

Buckingham Palace

Andrew Tosh

[Canibus]Aiyyo I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace
Selling reefer, puffin the chalice with the Beefeaters
Gettin so high that whenever I drop shit
it'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit
Canibus with the hot shit, "Crazy I. Click"
Niggaz is bloody idiots thinkin that they can stop this
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth sixpence
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste
then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face
From Brixton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe
like Joseph Stalin, and murder niggaz for rhymin
Spittin fire, with gasoline for saliva
As drunk as Lady Diana's driver wit reporters behind her
Alcohol in the hands of a minor
I got you panickin like bombs, with 30 second timers
Clear the buildin, evacuate women and children
Fuck what you feelin nigga, I came here to kill em
Straight shittin, from New York to Great Britain
And when we do shows we make the Queen pay admission, what!
Chorus: Canibus (and crowd)
When I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)
Yo, when I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)
[Canibus]Yo.. yo..
Yo prepare for the worst
This next verse is the face of death
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic
With more flavor then Skittles when I'm digitally mastered
I go off like a cannon and blow up the planet
with "No Fear," like them clothes white boys be wearin
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake bites
The marijuana makes my eyes bright red like brake lights
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me feedback
I'm strong, my word is Bond like James
Niggaz be tryin to test, but they 'week' like seven days

MC's run away when I kick it; they act so chicken

they should come with a large drink and a biscuit

My style's radioactive, massive atomic

I plan to push the Earth in front of Halley's Comet

Breakin the +Facts of Life+ down like Tudy, I'm raw like sushi

with more +Vocab+, than three fuckin Fugees

So recognize or be hospitalized

cause lyrically on a scale of one to ten I'm twenty-five

Chorus

[Canibus]Yo, yo, a little bit of weed and some Henessey

got me ready to set it with kinetic energy

See I need much more energy then my enemies

If I wanna make more Bill's then Bellamy

So I could be on MTV

with women constantly tellin me I resemble Billy Dee

I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene

Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green

Then I take the green, buy a automobile machine

for that thing on page 43, in Jet Magazine

Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream

Swingin the guillotine, cause whenever the head is severed

from the human body with a sharp enough weapon

the brain remains conscious for ten seconds

Long enough for me to give you one last message

And when you get to Hell you can tell Lucifer I said it

Don't ever get it confused, fuckin with Canibus

the human Rubix Cube like you got somethin to prove

Yo, whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed

Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew

From Moet bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods

You got a album out, you get hit with your CD too

Runnin outside, cryin, lyin, denyin

that you ain't The Gay Rapper, but you got fucked by him

What's the difference? Y'all niggaz still ain't in lyrical fitness

Too busy mixin your bid'ness with your bitches

While I be in the lab composin forbidden scriptures

So wicked I got, Satan ejaculatin on his fingers

Like Dirk Diggler, in the middle of +Boogie Nights+

Sniffin white, livin the hype, he ruined his life

But I'm a MC of a different type, yeah that's right

Make sure your shit is tight, or I'ma snatch yo' mic, nigga!

Chorus

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