

# Canibus, Freestyle Frenzy

(Canibus)

In linear terms, my thirty-three degree, and a third  
Words, will give you thirty-third degree burns  
First I write, thirty-three lines to a verse  
About how I created the Earth out of thirty-three quarks  
Thirty-three of my peers never thought it would work  
For thirty-three, I started my relentless research  
And I figured, if Jigga could do, twenty-two two's  
As an mc, then I could do, thirty-three three's  
Suddenly it occurred, at three-thirty, on March third  
It came to me like God's word  
I started to load my thirty-three calibre Mossberg  
Went to the top of the Empire State, on thirty-third  
Thirty-three gunshots was heard  
Thirty-three pedestrians lay wounded or dead, on the curb  
Thirty-three squad cars rushed to the scene  
As soon as they heard, some mad-man had gone berserk  
I demanded, thirty-three million  
Or I was going to kill thirty-three of the women and children in the building  
I gave them thirty-three minutes to respond  
Then I proceeded to arm, a backpack nuclear bomb  
I set the timer for three hours, and three minutes long  
Told them not to try nothing funny or I'd kill them all  
They still never responded  
Until I saw thirty-three of the S.W.A.T. team jump out of three helicopters  
I told them for the third, and final time  
If they crossed the line, again, I'd take, thirty-three lives  
Three of the hostages started crying  
Three of them started wilding, and convinced, three more to start an uprising  
Three of them stood to their feet and started freestyling  
I didn't know what to do, so I started rhyming  
I tried to kick three-hundred bars  
But I got picked off, by a sniper from thirty-three yards  
The bullet hit me but it got lodged, and ricochet off  
Three organs, three inches, away from my heart  
My name went down in history, as the illest mc  
Rewind it and count it, thirty-three three's //