

Canibus, Fourth Windz Blow

(Killah Priest)

My lyrics takes off
Expand like the wings of a hawk
Pen form a beak, when I speak, I'mma thought
Third eye, moves like a bird when it flies
Self like the stealth, unheard through the sky
Undetected by the naked eye, only few could catch it
The second that the message arrive
For some it might blow by
Only for the dumb, deaf, and the blind
Searchin' depths for the mind
Connect with a line, illuminate communicate
With the concepts of my rhyme, come on

(Ras Kass)

Every sixth day I commit suicide
This nigga rappin' a clue, check the dots under my eye
Horsemen, equestrian, conquest we in
No vest come and test me then
Hit 'em up like a upper cut
I'm tryin' to hit mach-ten on my fuckin' twin, buckle up
By any means dog, I'mma take these ends
Cause if you don't got cheddar, you just a waste of skin
All up in the juice, and can't taste the gin
Commit the felony, but can't face the pen'
Speak on it if you want if
If you get it illegal then don't flaunt it
Cause loud mouth hustlers get snitched on it
or phone tapped by DA, your rights get read
Moral of the story, a closed mouth don't get fed
Get it, neva been a nigga as ill as me to riddle
I'm the truth and the answer
With two balls that always double dribble
Spit like Alien 3, and splash you
With acid that make me greater than thee
Just to leave your gutter red
Tony Soprano shit bout to start callin' you niggaz butter heads

(All)

We are not to be fucked wit

(Chorus 2X: Killah Priest)

If y'all really wanna flow, take advice from the four
First step could be the best, take breath control
Then let yourself go, once applied with sound
Melodies make music surround

(Canibus)

Excuse me, yo, Horseymen?
You're the Horseymen, Horsemen, oh yeah I seen them
Look what I did with a mouth and a pen
I bet ya'll critics never doubt me again
Try to catch the thoughts that come out of my head
Look south of my chest, and north of my legs
If you good with metaphors, than you saw what I said
If not, too late, you're already wet
Of course we the best
And I'm a quarter in the Horsemen quartet
Put us all to the test
Canibus is like God in the flesh
If the Lord is distrempt, you got a problem to fix
I mean what are the odds you could out spit 'Bus?
Especially if he could bounce like this
He's possessed when he's on the microphone

He takes this more serious than just the poem
A bad boy to the bone, true superstar
Even before Sean John Jr. was born
I ripped 100 bars before
And I rip 200 if you mothafuckers wanna see more
Death and War, Pestilence to keep the pesticides airborne
Kurupt get your head on

(Chorus 3X - with echoes/adlibs)