Canibus, Cloakman

(Canibus) Ayo, I feast for five days Every Friday lay you sideways Soon as Dagga say, " Engage" Boot to the neck, bayonet to the chest My flame-thrower spray filet a la vest Mississippi Masala was not a hard test Select the right men for the job, ignore the rest I bust poems, crush souls in the dust-bowl Walk over, take his mask off, I must know him RPG at less than ten paces Somebody, please tell me where his face went CodeOrder, flow caught him, postmortem No last words so I quote something for them Systematic blabber-mouthed bastard Here's the mic; grab it if you want to have at it We suffered largely from cerebral palsy Yo, Redman, Method Man, How High are we? Take tablets, bring havoc with Head Trauma tactics Spit rhymes, an all day habit Who get it on like Cloak N Dagga? Co-smoke a rapper, your whole show's a disaster Supernova after, lay flat on the floor In the reactor-core, My tattoos interact with God

(Canibus) Ayo,

Where's Cloak N Dagga? I want to talk to both assassins You tell them I'm gonna smoke both they asses

In no uncertain terms we spread words in the form of germs On Earth before the great purge Neuro-linguistic, God Squad exquisite Don't you ever ask me about my business

Electrolysis from the nobilis that does not exist I just came through to rock the shit Spit a rhyme that tastes like bitter, dry wine Twenty miles up in the sky, flying blind I do not rhyme when I can find the time Even when a girl says, "Here, sign mine" Keep a lean waistline, diet all the time No baseline, keep quiet all the time David Blaine with Germaine Williams' brain Cloak N Dagga, fucking rhy-amese twin The dynamic-duo of rap, who dat? Sumo-fat like bread rolls around lower back I'm so anxious to spank these amateurs The team is Cloak N Dagga; Phoenix and Canibus

Disciplinarian micro-manages
Caesar Germanicus looking like Canibus
I guarantee you lyrics with supreme proof
The Golden Egg from the pristine goose
The gods is out, gone with the spouse
You guard the house, I'll guard the couch
Switch, sleep outdoors
Metaphors seep out pores
Beef in the street bleed without gauze
Cloak N Dagga //