

# Canibus, Captain Cold Crush

Canibus is an animal with the mechanical mandible  
Coming to damage you spitting understandable slang at you  
I'm the all seeing lyrical with infinite bars and visuals  
And the sideways eight peripheral  
I told you I spit a rhyme that'll melt the Earth  
Then ask you in the afterlife if you felt the verse  
On Planet Earth I search for my Tranquility first  
I said I was the illest but it didn't help me it hurt  
And whenever I said, "Can-I", the crowd said, "Bus"  
Ten years later who am I? I still got a passionate love  
to be the man who I was, never give up  
Irrational rush to crush every mic I clutch  
When I erupt you duck or eggs clash flash solar blast from BUS  
Then sweep you off the phase like crumbs  
Grab your tongue, shout, rip it out, then shove it back in your mouth  
NOW!! Then tell you to spit it out  
I spit about them lyrics my people can't live without  
Been around since '97 I've been ripping it down  
Spit track after track after 'Beast From the East'  
I'm Back before Lil' Weezy knew how to rap  
When T.I. was still hustling crack, I put the muscle in rap  
100 bars, who fucking with that?  
1000 bars later I ain't heard nothing from Pap  
Where you was at when I was giving Big Punisher dap?  
On stage with a him at the Palladium  
You was in a gymnasium, I was putting chainsaws to craniums  
Blazing Homosapians in an Atrium ripping jaws off aliens  
Performing 'Channel Zero' in stadiums  
Up at Hot 97' disgracing em  
Any radio station they place me in I broke the break-beats in  
I beat her, I beat him, the beat blend, I beat them  
Spit a verse to beat Barrack Obama if he win  
I'm the Beast From the East, picking meat out my teeth  
And as soon as the beat stop I forget how to speak  
I release a better rhyme seven times a week  
To beat me you gotta be better than my last release  
The bars rip ya face off, Spit bars, spit shine ya skull  
'Til every rhyme you memorize is gone.  
Battle you for the respect in a battle to the death  
Dial zero, call the operator ask for Bis!!  
411 ask for RIP  
555-1212, I rip the Mic' to shit  
Before the Federal Communication Commission started a new division  
with the intention to cripple our children  
Mentally deficient from television  
this radio programmer we listen to got to many elements missing  
Lyricism and Wisdom got overshadowed by the singing and blinging  
The seat-by system is media driven  
A made a vow that I would get em and Bit em, then injected my venom  
And for that? I was never forgiven my nigga  
I let the rhythm hit em' with a chemical algorithm  
Liable to kill em if I ever get with em I rip em  
The infinite monk, all hall CAN-I-BUS  
Then wake up to this 'Pure Uncut'  
"How Many Emcees" do I have to bust?  
"I'm A Patriot" with "No Airplay" but "How Come"  
"My Block is your block", I throw it up with "Doo Wop"  
I'm the "Enemy of the State" of Hip-Hop  
"Indibisible", Indestructible, "Canibustible"  
The "Adversarial Theater Justice" judging you  
Tired of you posers, I'm the rap superstar soldier on a poster  
"Captain Cold Crush"  
Tuck the heat before I brush the teeth  
The athlete at the track meet with rusty cleats

Artillery like lawnmowers with four motors and four rotors  
look like mom with four strollers  
Counter-Strike like "Black Kobra" with gasoline in a super-soaker  
Walk over I'll roast ya!!!