

Domingo f/ Canibus

"All Clap"

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[Intro - sampled from "Full Metal Jacket"] Gunnery Sergeant Hartman: What's your excuse?? Private Cowboy: Sir! Excuse for what, sir?! Gunnery Sergeant Hartman: I'M asking the fuckin' questions here, Private! Do you understand?! Private Cowboy: Sir, yes sir!! Gunnery Sergeant Hartman: Well, thank you very much, can I be in CHARGE for a while? Private Cowboy: Sir, yes sir!! Gunnery Sergeant Hartman: Are you shook up? Are you nervous?! Private Cowboy: Sir, I am sir!! Gunnery Sergeant Hartman: Do I make you nervous?! [Canibus] The mortarwar holds you down Brown round before battle, get pussy when I get back to town Armadillo skin folds, lock jaw like a pit bull on full moon man switch to wolf (Full Proof!) Verse from Hell to Turnbridge Wells you never seen an MC do it this well Everyday we battle at St. Germaine's Chapel it's practical, I'll smash you and nobody laughs at you the Ripper rips you up, drag you behind the Basilica they find drugs lyrics and blood, I hit you up Lonely heart, vocal throwing dart Oligarch creates art from a upstate New York motor park and won't get off his high horse to come talk unless it's important and it could cause a spark but it's dark so he stays dormant you don't want it, you just act like it your style ain't flawless, you just rap like it I'm level 3A like Curtis Lemay the Blackhawk bird of prey with superb taste I re-inject my blood to give me a buzz then I re-inject the buzz to blow out your earplugs scrub your eardrums, suck the air out of your lungs you combust in a vacuum of solar flare from the sun I walk through a gestalt of thought to the sound of a harp from afar playing the notes I was taught I was caught, sold, shackled, rebought Global mind forced to restart my rhymes skipped forward the HRH of time and space and rhymes through the bars my lines displace concentrate, mitigate concrete debate great how I create what you hired me to make extrapolate update rap at a rapid rate Fans hate it cause I can't practice everyday numismatic treasure chest stashed in the attic spondulix in exchange for the musical magic with 2 tablets placed on the cabinet I wonder who will grab it, If no one does I'll have it both

lobes connected flow been perfected whatever
method, select it, let's spit incredulous lyrics, the
breath of life spreading through the spirit Hip-Hop
never knew what hit it! stubby beard, chubby skin
under the hair I spent my wonder years carrying
nothing but guns and gear with a focused rap flow,
tongue snap like a hybrid bow my quotes end up inside
ya throat respect for Hip-Hop balance the biosphere but
I been there before so why go there? I soar through the
air, my clarity so clear that my Dhali Lama prayer give
me cauliflower ears I been rhyming for years, climbing
the Monastery stairs being involuntarily prepared Spit,
feed the faith, quarry bait with a mixtape the release
date will make you shitfaced I spit till your ears break,
slam on the airbrakes spit smears your face and
restricts you airspace Stereoscopic aerial objects I seen
up close but I ain't got no comment beneath
curvaceous gable and dark thatch You experience the
art called Dark Rap Now you can all clap! (echoes)

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