

# Canibus, Chaos

[Verse 1] [acapella]

Yo yo yo

Now ain't nobody fuckin wit the mastermind

I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified

Nickel and Teslin, Jon Von Neuman

All wrapped up in the body in one human

I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest

I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris

When it comes to rappin, I'll smash your ass

Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon

I'll smack you wit a backhand

That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin at your catscan

In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman

And stalk my own rap fans

I'm like a madman fightin a war

Throwin lightning rods, swingin lightning swords

Blow you away wit a force that'll leave your body lost

Gone, nothin to mourn, nothin to do a autopsy on

I rock till I can't rock no more

Till I can't get no mothafuckin props no more

Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour

Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more

I'm a dragon wit the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin

Claws rip through walls of cast iron

I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin

I clap iron like Duke Nukeum

Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped

Flatter than a compact disc wit black Timbs

Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim

Flatter than the knife Jigga stabbed Un wit

[Chorus]

If you the first nigga that laugh

I'll blow you in half

The first nigga to talk trash

I'ma blow you in half

The first nigga to show your ass

I'll blow you in half

The first time'll be your last

Cuz I'ma blow you in half

[Verse 2]

Yo check it beat comes in

I destroy your whole city block when I'm ready to rock

Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not

Magnetically energy poppin gates of radio waves

Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape

Manipulatin space in large proportions

Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin

About shit like supernatural forces

Gnomes and theories and superstring theories

Most of you mothafuckers barely

Even understand the English language, much less think clearly

When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell

Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt

I researched my roots, lookin for proof

The best place to hide a lie is between two truths

The aftermath of a nuclear blast

When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph

I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass

Reach your epitab and bury your ass

As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly

I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on karaoke

[Chorus x2]