

# Canibus, Majestic Mic Masters

Yea!, yea!

(Chorus: Canibus)

The +Majestic Mic Masters+ with a jar of Anti-matter  
Cloak-N-Dagga  
There the van goes with two stolen Van Gogh's  
Dagga-N-Cloak

The +Majestic Mic Masters+ with a jar of Anti-matter  
Cloak-N-Dagga  
There the van goes with two stolen Van Gogh's  
Dagga-N-Cloak, they know!

(Verse One: Canibus)

Butane Germaine Hussein's my new name  
Head Trauma Records produce the blue flame  
let's play, my ink pen spray what Sean Penn say  
after the picture is drawn, I yawn then lay  
Enter the quiet zone, harps and xylophones  
Provide the tone, pass me the microphone  
Flow natural, walk over to control panel  
Highlight the mode of attack, select battle  
Directives deviated, everything's recreated  
Be creative, step inside my mc simulator  
Slowly pull the wool from over your eyes  
As troops mobilize to recover stolen rhymes  
You push, I pull; you drive, I ride  
You buy what I supply, shut the fuck up and drive  
Dragon fly aerial view, wind speed less than two  
Lieutenant Manchu the best in my crew  
Mandarian too, arguing with Aryan Zeus  
But the truth is he mad cause I married a gook  
But she know, when I lock and load my cock grows  
I burn the block down, get the cops on the phone  
Don't look for contact, contact finds you  
We walk up behind you while you listen to iTunes

(Chorus: Canibus) X2

(Verse Two: Phoenix Orion)

Ayo, I'm lyrically lethal  
My Sifu, taught me how to spit C-4  
Initiate the death flow  
The ?Dan Mak?, Tai Warrior Ong Bak  
Brooklyn to Vietnam, hold me down on the block  
To warn his block, crooked ass cops, psych you out with the psych-ops  
Third eye bigger then Cyclops  
Return the planet rock, 0700 hours on the dot  
We stopped the plot to ban Hip Hop  
Marshall law got every city block on lock  
Snipers on top of the buildings scopin' out the ghetto children  
Five 5 percenters, in the cipher building  
'85ers still long for the return of Stigmata  
The father, the son, the holy spirit, you hear it, you feel it  
Possessin' my lyrics, ancient spirits from the pyramids  
We spit graffiti hieroglyphics, terrific  
Audio graphic cybernetic pictures direct from the flame scriptures  
Rip your flesh from your bones, body bag them on the microphone  
Gamma Omega delta drop zone  
Don't test it until we bless it with the Masonic message  
The 'Majestic Mic Masters', Sith Lord Assassins  
Trained in the black arts, I spit a poison dart in your heart  
Hannibal Lector let you tear your body apart

Stand parallel, I parasail down the carousel  
Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu, I do this well  
Front sword, hand stand, I landed on the back of the van  
I made the driver crash into a trash can  
Before we exchange blows, Cloak bring with the scope  
Spitters not, but with the Hindu red dot  
Cleaning the soap, the jar of Anti-matter was stuck in his coat  
I bagged the two Van Gogh's, then repelled up a light pole  
Black Kobra commander, Rambo Commando, platoon  
Walk up under Jacob's Ladder, you're doomed  
Blood spilled; you get served for meal, on Hamburger Hill  
My squad's been ready to die, but now they're ready to kill  
My soldier's are ill, swallow six caiyan pill  
March from Brooklyn to Brownsville, to buck you with the hot steel  
What the deal?, C & D, we birth worth a mil  
Penetrate your force field, Wesley Snipe you with the raw skill  
I fuckin' wipe you outta this planet, for real  
C & D, soared the shield, hip-hop prophecy fulfilled

(Chorus: Canibus) X2

(Verse Three: Canibus)

The gifted God, sick with the bars  
My spit's like the world's biggest liquid bomb  
Welcome to TheNationOfBislam.com  
Stop storms from spinning with fists and arms  
A beast on the mic, nowadays I chill  
Anywhere rap exists, they praise my skill  
All by myself I buckled the whole asteroid belt  
I laugh when they ask for my help  
Capture more souls than Hell's Gate border patrol  
Exported the flow, imported some hoes  
Better respect the verbos vet, Yermo's best  
Germanicus left and came back with Merlot breath  
The robomech turbo tech with a werewolf chest  
Servos turn both my wrists  
Mic masters with a recipe for the antimatter  
You don't wanna fuck around with cloak or dagger //

&quot;They all have specific sonograms, voice prints&quot;