

# Canibus, Horsemen Promo

(Canibus)

I'm probably what you would call a  
Record industry population enforcer  
I slaughter like, a hundred rappers each quarter  
In order to keep this shit in order  
I track wack niggas down, from border to border  
Just like the stories of the hare, and the tortoise  
The rabbit was faster, but fell asleep in the forest  
But lost, cause the tortoise had endurance  
I always stay focused the longest  
I promise I can battle any artist 'till they just get exhausted and forfeit  
With actual, super-natural forces, I'm a horseman from Hell  
Immune to the garlic water, and the crosses  
After the last album, I went through a metamorphosis  
And probably fired more of my niggas than Doug Morris did  
I kicked the dead beats out, turned around and switched my whole team out  
Now I got some banging ass beats now  
It paid off, cause I came off, like Adolf  
And I can murder any motha fuckin' camp I concentrate on  
With the first strike, I'm so nice  
I can exterminate more niggas than the Third Reich  
The way I burn mics  
I've been accused of being all hype  
All bark, and no bite  
Every night I got into a bar fight  
Defending my title, cause niggas was like, yo  
yo, I ain't feeling yo' shit  
And I had to beat they ass with Tae Bo  
You read somewhere that I was wack?  
Must have been a typo  
Out of a grand, I got 755 votes  
For freestyle champion, two years in a row  
The type of shit I be spitting  
Y'all niggas ain't even close  
You wonder why I do this, I do this because I find it therapeutic  
for all the enthusiasts that love my music  
You're stupid; my brain's faster than Cray computers  
With microprocessors submerged in cryogenic fluids  
On some rude shit, I put voodoo on your two-inch  
Tell you that you better not use it, then bootleg your new shit  
You think that you can fuck around? Prove it  
You got a beat? Loop it  
You got lyrics? Then flip something to it  
And stop talking behind my back, you bitch  
You faggot ass fools get mad cause niggas know that you blew dick  
Trying to get on some whoop de whoo shit  
I don't give a fuck, what you or your crew think  
Because I know where you live  
And I got the address to your crib  
Plus the bazooka that I'ma use to remove it, cause I'm a sore loser  
And losing is off limits, especially when Canibus is involved in it  
Spitting some wicked ass lyrics  
Four sacrilegious niggas, that'll rip your Adams apple out in a minute  
And play two-on-two tennis wit it, bitch

Fuck the critics  
I'm the illest