

Canibus, C-Quel Extended

(Canibus)

I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone; you can call me collect

Verbally vicious, telekinetically gifted
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it

Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you?
How many niggas in my career I've ran through?

At a thousand degrees Celsius I make emcees melt
Fuck my record label, I appear courtesy of myself

Canibus is the type to fight for mics
Beating niggas to death, and beating dead niggas to life

While you niggas is babbling my lyrics is traveling
Like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen

The intellectual athlete accurately rapping so rapidly
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically

I walk the B-lock, with the G-lock, C-ocked
Tryin'na get the D.R.-op, on the C-ops

The Canibus is an animal, with a mechanical mandible
Coming to damage you, spitting understandable slang at you

Rhymes ricochet off the inner walls of my lungs
And go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns

Whenever the head is severed from the human body with a sharp enough weapon
The brain remains conscious for ten seconds

What's the matter with ya'll? I'll spatter ya'll
Against the motha fucking wall with these raw lyrics I catapult

I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme
Till the meter says, nine, nine, nine, nine'

(Canibus)

Yeah, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel

Yo

I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores
To every single pore in my skull, hard from my mouth to my jaws
From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored
And from my balls in my drawers to the floor
I pray to God they hurry up and start the Third World War
So I can start World War Four, and murder us all
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor
Don't give a fuck if you got your picture in The Source or Forbes
I don't give a fuck who won an award
On stage tryin'na thank God, I'll chop they tongue off with a sword
Let they blood pour all on the floor
If it ain't a cordless, they getting punched in the jaw, and hung with the cord
I'll leave your corpse stiff as a board
Like frozen meat tryin'na thaw, then bury him under the morgue
Getting in my way is like jumping in front of a car
Breaking the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn
By the time you hear it blowing, it's too late to respond
By the time you feel it hit you, I'm gone
I'll send you to hell where you belong
So by the time your body hits the floor, your spirit won't be in it no more
Who could flow for four minutes or more

Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws
Got millions of styles and I've mastered them all
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bull charge and crash in the wall

(Canibus)

Whoever grabs the mic after me will get booed
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew

I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it
I'll snatch your crown with your head still attached to it

I'll battle you for the respect, I'll battle you over a blank-check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck

Ambushing emcees, jumping out the trees like Vietnamese
In fatigues, covered with leaves

Next year, you'll be walking around the How Can I be Down?' Conference
With a laminate, that says I got shitted on by Canibus'

Turn your head around, give me the cheddar
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever

Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me
An emcee so ill I got A.I.D.S. scared to catch me

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo, Yo

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waiting on
Debating on, what the fuck is taking so long
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippings bout to get shared out
Wack niggas bout to get aired out
Faggot niggas get they ass teared out
Grab a wise-man by his goatee, and rip his fucking beard out
Cold beat a niggas ass like stout
Then bust a shot in the motha fucking courtroom and watch it clear out
A hundred-thousand mile warranty
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally
Took a lion on tour with me, made him respect authority
Smacked him in the head for tryin'na roar at me
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty
And there ain't nothing on this God damn planet that's worth more to me
In the name of Hip-Hop, niggas could corner me
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery
Way back before gold-plated male and female
R.C.A. jacks was used for crystal clear playback
I was tryin'na blaze a D.A.T.S., and if a nigga said my demo was wack
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back
'Yeah nigga' (smack) what? Yeah nigga take that'
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus will bust your ass
Then I bust you with a shotgun blast
It's not fun so I don't laugh
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one
You know how I be feeling sad?
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone, but niggas don't understand
Canibus is unequivocally, the illest killing machine in the industry
For the twentieth-century
Trapped in a max security building
Suffering from a severe illness called brilliance //
They sent doctors in protective suits
Pressurized helmets, plastic gloves, and boots
Army recruits in small groups
Tortured me for the truth
If I resist, they got orders to shoot

Put one in my brain with a trey - deuce
Rapped me in cellophane and dumped my body in the trunk of a coupe
Instead I find myself blindfolded
And stripped naked
Being interrogated by some highly professional agent
He spoke bad English, but fluent Haitian
One in the background was Jamaican
He offered me a piece of plant but I wouldn't take it
He shook me hand, and I could tell by the way he embraced it
He was a Mason
He said "You're only here for one reason mister Can-I-Bus
You know too much"