

Canibus, My Block Is Your Block

I got a beat sensitive style, just cross the infinite mile
Always had this gift as a child to write poetry
If I ever dip through ya town, then you know it's me
Canibus be rippin it down
Bitches blowin me, fightin over lickin it down
I hold on to they thong start stripin it down

If I cough in my fist when I open my hand
there be dope in my hand thats how dope a nigga am
Canibus just enter the building ya'll
If ya lookin for the illest start filming ya'll
The iron clad nomad my flow smash rip up the whole jam
When I leave the audience hold hands
Hand ya face back to you pleasantly
For thinkin anything less of me then you better be Hennessey
or make me pull up on a moped
While ya man is yellin code Red I reload again
It made ya man stop talkin//
Its hard to see the white meat after I hot sauce him
Its not about paper I'm not talkin
20 million a movie, I still rob the fuckin box office
Strap the visor gold with it
An inverted gold rodeo flow will give you flow sickness