

# Canibus, Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu

(Canibus)

Yeah, Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu

Comin to get'chu

G-G-G-G-Giu spit some lyrical shit at you

Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu, left hand pin you to the wall

While the right hand lift spoon and sip soup

Bones levitate, I meditate, strong as a ape

Slim as a snake, whatever it takes

Yo I went to the morgue to identify the body of rap

Decomposed and entirely whack

I'm the reason every rapper in the world still breathin

More blood for the machine, bring the next team in

Brrrap, spit a verse like a five shot burst

Actin like you not hurt, make your injury worse

Y'all niggaz look rich, put your money in the square

I'ma take you on a walk through the metaphor fair, yeah

(Chorus)

In the motorpool, odors and fumes

Soldiers in rooms, you notice them, they notice you too

Park my Strike on the street, open the hatch

and stand on the seat and catch a RPG with my teeth

They used to call me Gunny on 1-3

I don't give a fuck G, the Mark 19 got one speed

Put your H3 HumVee in the junk heap

The 25 mic might make things ugly

(Canibus)

The junkyard dawg, drunk on tour

With biochemical scars, left on my arms

The wanderer, conqueror, turned absconder

And record labels don't sponsor that kind of monster

Spit so nice, my own lips slice

Come get me a knife, my infrared sight split rights

Got you in a tight squeeze, coughin up like cream

Like Chinese refugees with white knees

Overseas I was Santa Claus, in camoflaug

With a Mark 19 on my left handlebar

Memorize the landmarks, close to the airport

Can't stay here and talk, safety is a rare thought

Wanna say fuck this, too late to just quit

Slugs hit, different type of blood gets published

Wifey complainin cause I'm home on crutches

I complain back because there's no more dutches, yeah

(Chorus)

(Canibus)

Readily the one repeat, read one copy

Get somebody down here, Canibus is bein cocky

Back from the ash in the flesh again

I'ma keep gettin in like Mexicans

With big breasts, estrogen, watch who you questionin

You got them girls I requested men?

Low key I'm so lonely, nobody knows me

I move like molecules do but more slowly

People get close to me but only to quote me

Lyricaly I feel like the whole world owes me

A thousand years old in dog years, I'm on a lawn chair

My pages dog-eared, I belong here

(Chorus)

(Canibus)

Yeah, the junkyard dawg  
Rhythmic Jiu Jitsu  
With biochemical scars left on my arms  
The wanderer, conqueror, turned absconder  
Def Con Zero over, Head Trauma