

Canibus, Da Shock

(Canibus)

It's Mentally unimaginable, mathematically incalculable
Inextricably infallible
Let's not forget, utterly impossible or morally insurmountable
To assume that I could lose if I battled you
My scholastic aptitude is 1,602
A 100 bars was just a glimpse of the truth
Physical proof that I'm the best at this
I've constructed sentences, that'll stand longer than Stonehenge megaliths
My first and second albums consists of more than a million terabits
More than any of you rappers ever spit
Vote for me as president, in about a day or so
I'll be up in the White House, getting fellatio
By an administrative assistant with deep throat
Butt naked on the floor, knee deep in some coke
Or on a speaker phone, freestyling with some of my folks
Humping a whore tampering with the republican vote
I'm like Mel Gibson in Braveheart, fighting swordsman
Dodging arrows from the archers, 'cause I'm a horseman
Flying circles around you like flying saucers
Flying circles around the Royal Air Force's flying fortress
Maximize my wins, minimize my losses
Till I'm exhausted, then lounge like the lyricists on Rawkus
I'm unsigned right now, it's like I'm an orphan
Looking for a home taking all calls and offers
Notify the prince and the Duke of Earl
I'm probably the illest English speaking emcee in the world

(Canibus)

Ghetto fabulous, verbally hazardous
Ask any Baptist, Roman Catholic or satanic activist
Even them trippy hippies on college campuses know about Canibus
I've got fans like beads on an abacus
My styles totally out the bracket
Scientist with thick glasses and pocket protectors want to patent it
My talent is unmatched by any rapper in this rapping biz
By any rapper on this planet's grid
Show me where he is, I sign the ordinance
To bomb his coordinates with Agent Orange and torture him
Burn the skin off of him, throw a towel on him and stomp on him
Rip the towel off then pour salt on him
Continue my verbal assault on him till it's twelve in the morning
And turn into the werewolf monster on him
I rip his heart out, eat it while it's still pumping
The blood still running, it tastes like boiled dumplings
Starving artist, I turned down scholarships to Oxford College
'Cause I heard they didn't serve porridge
Smarter than any man in Scotland Yard is
Used to work for MI6 but quit 'cause I couldn't take orders
The most awesome walking, talking, breathing
English speaking emcee in the European region
Rip you to pieces like communism leaflets
Beef with 'Bis is like playing chess without the pieces
Modern Christians without Jesus, Rasta's without Reefer
Jamaican's in Princeton without Visa's
Radio's without speakers, Mother Nature without the four seasons
Without a jacket outside when it's freezing
I'ma tell you straight up, no lie
Canibus is the illest motherfucker alive

Yo, two-thousand and one
Another dog joint production
Word up, East-Side baby //