Die Slow

Canibus

Yo
(Die slow)
Yeah
(Die slow)
Ya niggas better
(Die slow)
Uh
(Die slow)All you can do is die slow nigga
(Die slow)
(Die slow)
(Die slow)
(Die slow)
(Die slow)
(Die slow)All you can do is die
(Die slow)
Yeah
(Die slow)
(Die slow)Fuck y'all
(Die slow)
(Die slow)
Die slow nigga
(Die slow)
(Die slow)Yo, you against me, no contest, my tongue hydraulics
Strong enough to flip a '64 Impala with 3 adult passengers
And a 4 hundred pound driver
And drown you in less than an ounce of your own salivaRubber face rappers get, stretched like elastic
Claymation characters wit verbal vernacular
Slappin' ya, like a white water rafter
Or a Olympic kayaked, paddlin' across the NiagaraMy afterburners'll be burnin' you after
Ya' body already been splashed with acid and you turn to ashes
Assassins camouflaged in the grass blastin'
Leavin' blood all over ya' lady like Jackie O'NassisI'll fly ya' body outta Dallas
Perform plastic surgery while we airborne and switch caskets
Then lie to the masses, I'll tell 'em that
You got murdered over some East West beef, between rappersRadio stations'll express their sadness
Play classics back to back and pass out stop the violence pamphlets
Just imagine, every night ya' girls fuckin' ya' best friend
While you in hell throwin' tantrumsI'll be lampin' in a mansion somewhere out in the Hamptons
Givin' some pretty ass bitch a spankin', nigga you can't win

I'm laughin' 'cause you a has been
You'll never get ya' groove backSo don't even bother askin', Angela Bassett
You'll just get ya' ass kicked
Get ya' head chopped off and dropped in a basket
My left arms taken but my right ones free
That means I could diss another muthafuckin' emceeWit rhymes that appear clearer than liquid crystal
My lyrical is more visual than television screen pixels
I fire pistols, hit you wit' miniature missiles
Riddle ya' body wit' holes then watch the blood sprinkleYa probably had no idea what you was gettin' into
On the mic, Can-i-bus is invincible
Fuck you(Die slow)
Hey yo, that nigga got an attitude
(Die slow)
Yeah, he be actin' rude
(Die slow)
And he's always trynna' battle you
(Die slow)
That last album was terrible(Die slow)
When he's on the radio
(Die slow)
He never got a clean mouth
(Die slow)
Yeah, every time he freestyles
(Die slow)
His words be gettin' bleeped out(Die slow)
You got the album?
(Die slow)
Naw, I heard it was weak
(Die slow)
You got the album? I said it was weak
(Die slow)
But the shit don't come out till next week(Die slow)
Hey yo, I like the nigga's beats
(Die slow)
Yo that shit be comin' bugged out
(Die slow)
Hey yo, that nigga Bis dumbs out
(Die slow)
He waited too long to come outTo you bitch niggas who talk alot but walk the block, in halter tops
Left side of ya chest, mark the spot
That's where a nigga put it, when I'm hooded
Then fill you up wit big bullets prepare you for some channel 6 footageKnow what is, me and Bis, runnin' through ya courtyard
Creepin' wit a four-five and reachin' for ya door knob
Throw a gun under ya chin, see how quick your whore rise

One shot could have a short slide, right out the North sideYour whole flow is porkrine, spit the small oints
I'm nasty, but my small joints grip the bar point
Drop on top of the blue line, right beside the red one
Keep the flow fearsome, 'til the day my career doneBring it to ya ass if you the challengin' type
Especially those, surroundin' the mic, sound of the light
To the Journ, y'all ain't no suitable splitters
True to you niggas, lay you out on MD's, recoupin' ya liverShoutin' my name
Ya best to control the noise soldier boy
Or homicide will be all over you poys with Polaroids(Die slow)
Yeah, yo that nigga Journalist gets busy yo
(Die slow)
I heard he's from Philly yo
(Die slow)
I seen him in Bis video
(Die slow)
He's so skinny tho'(Die slow)
Now he's rollin' wit Canibus?
(Die slow)
I don't even understand his shit
(Die slow)
That nigga sounds like an amateur
(Die slow)
Yo, I heard Jay manage him(Die slow)
Yo, he got some heavy gold shit
(Die slow)
Man, that's some old shit
(Die slow)
Yeah yo, the niggas that he roll wit'
(Die slow)
Probably let 'em hold it(Die slow)
He got alotta Benji's
(Die slow)
No he don't
(Die slow)
Every time, when I see him in the back of the source
(Die slow)
He looks [Incomprehensible]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/