

Canibus, 702 386 5397

Yeah, yeah, Can-I-Bus, Mic Club
Nothin' to prove, it's all love
I bust through like Sputnik two
This is man's best friend, whoopty, woo, the flag is black, red and blue
True shoot from the whoopty, dogs jump out of dooly
But it'll take more than that to move me
Like, wireless mics for tireless nights
Firefigts inspire my life, why do I write?
Twenty year hip-hop vet, they perceive me as a threat
They manifest beads of sweat
Examine the blood trail
Squeeze trigger puss drips out of the thumbnails, I smell like gun shells
Polonium, pandemonium with a dose of unknownium
The Soviet Hugo Rodier
Fourth generation Roper report
Everything I was taught bore resemblance to my thoughts
The truth and design of the Guggenheim rhyme
Where every line is weaponized, then applied
Mob shit, talk it, acquisition is sick
I don't miss when I twist the five five six
Stand there with arms folded
Firearms make me look large and bloated
(I'ma gonna have to project my voice)
Equipment check, church bells time
(Some of this stuff might get intense)
One more time, just kill 'em 'Bus
Ain't nobody around to witness nothin'
Heavens Devil strangle Hell's Angel with a mic cable
Then J Wells came through
Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like
B.I.G., 'Pac, Right, even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz was like
If we go at it, dawg, we gotta go hard
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B.I.G., 'Pac, Right, even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz was like
If we go at it, dawg, we gotta go hard
Yeah, yo, I support a secure change of custody
Don't trust the beat, trust me, Canibus, the emcee
Without movin' my neck, I turn to the left
Yes I am the best, you'll learn to respect
'Til your death hip-hop is the body, you are the chest
I am the vest, we are sworn to protect
This behavioral bomb, rewritable radio songs
What station is your radio on?
My trainin' is worth millions, Imam death squads rush the building
From the frontline with Prince William
I am Prince William's exercise cover and concealment
Prohibit the media from filming

Never in the moment, always thinkin' of the Omen
I pause soldiers, nobody told them
Inoculate, I postulate not your weight
Drop to your face, the active component will not break
My Omanium friend tried to pay me in Yen
I threw the money in his face and said, "Pay me again"
You wanna talk to the kid? Enter this ten digit grid
I'll explain to you what I did
702-386-5397
Call, leave a message
Y'all niggaz can't rap, so why you wanna go and do that?
You move the crowd, I move the map
The defying mad lion triumph over the rulers of Zion
Fuck your blood diamonds, I'd rather laugh dyin'
Miners in the mine shaft cryin'
Apocalypto from Gitmo, I'll clash with the last Mayans

The sun stone science, the black, red and blue alliance
Jump through the fire, you'd be a fool to try it
The fire suit don't fit, no shit
My Saratoga suit got a customized grip
With a bat wing released for both wrist and both feet
Blazing high but I don't feel no heat
Hip-hop's master chief, here, have a seat
In the mic booth where I hang slab the meat
Before, during, or after debrief, I'll crack your teeth
Don't talk unless if asked to speak
The Rift Valley Fever symptoms could last for weeks
We call a hell in a cell, watch the bastard tweak
Reach eighty degrees North, fourteen degrees East
Beneath the ice sheet lies the Spitzberg Beast
Transmission distorted, injuries reported
Mission aborted, follow your orders, move forward
Bravo, I fell in love with Suzanne Malveaux
On the down low, now you know
She talked to the Canibus man, code name Javelin Fangz
With nothing to prove to the rap fans
Could've elaborate further but suffice to say
"Goddamn, that emcee made my day"
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapor box maker from Jamaica
Still talkin' trash to the haters
I'll clash with the graders, this is major manual labour
Beta test the data with blue lasers
Canibus wavin' Alice, it's nothing to lose in Los Angeles
Suing hip-hop for the damages
G force, ten point fours, still conscious but not for long
Missile lock-on, stop the song