

Canibus, All Hail Canibus

(Canibus)

Yo

I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace, selling reefer
Puffing a chalice with the beef eaters
Getting so high that whenever I drop shit
It'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit
Canibus with the hot shit, crazy I click //
Niggas is bloody idiots thinking that they can stop this
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth six pence
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste
Then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face
From Princeton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe like Joseph Stalin
And murder niggas for rhyming
Spitting fire, with gasoline for saliva
Drunk as Lady Diana's driver with reporters behind her
Alcohol in the hands of a minor
I got you panicking like bombs, with thirty second timers
Clear the building, evacuate women and children
Fuck what you feeling nigga I came here to kill them
Straight shitting, from New York to Great Britain
And when we do shows we make the queen pay admission
What?

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

Prepare for the worst, this next verse is the face of death
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic
With more flavour than skittles when I'm digitally mastered
I go off like a cannon, and blow up the planet with no fear
Like them clothes white boys be wearing
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake bites
The marijuana makes my eyes bright-red like brake lights
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me feedback
I'm strong my word is bond like James
Niggas be trying to test but they weak like seven days
Emcees run away when I kick it, they act so chicken
They should come with a large drink and a biscuit
My styles radioactive, massive atomic, I plan to push the Earth
In front of Haley's comet, breaking the facts of life down
Like Tudy, I'm raw like sushi, with more vocab, then
Three fucking Fugees, so recognize or be hospitalized
'Cause lyrically on a scale of one, to ten, I'm twenty-five
Like that

(Canibus)

A little bit of weed and some Hennessey
Got me ready to set it with kinetic energy
See I need much more energy then my enemies
If I want to make more Bill's than Bellamy
So I could be on MTV, with women constantly telling me
I resemble Billy D., I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene
Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green
Then I take the green buy a automobile machine
For that thing on page forty-three, in Jet Magazine
Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream, swinging the guillotine
'Cause whenever the head is severed from the human body
With a sharp enough weapon, the brain remains conscious for ten seconds
Long enough for me to give you one last message
And when you get to hell, you can tell Lucifer I said it
Don't ever get it confused, fucking with Canibus the human rubrics cube
Like you got something to prove

Yo whoever grabs the mic after me will get booted
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew
From Moette bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods
You got a album out you'll get hit with your CD too
Running outside, crying, lying, denying that you ain't
The gay rapper, but you got fucked by him
What's the difference, ya'll niggas still ain't in lyrical fitness
Too busy mixing your business, with your bitches
While I be in the lab composing forbidden scriptures
So wicked, I got Satan ejaculating on his fingers
Like Dirk Diggle, in the middle of Boogie Nights
Sniffing white living the hype, he ruined his life
But I'm an emcee of a different type, yeah that's right
Make sure your shit is tight, or I'm a snatch your mic
Nigga //