

# The C-quel

## Canibus

[Overlapped lines from songs in the past](OVERLAP 1)  
From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored  
And from my balls in my draws to the floor  
I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War  
So I can start World War 4 and murder us all  
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor  
Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes  
I don't give a fuck who won an award  
On stage tryna' thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword  
Let they blood pour all on the floor  
If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord  
I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board  
Like frozen meat tryna' thaw then bury you under the morge  
Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car  
Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn  
By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond  
By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone  
I'll send ya' to hell where you belong  
  
So by the time ya' body hits the floor  
Ya' spirit won't be in it no more  
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more  
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws  
I got millions of styles and I mastered'em all  
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bullcharge and crash in the wall  
(OVERLAP 2)  
"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"  
"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,  
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"  
"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check  
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"  
"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese  
in fatigues covered with leaves"  
"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"  
conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus""  
"Turn ya' head round gimmie the cheddar,  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"  
"Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me,

an emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"  
(Verse 2)  
Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on  
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long  
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out  
Wack niggas bout to get aired out  
Faggit niggas get they ass teared out  
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out  
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout  
Then bust a shot in the muthafuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out  
A hundred thousand mile warranty  
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally  
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority  
Smacked him in the head for trynna' roar at me  
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty  
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me  
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me  
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery  
Way back before gold-plated male and female  
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback  
I was trynna' blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?  
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back  
"Yea nigga" "What? Yeah nigga take that"  
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped  
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass  
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast  
It's not fun so I don't laugh  
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one  
You know how you be feelin' sad  
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand  
Canibus is unequivocally the illest killin' machine in the industry  
For the 20th century  
Trapped in a max security building  
Sufferin' from a severe illness called brilliance (echoes)

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