

# Canibus, Sharpshooter Masters

(Canibus)

Javelin's hawk within striking distance  
Alert to the sound's that we hear, the rapper's response, verses in the air  
I smell the tobacco, you know that you're here  
Show just the white tail buck and the black bears  
So what the fuck gave you the right  
to come into the wilderness just to pick a fight?  
Whatever jurisdiction you from we rip mics  
The B-line, the blood trail in the dim light  
Back to the kill site  
Come here city boy, I hear you're real nice  
Surrounded by dark so far from the city lights  
Stop browsing, sniff downwind cowards  
You pissed yourself, you smell more foul than public housing  
Hardcore, parkour tear off your car door  
Fire-breathing gargoyles, eating hyenas charbroiled  
Alien tongues long sharp but called predator claws  
I rip through the Kevlar for your heart  
til your lower body support lost  
The large carnivore spit boss Beowulf rip your torsos off  
Float like the flying albatross, part mothman part wasp  
Ambush armour transport to the marsh  
Javelin Fangz, Germaine's bombing ray campaign  
My hands change when I drink Beowulf bane  
You ain't seen nothing nearly as strange  
Glorious alien planes, still in the frame but nearly out of range  
Canines, Sons of Cain, impervious to pain  
Numb off cocaine, ripping railroad tracks off trains  
Deranged batshit insane, rhymes liquefy brains  
They dreaming of rain, smoke haze and stargaze  
AK spray photon rage, Sharpshooter sharp fangs  
Heart pump napalm through coarse veins  
Speak to barmaids, breath reeks of Grand Marnier  
She says, come on behave, I remove my dark shades  
Eyes buried behind wrinkles like Shar Pei's  
I got a scar face from back in my dog days  
The posttraumatic microphone mechanic  
Leave the habitat damaged when I rat-a-tat that ratchet  
You fucking with the Sharpshooter Masters