

# Canibus, Mic Club Mascot

[Canibus]

Yeah, just one of those moments  
where a nigga feel like tearin this shit down  
Y'all niggaz know what Canibus is known for  
Yeah, yo  
Propane in the form of flames sprayed when I point the barrel your way  
Ever barbecue a piece of meat for a whole day?  
You'll see a smoke cloud the darkest shade of charcoal gray  
Even when you get to heaven you'll be D.O.A.  
Send him to a place GPS couldn't locate  
My mind so great, my neck might break from the weight  
Robin Hood of mixtapes since ninety-eight  
Steal from the fake, give to the real cause they feel what I make  
Stash steal then I peeled over the hill by the lake  
Don't make me have to go get it, I peel the grill off your face  
Jermaine's hell, yeah I package paint myself son of Jorel  
Take and cram more yay by the grill  
Courage in you to yell, order men to tie you to the top of your cell  
While I stab you in the navel with a quill  
Askin you who's ill, tryin to break your will  
Spinnin the wheel, lower you down knee first on nails  
Make you shit yourself, witness the smell  
Picture an anal IV feedin you poisonous liquidous gel  
It's violent but why you gettin all sensitive now  
I'm the real king of battle, this is how I get down  
Can't listen to it then DON'T, you spit it fluid then DOPE  
The illest, comin from what the other illest quote  
Magazines once said I was the greatful hope  
Some washed up bloke that couldn't execute what he wrote  
It ain't over cause I still find ways to promote  
Waves engulfed my boat but I managed to float  
Swim to the coast, make a new ark from oak  
Build a bonfire and smoke, pounds of 'dro  
My own rhyme scarred my throat, torn is how I'll be remembered by most  
From now 'til the day that I croak  
In a year I'm liable to be on a yacht in the ocean  
Or in an armored platinum pine box decomposin  
Mic Club motherfucker...