

# Canibus, The C-Quel

[Overlapped lines from songs in the past]

[OVERLAP 1]

"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh  
I'll battle you over the phone you can call me collect"

"Verbally vicious, telekenetically gifted,  
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it"

"Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you  
How many niggaz in my career I've ran through"

"At 1000 degrees celsius I make Emcees melt,  
Fuck my record label I appear courtesy of myself"

"Canibus is the type to fight for mics,  
beatin' niggaz to death and beatin' dead niggaz to life"

"While you niggaz is babblin' my lyrics is travelin'  
like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen"

"The intellectual athelete accurately rappin' so rapidly,  
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically"

"I walk the B-Lock with the G-Lock, C-ocked,  
tryna' get the DR-op on the C-ops"

"The Canibus is a animal with a mechanical mandible  
comin' to damage you spittin' understandable slang at you"

"Rhymes richocet off the inner walls of my lungs  
and go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns

"Whenever the head is severed from the human body  
with a sharp enough weapon the brain remains conscious for 10 seconds"

"What's the matter with ya'll, I'll spatter ya'll,  
against the muthafuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapult

"I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme,  
Till the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9!!!"

[Verse 1]

Yea, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel, Yo!

I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores

To every single pore in my skull

Hard from my mouth to my jaws

&gt;From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored

And from my balls in my draws to the floor

I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War

So I can start World War 4 and murder us all

I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor

Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes

I don't give a fuck who won an award

On stage tryna' thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword

Let they blood pour all on the floor

If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord

I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board

Like frozen meat tryna' thaw then bury you under the morge

Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car

Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn

By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond

By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone

I'll send ya' to hell where you belong

So by the time ya' body hits the floor

Ya' spirit won't be in it no more  
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more  
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws  
I got millions of styles and I mastered'em all  
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bullcharge and crash in the wall

[OVERLAP 2]

"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"

"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,  
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"

"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check  
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"

"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese  
in fatigues covered with leaves"

"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"  
conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus"&quot;

"Turn ya' head round gimmie the cheddar,  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"

"Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me,  
an emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"

[Verse 2]

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on  
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long  
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out  
Wack niggas bout to get aired out  
Faggit niggas get they ass teared out  
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out  
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout  
Then bust a shot in the muthafuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out  
A hundred thousand mile warranty  
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally  
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority  
Smacked him in the head for tryinna' roar at me  
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty  
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me  
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me  
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery  
Way back before gold-plated male and female  
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback  
I was tryinna' blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?  
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back  
"Yea nigga" [ ] "What? Yeah nigga take that"  
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped  
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass  
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast  
It's not fun so I don't laugh  
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one  
You know how you be feelin' sad  
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand  
Canibus is unequivocally the illest killin' machine in the industry  
For the 20th century  
Trapped in a max security building  
Sufferin' from a severe illness called brilliance [echoes]