

# Beasts from the East

## Lost Boyz

Yo we come through like balls seem as nigga take two puffs and pass  
Nigga watch your back once you talk out your ass  
I back up three eighty and my stash for protection  
Family is raged the world is acting crazy I never thought I'd make it it was hectic when I scrambled  
On point like a knife I'm taking life as a gamble  
Living in the rotten apple yo where every corner is rotten  
To all my niggas rest in peace to see you gone but not forgotten Now my main wife dead as shaded bricks  
Official lost boyz since the year of '86  
And fuck these crooked niggas I could kill 'em with a passion  
At times I feel like slashing in Jamaican queens fashion You think you can fuck around but kid you're just  
thinking  
It's over when I'm sober imagine when I'm drinking  
Without blinking man I'll tear your crew like pages  
I'll rip you from the backyard park chances stays it A plus the lyrically superb one spittin' rhymes  
From the top of the tongue to burn ya ear drums  
Rotten shit make the opposite team call the time out  
Knockin' niggas three times my size out The crowd loves me so when I ain't around they ask for me  
I buckle up to kick rap like a crash dummy  
For the fast money I get up in that ass money  
The fact you tryin' to test me kinda bugs me I leave crews fed up like handicap niggas tryin' to get up  
Emcees get wet up with lyrical gun pillars  
I blow up the spot when it's time to rock  
I speak out my voice rocks peak out of one hundred watts Who wanna cipher I get dumb  
Word to my Mother the Father the Holy Ghost and rev run  
When the source set it down I'm inner serviced  
To cop the kind of verses that average emcees seem to worship My style is lookin' milking magnesia clutch  
divide speeding bust  
The more the merrier secure the area  
My life familiar is ultimate superior  
We don't don't jack cars we jack for air craft carriers I bounce like trampolines when I be blowing the feces to  
pieces  
Hymn 'em like sewing machines and Jesus  
When the shadows of the barrel pointing out my point camarro  
I get punished like Pharrow for splittin' You're better off singing Christmas carols for Christmas  
Because I'm on point like bow and arrow equipment  
The president of chicken head conventions  
I give you a deluxe Klu Klux legend I got a headache from the stress success not wearing a vest  
Five eleven for being dirty and quarts of nine thirty  
Yo, Mr. Cheeks, I made this bitch call police

She tried swallowing a nine piece  
Forgot the warrantee on false teeth I return like Makaveli on 18 inch Pirelli's  
Assault and battery like my palms was ever ready  
Sharp as machetes matter of fact I slap for cognac Canibus brings the sickest drama  
Fierce enough to pierce the thickest armor  
I smack bitches who try to suck dick through the condom  
Playing with the mic is something I won't do My only concern when I approach you is to roast you  
I smoke you and whoever you standing close to  
And make every man in your crew deny that he knows you defeating Niggas like Segal Steven putting emcees in  
Positions to prevent them from breathing  
I'll make you question any and everything you've ever believed in  
By peeping your deepest secrets like psychic readers What's the matter with y'all I splatter y'all  
Against the mutha fuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapult  
None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle  
I go on and on like Erykah Badu A hundred times nicer than the best is  
Twice as African as KRS is who wanna test this  
Fuck y'all you don't impress me and no one can test me  
An emcee so ill I got aids scared to catch me  
All that shit you poppin' will stop when I put you in a headlock  
And apply pressure until I crush your mutha fuckin' noggin' I grab mics and push niggas to the left  
So fast their hearts end up on the right side of their chests  
My hypothesis is that nobody can see this  
Lyrical genius I got it sown like a seamstress But if you want to battle I'm down  
If you got nine lives I'll take eight of them off your hands right now  
Step up and get your neck cut from ear to ear  
If you survive then you can cover your scar with a beard I'm the illest from queens to the new Jerusalem  
briddicks  
Anyone who ain't feeling my shidit can suck my didick  
You need to quit it, if you ain't spittin'  
More than 50 bars per minute 'cause you ain't in lyrical fitness Kicken boring raps with metaphors that's wack  
All of y'all mutha fuckas need no track  
To get ya weight up fuckin' with Canibus you get ate up  
Beat down and sprayed up just for bringing my name up Been rockin' longer than niggas twice my age  
Back in the days before Bob Marley was rockin' a fade  
Before honest Abe signed the paper that freed slaves  
Before Neanderthals was drawing on walls in caves I existed, in the garden of Eden gettin' lifted  
Stickin' dick to Eve before she was Adams mistress  
Before Christ created Christmas I been in lyrical fitness  
The Canibus is spitten till he's spitless 50 bars of total sickness you won't forget this  
I'm puttin every wack emcee alive on my shit list  
Verbally vicious telekenetically gifted  
Took you a minute to exhibit that I'm sick wit it Now you tell me who you think is damaging shit  
Going once going twice sold to that nigga name Canibus  
Me and Mr. Cheeks a plus and funk doctor  
Hopping out the hue helicopter to suey chop ya Go home in deff squad 907 nigga

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>