

Canibus, 33 3's

[Intro, imitating the owl from the "Tootsie Pop" commercials]

One ... two ... three...

[Chomping sound] ... three!!

[Canibus]

Yo, in linear terms, my thirty-three degree, and a
Words will give you thirty-third degree burns
First I write thirty-three lines to a verse
About how I created the Earth out of thirty-three quirks
Thirty-three of my peers never thought it would work
For thirty-three days, I started my relentless research
And I figured, if Jigga could do, twenty-two two's
As an mc, then I could do, thirty-three three's
Suddenly it occurred, at three-thirty, on March third
It came to me like God's word
I started to load my thirty-three caliber Mossberg
Went to the top of the Empire State, on thirty-third
Thirty-three gunshots was heard
Thirty-three pedestrians lay wounded or dead, on the curb
Thirty-three squad cars rushed to the scene
As soon as they heard some mad-man had gone berserk
I demanded thirty-three million
Or I was going to kill thirty-three of the women and children in the building
I gave them thirty-three minutes to respond
Then I proceeded to arm, a backpack nuclear bomb
I set the timer for three hours, and three minutes long
Told them not to try nothing funny or I'd kill them all
They still never responded
Until I saw thirty-three of the S.W.A.T. team jump out of three helicopters
I told them for the third and final time
If they crossed the line again, I'd take, thirty-three lives
Three of the hostages started crying
Three of them started wilding, and convinced, three more to start an uprising
Three of them stood to their feet and started freestyling
I didn't know what to do, so I started rhyming
I tried to kick three-hundred bars
But I got picked off by a sniper from thirty-three yards
The bullet hit me but it got lodged, and ricocheted off
Three organs three inches away from my heart
My name went down in history, as the illest MC
Rewind it and count it, thirty-three threes