

# Chaos

## Canibus

Yo yo yo, now ain't nobody fuckin' wit' the mastermind  
I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified  
Nicola Tesla an', Jon Von Neuman  
All wrapped up in the body in one human I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest  
I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris  
When it comes to rappin', I'll smash your ass  
Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon I'll smack you wit' a backhand  
That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin' at your catscan  
In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman  
And stalk my own rap fans I'm like a madman fightin' a war  
Throwin' lightning rods, swingin' lightning swords  
Blow you away wit' a force that'll leave your body lost  
Gone, nothin' to mourn, nothin' to do a autopsy on I rock till I can't rock no more  
Till I can't get no mothafuckin' props no more  
Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour  
Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more I'm a dragon wit' the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin'  
Claws rip through walls of cast iron  
I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin'  
I clap iron like Duke Nukeum Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped  
Flatter than a compact disc wit' black Timbs  
Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim  
Flatter than the knife j\*\*\*\* stabbed un wit' If you the first nigga that laugh, I'll blow you in half  
The first nigga to talk trash, I'ma blow you in half  
The first nigga to show your ass, I'll blow you in half  
The first time'll be your last, 'cuz I'ma blow you in half Yo check it, I destroy your whole city block when I'm  
ready to rock  
Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not  
Magnetically energy poppin' gates of radio waves  
Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape Manipulatin' space in large proportions  
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin'  
About shit like supernatural forces  
Gnomes and theories and superstring theories Most of you mothafuckers barely  
Even understand the English language, much less think clearly  
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell  
Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt I researched my roots, lookin' for proof  
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths  
The aftermath of a nuclear blast  
When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass  
Reach your Epitah and bury your ass

As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly  
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on Karaoke  
If you the first nigga that laugh, I'll blow you in half  
The first nigga to talk trash, I'ma blow you in half  
The first nigga to show your ass, I'll blow you in half  
The first time'll be your last, 'cuz I'ma blow you in half  
If you the first nigga that laugh, I'll blow you in half  
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