

Canibus, There Has He Been(For Whom The Beat

(Intro: Canibus)

Yeah, Mic Club and Waste Management
Javelin Fangz, Wolfgang, sharp fangs, yeah

QUOTE

(Canibus)

The vocalist with osmosis spit
Canibus on some robust robot shit
You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit
Nine hundred and fifty more bars just to talk to the kid
They just rappers, I'm a cloud of galactic matter coming at you
Like radar or race car spelt backwards
The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics
Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish
The magnetic patient will record the same thing
While erasing the lost dynasty of Beijing
Spitting rhymes cause significant mission lapse time
You'll be fine, don't rewind, move onto the next line
Three bogie's ten o'clock high, I die if I do not try
Ostriches are not supposed to fly
Fighter pilots with not eyelids, did you see what I just did?
Hydraulic pressure getting high as a bitch
Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in
The evil bald eagle strike you again
Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven
My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan
I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves
As Earth travels through the gravity belt
And I can offer you no help
The Period of Purification can be described as something you call Hell
Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down the W-E-L-L
Wolfgang counting down

(K-Solo)

Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass
Send your career on a collision course and then your crash
I'ma laugh motherfucker, it's gonna only get worse
You'll hit a tree and you go flying through your window headfirst
Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur
Get your fucking ass kicked, leave with your head hurt
Beef with me equals dead thugs
Even when I'm fucking sleep, stomp out you bedbugs
The hitman buck quick
One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass nigga who suck dick
Rap too good for the hood, who's the don
And they said I'd never make it with an album, you know who, but I proved them wrong
Even without money in my pocket I still move along
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song
I was never assed out
My label's the only label in the motherfucking world that's able to take the trash out
Call me sweet, don't care if I fuck a bitch til she pass out
Like a Hansel when I come, a lot of niggas don't wanna back out
Thirty niggas, they gonna pull a Mac out
Cause I rap, grapple and box, make competition tap out
I put it down, I cut them down, cut them down
You know I'm known to shut them down
Dudes is joking, I laugh, take cash cause they clowns
If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the rounds
Take them down, I'm the Godfather, Long Island music here to take the crown
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a sound
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground
Who hating now? Who hating now? Who hating now?

(Outro: sample)

It was I who first came as a man

And his.. because of this man but

When he comes again

He suddenly comes as the conquering line of Judah