

## Canibus f/ K-Solo

### "There Has He Been"

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[Intro]

Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management

+Javelin Fangz+

WolfGang, sharp fangz

Yea

[Canibus]

The vocalist with osmosis spit

Canibus on some robust robot shit

You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit

950 more bars just to talk to the kid

They just rappers I'm a cloud of galactic matter comin'  
at ya

Like radar or race car spelt backwards

The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics

Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish

The magnetic patient will record the same thing

While erasin' the lost dynasty of Beijing

Spittin' rhymes 'cause significant mission lapse time

You'll be fine, don't rewind; move onto the next line

Three bogies ten O'clock high, I die if I do not try

Ostriches are not supposed to fly

Fighter pilots with not eyelids

Did you see what I just did?

Hydraulic pressure gettin' as high as a bitch

Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in

The evil bald Eagle strike you again

Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven

My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan

I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves

As Earth travels through the gravity belt

And I can offer you no help

The Period of Purification can be described to  
somethin' you call Hell

Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down to W-E-L-L

WolfGang

[K-Solo]

Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass

Send your career on a collision course; then you'll  
crash

I'ma laugh mothafucker, its gon' only get worse  
You'll hit a tree and you go flyin' through your window  
headfirst  
Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur  
Get your fuckin' ass kicked, leave with your head hurt  
Beef with me equals dead thugs  
Even when I'm fuckin' sleep, stomp out you bedbugs  
The Hitman buck quick  
One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass  
who suck dick  
Rap too good for the hood, who's the don  
And they said I'd never make it with a help from you  
know who  
But I proved them wrong  
Even without money in my pocket I still move along  
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song  
I was never assed out; my label's the only label  
And the mothafuckin' world is able to take the trash out  
Call me sweet, Big Kevin I fuck a bitch 'til she pass out  
I got hands too when I cum, a lot of niggaz don't wanna  
back out  
Dirty niggaz, they gon' pull a mac out  
'Cause I rap grapple and box, make competition tap out  
I put it down; I cut them down, cut them down  
You know I'm known to shut them down  
Dudes is jokin', I laugh, take cash 'cause they clowns  
If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the  
rounds  
Take them down; I'm the Godfather, Long Island music  
here to take the crown  
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a  
sound  
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town  
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground  
Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now?

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