

How We Roll

Canibus

I never freestyle for free without chargin' niggaz a fee
It'll cost a brain cell just to cypher with me
I'm the type of MC that rocks for the glory
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me yo can called meFreestyle or written spittin' with infinite ammunition
For anybody tryin' to go the distance
I promise ya no less than a hundred thousand kilometers
My bomb threats'll have you evacuatin' your continentI'm barbaric with the alphanumeric
Hittin' you with lyrics that separates your body from your spirit
This is for wack niggaz doin' shows and shit
'Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin' it
(Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin' it)I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggazWe savages, snatchin' microphones from amateurs
'Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin' it
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you
Into little, powder like crystals, so I can sniff youWhat I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?Comin' afta ya, blastin' ya, with the shotgun
Like a front seat passenger
You must be askin' fa', some sort of a massacre
I'll attack ya cardiovascularShatter you like glass in automobile crashes
When I smash that ass into blackberry molasses
Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it
'Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin' itYou see I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggazSee I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggazI'm the illest lyricist in America
MC's can't see me 'cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to regista
I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves
At a speed that would confuse Keanu ReevesSo ask yourself, who am I?
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fuckin' life
I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme
'Til the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time
Whether they signed or unsigned

Wit many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas
More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus
More lines than a African herd of zebras
Niggaz just ain't fuckin' wit the Cannabis Seteva
This is for all you niggaz doin' shows and shit
'Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin' it
(Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin' it)
See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz
See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced nigga

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