2000 B.C. (Before Can-I-Bus)

Canibus

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Yo, my offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad
                       Knock a nigga unconscious and talk shit
                      In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object
                     Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'
                            So in the ring, you cannot win
                The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in
                      With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin
Knock you out like ten shots of vodka and ginThe beautiful blend of power and strength
             From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end
                     I verbally burn a nigga, lyrically hurt a nigga
                Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga, Kennedy curse a nigga
                Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?
         Who can embarrass a man? Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands
                           On candid cam, the Canibus can
        The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a manIt's been a long time
                                (It's been a long time)
                               I shouldn't have left you
                              (I shouldn't have left you)
                           Without a strong rhyme to step to
                                      I told y'all
                                       (C'mon)
                                      I roast y'all
                                       (C'mon)
                                      So come on
                                       Hold on
                            (Hold on)It's been a long time
                                (It's been a long time)
                               I shouldn't have left you
                              (I shouldn't have left you)
                           Without a strong rhyme to step to
                                      I told y'all
                                       (C'mon)
                                      I roast y'all
                                       (C'mon)
                                     So come on
                                       Hold on
                               (Hold on)Yo, I spit for it
                                      (Lie for it)
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Live for it

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(Die for it)
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Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it

I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it

You mad at the last album, I apologize for it

Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it

But this time for 99 I got 5 on itYou should double up and put a dime on it

Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it

I'ma shine on it, watch Flex drop a bomb on it

About ten times on it, watch people call a request line for it

Cypher sounds keep pushin' rewind on it

Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it

12 o'clock in the morning you'll be standin' on line for it

I'm a live poet with a sharp ear and eye for it

'Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on itIt's been a long time

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(C'mon)

So come on

Hold on

(Hold on)Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics

Of a hollow tip at point blank distance

I flip shit when I spit shit, Father forgive bis

I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians

'Coz they sounded like idiots, they went from silver to gold to platinum

After the millennium they'll probably be wearin' iridium

They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd probably cum helium

Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice

Before Christ, before the words let there be light

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And a light took over the night, I was born with a micLord of the mic before all plant and animal life
                                  Took this rap shit to new heights
                               Before the Wright brothers took flight
                                Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes
                          Before MC's picked up pens and started to write
                          Before promotional marketin' and posterlights?
                           The Canibus'll bust up mics, punch out lights
                  Punch out your motherfuckin' eyesight for the title bought fight
                           Ask Top Phife, I snatch the track for half price
                    The Canibus is too nice, gimme that micIt's been a long time
                                       (It's been a long time)
                                      I shouldn't have left you
                                     (I shouldn't have left you)
                                 Without a strong rhyme to step to
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(Hold on)

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