

Mic-nificent

Canibus

Yo, sittin' on chrome, sittin' on low pro 20 inch Firestones
Grippin' the road with the wickedest flow, 'bis is a pro
I zigzag throughout sly loam
Accelerate and decelerate in and out the cones
Poisonous poems travel through Walkman headphones
Into your dome, osteoporosis your bones
Who's the nicest nigga you know in the year two triple-O
Spit turn to icicles in the mid air and slit your throat
Drain your carcass dry rip out your heart bitch
I write rhymes using your blood for my ink cartridges
Paleoanthropologists, polish the bones
Of rapper artist after I dip in my hydrochloric waters
Canibus, with the seams burstin', perfect
Everyday the earth spins I write verses
My soul purpose as a verbalist, is to make my words twist
And connect like letters when they're in cursive
I'll pray on them, I'll spray on them
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning
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Yo, yo, I'm faster than leopards runnin' across the vast desert
In twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen
With thirty minutes to eat 'em, forty minutes to digest 'em
And fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines
So ask yourself a question, can the canibus rhyme?
Is a fuckin' porcupine half swine?
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind my rhymes
Confuse niggas like somebody try to gang-bang
Wearin' a blue shirt and red pants
Throwin' up signs with their left hand

Standin' out on the corner of wetlands
With a confederate flag for a headband
God dam eggplants, niggas gettin' me vexed man

'Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav
And I can't seem to get away from it
I dreamed that I stabbed Leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin'
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried
Nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line
Why the art of emceeing is steady dyin'
That nigga canibus is still in his prime, bust a rhyme
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Club dodge, I wrecked that limelight, cursed that
Envy, I murdered that club Soho, never heard of that
Wetlands, dried it up cheaters, decided to club, fired up
Looking for a chicken to tie up
Club New York, I heard it's hot there beats be rocking there
Too many niggaz be gettin' stabbed and shot there
Speed, I slowed it down the tunnel, they hold it down
Home of the underground, why they always close it down
Century club, the hot shit house of blues, I rocked it
One twelve ATL, that's the dirty south bomb shit
Synagogue, yeah I be there Caribbean city, roll deep there
Lyricist lounge, they be some real emcees there

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