

Canibus, Canibus - Hiphop.mp3.com Exclusive

Bout to put it down for my man Paradise
right here on mp3.com alright?
Yeah, check it out yo
uh, yah
uh, uh, yah, check it

yo, yo, yo
This is hardcore, out of my heart's core
Principles, laws, equations, and formulas drawn on chalkboards
Generate thought forms quicker than Concordes
With onboard computers logged on to On Star
En garde, take ten steps and draw
I'm the law around these parts, respect it dog
Or you might spend a weekend in the county morgue
With an unsuitable coffin that's way too small
And a deacon blessing your body at a funeral
You get a 21 blunt salute, and life goes on
Gotta stay *positive*, focus on the *protons*
And post dope songs on mp3.com
As deep as a Tupac poem, I wish I got to know him
Both him and Big Poppa was the greatest, and know they gone
'What's Goin' On?' On my album, I'ma do a song
Who Shot Ya? Remix featuring Shyne and Sean
Before I battle total strangers
I make em sign disclaimers, that state they're aware of the danger
See, I might become overwhelmed with anger
Split your skull like a banana, and bludgeon your face with a hammer
You wanna rhyme? Fill out this W-9
Sign below the dotted line, now your publishing's mine
I gotta have your publishing rights, hang you upside down
See if you scared of heights, remember Vanilla Ice?
Ask Paradise if I'm nice
I took the train to Chambers Street and blacked out on his mixtape twice
Back in '95, I was a tiny guy
You could see the hunger in my eyes, I just wanted to rhyme
And I'm Still in my prime, Still chasing down what's mine
Still, like Dre, but Jay-Z ain't writing my rhymes
Quick to say hi, and quicker to say bye
Take a flick with some guys, and leave before the Polaroid dries
"He was standing here a minute ago," the brother replied
"With his mind on his money and his money on his mind"
Reflecting over the times when I was signed
Selling records for ten dollars, but only a dime was mine
What's the odds of rolling two dice with six sides each?
As if there's only 36 ways to die in these streets
There's a million ways to die at the absolute least
One of those ways is messing with the Beast from the East
Aka me, aka the capital C
Ripping the Jacker with Paradise on mp3
keep it locked y'all...