Canibus, Bop Your Head

(Intro: Killah Priest)
Yea, yea, yea, yea
Yea, yea - fuck that!
I'm set it off - yea, yea, ya shitted
Ya in some shit now, son
It's on now, motherfuckers can suck my dick
I'm back! Fuck that shit!
Ready to eat niggaz up, beat they ass and e'rything, son
I'ma prove this shit, right here
Me and my nigga - what!?

(Killah Priest)

The emperor, chief sinister, street minister Guarenteed in two bars to finish ya React like a cat when he arches back Give a fake rapper a heart attack, once I start to rap I'm a vocalist, nigga, supposed to rip Last Poet's told me this, hit ya in ya head wit my explosive fist Then I finish ya off with my tremendous horse-kick What now, nigga? Look at ya, talk shit Can't do it, cuz you ain't got no teeth in ya mouth And I know ya just tired of me, beatin ya out Ya trained all year, in a karate class It took one second, to put yo' ass in a body bag From a shotty blast, I walk up in ya club and ya parties don't last I like to pop shit, don't get me started I slap y'all motherfuckers like y'all little kids in kindergarten Squeeze yo' head till yo' kidneys harden Now watch this, I'ma call my whole motherfuckin squadron And tell niggaz to just start robbin Cuz y'all niggaz is fucked up and Brooklyn niggaz is really ready to get ya I know how to hit ya, and cut ya open But don't worry, cuz I'ma stitch ya, with a rusty screwdriver

(Chorus: Killah Priest)
Niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit
Call up yo' clicks to this, it's realness
You feel this in yo' streets and village
Spare that new shit, Priest killed it
Y! Niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit
Call up yo' clicks to this, it's realness
You feel this in yo' streets and village
Spare that new shit, 'bus killed it

(Canibus)

Yo, yo, yo Yo I'm a Macabeast MC and I possess the ability To run at top speed without bendin my knees I destory shit, pin-point asteroids in orbit Then, hurl niggaz thousands of miles an hour, towards it Fuckin heathen, wrap my hands around ya neck region Then I start squeezin 'til ya stop breathin You weaklins is playin tug-of-war wit ya tongues I knock the teeth out ya gums and suck the breeze out ya lungs Hit ya wit a blow your physical frame could never sustain You'll probably never walk ever again Nigga, you think you rhyme sick? I leave you lyin stiff Put you in a horsemen heimlich til I break ya spine, bitch Stop cryin bitch, before I hit ya wit the Iron, bitch You can't rhyme bitch, the one triple nine's mine bitch The pain'll make ya voice change octaves From low-pitched to high-pitched, every hour we kill a hostage We judge MC's by they lyrical fitness

And punish DJ's for puttin corny stickers on they mixes
Smack the stripper bitches for askin for our autograph and pictures
You'll be scared to leave the club wit us
You scratch my back, I'll scratch your's bitch
I'll eat ya salt-fish, if ya suck my sausage
I got an atomic sub, armed wit a sub-atomic scud
Ready to spill ya crimson-colored blood
The four horsemen on the back of four quadropeds
Puttin four hoof prints on ya foreheads, motherfuckers!
(There it is!) So bop ya heads to that, uh (There it is!)

(Chorus)

(Outro: Killah Priest)
Fuckin pussy emcee's, gon' get a shot in the eye
Y'all niggaz talk behind nigga's backs
Y'all niggaz better bop ya mothafuckin heads before we blow it off
Ya fuckin perfume missin idiots
Y'all niggaz always runnin, go run and tell that
Go on, runnin, run behind somebody's back
Run and tell that and take these fuckin slugs wit ya
We gon' get ya mothafuckin clown
Yea...