

# Canibus, Fantastic Four

(DJ Clue: with echo effect)

Fantastic Four: Cam'ron, Pun, Nore, Canibus

(Cam'Ron)

You never hear that we buckle; beef? We chuckle  
Scuffle over a game of pinochle  
Anything up on my money, man, I gotta see double  
Unless you want trouble  
Oh, you realer now?  
I'm the kind to cut a peace of soap, put it on the imbecile  
Crack the Hen Rock style, give me the foul  
Girls grope then I smile  
That's when they fall cause they met my balls  
Right after I played ball  
No wash-up, no nothin'. Hear what I say y'all?  
O.K. y'all. Ask AJ y'all  
I'll turn the baddest bitch gay y'all  
Like Stacy, damn, she was eatin' Tracy's ass  
At this other lady's pad  
To get it on I had to call up Desert Storm  
My cut-throats scar y'all, while you hope the Don fall  
But I'll come inside The Tunnel, nigga, wit Pope John Paul  
Yo, them niggas on the wall frontin', they ain't no harm y'all  
My crew'll break each shoulder  
I'm that nigga they talk about on Street Soldiers  
Cause my street soldiers are heat holders and weed rollers  
We keep 2 bones and 2 phones in each Rover  
We all relaxed and any beef we over-reactin  
Peace to Lorey Actins, but I get buck wild like Corey Jackson  
Playin' is called off, cause y'all about to get hauled off  
Y'all all soft from smokin Nicholi (/nicks), nigga, like Volkof  
Know what I mean yo? Notice the cream grow  
I fiend though, I'll come fuck up your whole town like El Nino  
I'm the hottest nigga you've seen though  
Jumpin outta Lex Coupe  
With Jimmy Jones right next to me in the Benz Truck too

(Big Pun)

Fuck all y'all non-believers, I roll wit God, the squad and T.S.  
Out wit the BS; we platinum, they even doubted Jesus  
Niggas is 85%, I'm 400 solid  
Brainbolic wit knowledge, cock-diesel scholars  
Holdin it down, walkin around with gold by the pound  
Frozen and drownin with diamond boulders all in the crown  
Talk of the town, soakin you down with the toast 'til you drown  
Ghost you and pound your corpse with a force that'll open the ground  
Save the jokes for the clowns, I'm on a serious tip  
You keep playin and I get furious quick  
And now I take you for a walk through the ghetto  
Either spark your metal or get outlined in chalk by the devil  
I rep the borough that mothered this rap shit  
I used to clap shit, now I just lay back and mack on some mack shit  
I used to have to pack a mack in the back of the Ac(ura)  
Now I relax and stack platinum plaques in my shack  
It's like that but don't think I won't counter act  
My niggas is strapped and quick to lay a bitch on his back  
I'm swift with the mack, quicker than Kung Fu  
With the reflexes of a cat and the speed of a mongoose

(Noreaga)

Talk about huh? That's what we talk about thug shit ( 4x's )

Now it's a symphony, without me on it, it ain't a symphony  
My crew shit on cats without Tiffany

N-O-R-E, I just lace the heat  
I don't complain about the track, give me any beat  
I get hed in the wip on any street  
I fuck wit Clue, other cats is snakes  
I've been fuckin' with Clue since he made 60 minute tapes  
We copped mad bottles and crushed many grapes  
We from the hood and they from the hood  
The difference is we get plaques, they go double wood  
Took the game right over at the time they could  
Them niggas silly though, knowin' Nore lay pretty low  
But them niggas is (ho)mos like the Maxwell video  
I got 2 albums and 2 cars  
Now bitches on my dick cause of Chico DeBarge  
Thugged Out's 1st lady (let's go half on a lady)  
Ya motherfuckers ain't live, don't control the streets  
I sold 163 thou(sand) on my 1st week  
That means I got more fans than you  
Bigger plans than you  
We buy real coke, your grams is blue  
Ai yo, the President is like me, he smoke weed too  
Don't really like to fuck, he just get hed too  
Stick a broom in your butt, tell you, "go head boo"  
Thugged Out motherfuckers like the rest of the crew  
Canibus, Cam'Ron and Punisher too  
And the beats are usually done by Duro and Clue

(Canibus)

Who in the hell wanna battle, the ill mathematical?  
My motherfuckin' brain is IBM compatible  
Techniques are foreign, far from being borin  
My style is hard like cancer without McCorman  
I run threw your crew like the flu when I bomb it  
My styles like AIDS cause don't nobody want it  
Niggas frontin' like they hard  
But I'm a Street Fighter like Jean Claude  
And I'll split your shit, god  
Right down the middle  
Play you like a riddle  
I got a fetish for titties, I nibble on the nipple  
Then trespass on your property like Monopoly  
Subdue your crew and beat that ass properly  
Welcome to the Desert Storm annual extravaganza  
Clue rolls deeper than the cart-rides on Bonanza  
I feed off weed, natural energy sources  
Lyrics with more power than the horses they put in Porsches  
Can't be tested or F'ed wit, I'm too reckless  
I chop off heads just to take the necklace  
The type of Canibus (/cannabis) that's side-effectless  
The type of shit that get the Question-mark Man arrested  
Take evasive action  
Flip like reciprocal fractions  
Turn the heat up on MCs to watch their meat blacken  
You try get fly, you get electrified and fried  
Fuck around and get your mouth slapped dry  
You could battle me and possibly survive  
But you could never see me and walk away without a black eye  
Word up hop, CLUEminat call the cops  
And if the cops ain't tryin' to see me, then the cops call SWAT  
Scar your whole squad with bullet scars  
No holds barred  
I'll even hassle the National Guard  
Ready or not like the Fugees  
Crews be steppin' to me  
But I wipe em' all out like booty  
I'm so unruly, the police don't say nothin' to me

It don't matter whether they on or off duty  
I murder you brutally when I spit at you  
My actions are unforgivable  
Look at what CLUEminati did to you  
The maximum lyrical, nigga you minimal  
There's a big hole in the desert, I told the men in blue to dig for you

Motherfucker... CLUEminati ninety-eight

(DJ Clue: with echo effect)  
DJ Clue... The Professional