

# Canibus, Sundullah Spit Bullz

(Sun)

Live from Southside, Sun's the livest.. One  
Representing Sharpshooters to the fullest  
Battle forces of darkness, escape the Abyss  
Return to salt refuge in the Temple of Bacchus?  
Where I learn verbal weaponry to conquer my enemies  
The keys to infinity, words to pure energy  
Spittin' the livest shit, saliva on some lava shit  
Sun, Cena, Bis Spitbullz we the livest click  
Armed for war using words as my weapons  
We clash like Satan and Christ at Armageddon  
We turnbuckle titans, We fear these mics like Tyson  
I go straight for ya ear when I'm writin  
Mics are hand-to-hand, we dont just throw blows  
We fight in the UFC, the size of the Rose Bowl  
Word to K-Solo, battle Sun spells Death  
Imma cannibal Canibus spit flames and eat flesh

(Tha Trademarc)

Discrepancy, edit the dialect, the heavy the steady, context  
Direct spawns loose forever, Circumnavigate, manipulate the center  
Physical status, anatomy is broken down signs and theorem equations  
instead of Arabic letters, activate together, bite my style is like high-jackin me at 30,000 feet in a pa  
Styles saturated, weighed down like pants with 20 pockets full with spare change tryna leave the gr  
A modest endeavor, divide my body in half and suck the piece of flesh in the center  
You and me in the same sentence, never  
Thats like comparing a planes scratched the bleeding interal  
Like comparing a blaze masters fuckin inferno  
Scaring every MC out the city  
Like diving in a pool of razorblades with immune deficiency  
Publicly with every MC and DJ in the country under me  
The main reason the world stop rappin and breathin is what I'm gonna be

(Canibus)

Spitbullz off the muzzle, airborne off the turnbuckle  
To touch you, tear bones off the muscle  
Stomp you, try to get the swamp monster off you  
The awful scent of bloody flesh and barnacles haunt you  
Couldn't kill me with a 50 cal round of three hundred fifty pound Hound with a canine growl  
I scan the road from a mud hole like Rambo  
The chain-fed ammo open you up like manholes  
I'm Uncle Sambo with a Ku Klux Klan robe  
Black face, pink lips Arctic coloured camo  
Spitbullz whore let me get a fix on this fool  
I drool when it's time to get tool  
Six wolves minimum, interrogate before killing them  
Water board torture below zero temperature  
Hot bars generate sparks, bitch, I told you don't talk  
Fibrillate your heart til you fart  
On your feet, drag you outside, march  
Walk til your feet parched and your BDU bottoms starch  
Feed you pork soaked in sodium salt  
Big weapons spark like tuning forks in the dark  
Won't tell you again, do not talk when we walk  
Do not gawk at the corpse laying on the sidewalk  
Handcuffed behind back flesh decompose and crack  
Heads are detached from the respiratory tracts  
Crossbow buttstock across the throat  
Pardon the approach I thought you was walking too slow  
No one who is able to hear will care  
Those with compassionate care cannot conquer fear  
The final battle won't be in space but right here

Thirty two thousand four hundred Maidenhead squares  
Sharpshooter assault, Mankind versus The Land Sharks  
You don't want none of the Spitbullz