

# Canibus, Gun Ho

(Canibus)

I walk in the room, in the Doctor Doom costume  
Optic zooms, the plot resumes  
Trust me, you're the abductee, my trigger-finger touchy  
Try me; see if you're lucky  
Play him, slay him, display him, mother fucking mayhem  
Stupid! You can't contain him, cause you trained him  
Love the bad weather, freckled-faced lepers  
Can't go outside; gotta stay together  
Lodge members don't attempt to announce my name  
The brown-sage, one-year away from my crown age  
Count the ways, my sound-waves been downplayed  
U.S.A. underground made, I live without fame  
Hard labor for the day the reincarnator  
Rip your carburetor out your car and chase you  
I hate you, I'm the Gun Ho city mayor  
Who's in charge out here? Who's the front face, huh?  
Bang on you, dumb-slang on you, Can-I get on you  
Watch who you talk to; my manager warned you  
Violating, you rhyme weak, you live bait  
Put you behind the gate with a five-eight primate  
I improvise, explode, synthesize flows  
Like your favorite emcee with the wide-nose  
Command shell is a PSP handheld  
In real-time speed, I can read my fan-mail  
Grip the pound, blitz the town, with a two-oh-three round  
You'll never want that to go down  
Spin around and shoot at you, hundred-eighty degree copular  
Attached to my van on Utica  
Next stop Gun Ho city, nigga, shoot em up  
G Rap, and Can-I-Bus blew em up //