

I'll Bust 'em, You Punish 'em

Canibus

(canibus) yeah, I bust 'em... you punish 'em

(canibus) yeah...let me bust 'em

(rakim) naw, i'ma punish 'em

(canibus) ra, let me bust 'em

(rakim) naw, i'ma punish 'em

(canibus) naw, let me bust 'em

(rakim) naw, i'ma punish 'em

(canibus) come on ra, let me bust 'em

(rakim) yo bis, i'ma punish 'em

(canibus)

Yo, yo...

Out on the battling tip my verbal lateral grip

Keeps my tongue glued to the a-dat when I'm trackin' 'em swift

Let my spit lubricate the chap on my lips

And make you rappers have fits 'cause I'm back in the mix

Forget a pad and a pen, I write rhymes on an ibm

Ebonics is dead, the binary language is in

Canibus practices in a room wit a thousand candles lit

Meditating on this rapping shit

Because my freestyle reigns sovereign

Wit a deeper conscious than the prophet muhammad was born wit

My brain cavity is enormous

My left hemisphere alone harnesses all of the 7 ? ? ? ? ?

While the right one harnesses darkness

The type of dark that makes a house haunted

The type of dark that people get lost in

The type of dark you fear when you're dead in your coffin

I hear you talkin' but I ignore it

Cause you garbage and your rhymes borin'

So keep standin' on the corner,

The thrash-man will collect you in the mornin'

Thug cats frontin'

Wacker than blinky blink

On the back of the wack-ass wagon babblin' about - nothin'

Now that real hood rats could get it on, black

Meet me at the tunnel where pussy cats get robbed at

Rubber faced rappers get stretched like elastic claymation

Characters with verbal vernaculars

Slappin' ya like a white water raft

Or an olympic kayak paddlin' across the - niagara

Fake mcs haul ass like they runnin' track

Where ever canibus or rakim is at

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(rakim)

Be ready and at ya best

The celebrity match of death

Heart snatched through your chest, cardiac arrest

Crack your neck while I break your arms, catch your breath

Then I asked the ref, "how many cats is left? "

One on one, who challenging? come get did

All I have is a pen and punish you kids

Abdomen punctured and look what I did to his wig

Wanna live then I stab 'em in the lung with his rib

Every word I say detach a vertebrae from your spine

Rematch wherever we meet at, any place anytime

Get your snot-box smashed with a 9

Smacked with a rhyme, push your forehead to the back of your mind

Try to explain what it's like seeing your brain

Your insane, soon to be id'ed as remains

Then I reincarnate 'em and kill 'em again

Again and again, again and again

(canibus):

Yo, yo

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