

# Canibus, Venomous Spit (B.K. Anthem)

(Movie Sample)

"You become all of a sudden, a mechanical man..."

(Intro: Canibus)

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the K-1 boxing tourney  
{(Yo, Black Kobra gon' kill 'em)} {(Yo, that nigga, gon' kill that nigga)}  
Introducing Black Kobra, Dewey Cooper, you get fucked like Kama Sutra  
All competitors, get ready to get severed

His Guyanese flying knees bust thru pine trees  
Cantonese ninth degree, Muy Thai Chi  
{(Black Kobra, Black Kobra, Black Kobra, Black Kobra)}

(Verse One: Canibus)

Spellbound jaws, repel down walls  
Breach the perimeters, take down four guards  
Shut down alarms, disarm all COM's  
Nobody moves, nobody get harmed  
Bloodshot red-eyes, look like two flares  
Zookeeper stay clear; the bear with blue-hair  
Stab you in the chest with Satan's bayonette  
Darth Vader versus Boba Fett; make a bet  
I can go toe-to-toe with cold flows  
But I don't go nose-to-nose with no hoes  
In the streets lyrically, I provide outreach ministry  
For the whole Hip-Hop industry  
I'm on some Scorpion King, Morpheus thing  
Break your pinkie off with a ring, then offer to sing  
Lord of the Rings, on the phone orderin' bling  
I'ma clip your wing then bring the coroners in  
Your body's numb like, one million scorpion stings  
Give me One Mic, and a cup of coffee to drink  
All right, watch the word-termite burn a mic  
I rhyme circles around niggaz; turn right  
First name, Germaine, last name, Audio-Slave  
Hold your breath off my audio wave  
Want to be brave? Dump you in a watery grave  
My brigade invade like Normandy D-Day  
Instant replay, spray your beats with an A.K.  
From a sea ray, call the I.A.E.A.  
Hey, Jesus, the great Can-I-Bus just  
Please us with your lyrical thesis  
LL Cool G; Ladies Love Cool Germaine  
I swim with 'em in pools of champagne  
Perform lyrical Yoga, in a Pagoda  
Instruct Malaysian silat special-op soldiers  
Look me up if you good enough  
I keep a hundred plus rhymes on me homey 'cause I wouldn't bluff  
The mic-God, terabyte I-Pod  
The rap icon that just stepped out of the white-fog  
Guns I move 'em up, run before I shoot 'em up  
Man, you fuck, shake ya' hand and order you a tux  
Black Kobra...