From Philly, where cats quick to mute you at

Cuckoo cats, twist back your FUBU cap

Crucial black - two chicks to screw you at

Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at

While you checkin on your pagers, weapons in your faces

Shot blazin, cops section off the pavement

Hoppin out with gauges, prepare for the occasion

We throw about eight in, the house that you was raised in

Mouthin off fakin'll make you a loud patient

Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin

And while your brain's achin I'ma have your dame slavin

Cocaine and apron, over a flame bakin

Chorus: Journalist + Canibus

[J] Niggaz take it for granted -

until they layin dead on the granite

[C] Innocent bystanders get shot by standin

[J] Y'all better duck when you hear the cannon

[Both] or y'all be checkin for leaks -

Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the streets

[J] Niggaz take it for granted -

until they layin dead on the granite

[C] Innocent bystanders get shot by standin

[J] Y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon

now you layin deceased

[Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the streets

[Canibus]

Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya

Cause this is the season of the infrared laser

And since I got time, what I'm gonna do

is show you how you can get spotted by one too

Cause I don't give a fuck, I just cock back and bust

With more arms than an octopus, as if one gun wasn't enough

I fuck around and pull eight out

Blast your face off or blow your brains out

Nigga, I'll leave you laid out

Then I pull the gat in my waist out

Put it in your mouth

and keep squeezin til the whole clip is sprayed out

Take the gun in my ankle brace out; shoot you in the stomach

till I see the last meal you ate drain out

Your face look spaced out, I gut you like a trout

Scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out

Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of Windex

Bullets buzzin by your head like insects

From your head to your mid-sec'

And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet

Your masculinity is questionable, you probably a homosexual

Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you

You probably look at grapes and see testicles

You probably fantasize about vegetables

like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you

And you probably let gerbels crawl up your rectum too

Shame on you; I (*defecate*) on you

and simultaneously (*urinate*) on you

and pour some acid rain on you

I stop your heartbeat with heat

You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

Chorus

[C] Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?

[J] Old school burners with

barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit

What you holdin Canibus?

[Canibus]

30 bullet banana clips

Just to handle the kick I gotta glue it to my hands and
shit
We got permits to murder shit
We critically injure niggaz who deserve the shit
Put em in a tournaquet

[Journalist]

Bomb proof Suburbans with tractor-tread tires
so we can ride through the dirt with it (drive over curbs
with it)
Merc in it, even over slippery surfaces we can swerve in
it
(And crash into niggaz who don't deserve they shit)
Try stoppin the dudes, you gotta be bruised
Cockin the tools that knock you out your socks and your
shoes

[Canibus]

We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin
Look how much life liquid you losin
You need a blood transfusion

[Journalist]

In the back of a medic truck, shots in your neck and gut
while we holdin our weapons up, I'm still reppin' Philly -
what?

(Blood spillin in the streets!) The what?
(Blood spillin in the streets!)
(Blood spillin in the streets!) The what?
(Blood spillin in the streets!)

Chorus

.. The what? .. The what? ..

Visit [Canibus F/ Journalist](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.