

# Canibus, Commandos

(Canibus)

Yeah,

Standing in a B-Boy pose next to Pete Rose  
In a Hall of Fame-ous flows, code name: Cloak  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide  
Nowhere on the out or the inside  
Spit rhymes this wide  
The definition is high  
The fisheye don't blink when I rhyme  
Beef language, speak Angus  
Snaggle-tooth hanging like chandeliers in a twenty-room mansion  
Coming through in a steel-toed jungle boot  
Lock you in a jail that I weld in front of you  
Hell covets you, I punish you  
Your blood boils in a brew  
I can see it through the Hubble-view  
Cloak N Dagga, underground government group  
Subterranean chambers under it too  
Buried in salt, a lyric-vault, lyrics in bulk  
You benefit, so let the heretic-lyricist talk  
Trauma Unit

(Canibus)

Southpaw spit cranberry-juice give my mouth more grip  
Hip-Hop could never outlaw this  
I sacrifice my rap life for your rights  
I jackknifed the forty-ton on black ice  
Die for what I rap for  
I teach the crash course  
The God Squad joint task-force  
Swap reports, Hip-Hop thoughts  
Spray you with a biochemical hot-sauce you can't wash off  
Teach these dip-shits lyrical fitness  
If it's the last thing I ever do in this business  
Piracy on all levels  
Board your vessel with four-hundred uncivil Nordic-devils  
Worship the warship flying through your formless orbit  
On, above and under water  
One-point-five miles, there he is  
The Millau Bridge in France, that's where he lives //