Canibus, Lost @ C

(Canibus) Yo, Yo, Yo

Now when you see that big-ass C, you know I'm coming through

And when you know I'm coming through, you know what I'ma do

I never said that battling me would be impossible I just think it's highly mother fucking improbable

You talking to a nigga that can split molecules to subatomic particles

Strong enough to stop a bull

Body-slam two ox's, drop a mule

Urinating rocket fuel, freestyling over gospel tunes

Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours

I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album

The kick boxer, beating the shit out niggas proper

I beat them 'til they holler, beat them 'til the cops come

Beating niggas 'til they have seizures, beat them 'til they start screaming

Like fax machines when they start receiving

Beat them 'til my own hands start bleeding

Beat them 'til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beating

From twelve A.M. to twelve P.M. in the evening

With three fifteen minute breaks in between them

Good Jesus, that's a real West-Indian beating

That's what you get for fucking with this lyrical demon

My bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons

I got cast out of heaven for treason

Got cast out of the garden of Eden for letting the reptilian beast in

Got locked up for a D.U.I. and speeding

A whole legion of half-decent emcees get'll released when

They spit a hundred bars for they freedom

See I'm much too nice to compete with

Too nice to flow over beats with, too nice to hold a MIC with

Off some Diesel-Hercules shit, I cold flip

And start to punch trees 'til they leafless

Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath

'Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it

(Canibus)

Yo

You ain't as cold as us, or as bold as us

When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us

'Cause we rolling rough, when the soldiers rush

Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust

You ain't as cold as us, or as bold as us

When we in the war zone, we got the chrome with us

'Cause we rolling rough, when the soldiers rush

Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo

Now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet

'Cause I ain't heard shit worth buying

I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven

The drive comes from my lyrics, and my lyrics come from my inner spirit

Vibrating and spinning, faster than twelve cylinder engines

with nitrogen in them, faster than F-1 McLaren pistons

Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm

'Cause you niggas is slower than fat bitches metabolism

The way I rip apart the competition when I be spitting

The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism

Show me a man that can't feel him

I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck and put his head to the fan on the ceiling

Suffer real ban from television shit

Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him

I hop in front of the cameras and tell them how I'm feeling I'll tell them how I feel that Hip Hop, should deal with it Tell them how I'm tired of the state rap is in Ninety percent of the shit that rappers kick is subject matter less Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters Shooting the same videos, it's embarrassing Using the same formulas to have a hit Using the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatching your mic I make you run for your life, chill during the daylight To track you at night, my global position is satellite Got a infrared lens to detect your body's Fahrenheit Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow I track you 'til your ceasar grows into a afro Until you plaid them into cornrows Track you 'til your shoe soles develop holes and you get corns on your toes 'Til your teeth develop halitosis But you been going so long without deodorant you don't even notice Mother fucker

(Canibus)

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