

Canibus, Wake Up Show With Jurassic 5

(Canibus)

Yo,

Me and Jurassic 5 in the chromed-out Navigator
Counting paper, who want to taste the new flavor?
We go hard like terrorists smuggling bombs
Blow up a plane fuselage with the president on board
Starting problems, bringing drama regardless
We get our point across like a trapeze artist without falling
Twin-turbine rhymes with four thousands pounds of thrust
Can-I-Bus, Can-I-Bus
If you one of them niggas that only trust what you can touch
When you see me give me a pound and shut the fuck up
No diggity, I smack rappers silly for drilling me lyrically
The hardcore metaphor war trilogy
With a verbal chemistry punks can't understand
How Canibus kills a man with less than ten lyrical milligrams
Of the illest jam you've ever seen or heard
Special operatives rocking this to get the proper burn
What! Let me pass it to my man on the right
So he can spark the mic

Canibus is above the law, I make cops shit in they drawers
They won't even dispatch the call if my name is involved
While you pray to Allah, reading your Quran and your teachings of Mohammad
I'm in my crib studying Thugonomics
Punks want to murder me, that's why my burgundy Suburban be
Full of secret service security
Transporting me back and forth from the Affirmative Action university
In aircrafts that takeoff and land vertically
The fact that I ain't treated like a king is absurd to me
From the streets of Dirty Jersey to Germany niggas heard of me
Verbally murdering you thoroughly without effort
I get drug tested before I can rhyme on a record
Remarkable specimen with an audible weapon
Processing lyrics in less than one-one hundredth of a second
Beef, bring it, bullets and barrel, spin it

F' the nonsense

I got the reinforcements to crush any enemies offense
With a hundred-thousand horsemen
The hardest mother-what on the market, right here
I complete in a minute what would take you a light-year
Extraterrestrial biological entities with infinite energy
Battling for world supremacy
Who want to get touched? The Can-I-Bus will crush you
With hard jigsaw puzzles and strong jaw muscles
Ambushing emcees, jumping out the trees
Like Vietnamese in fatigues covered with leaves
Interrogating you wack emcees like M-I-B's with dark glasses
Asking you to tell me exactly where that alien craft landed by flashing
Bright lights in your eyes with them silver cameras
So when you're revived you can't recall or understand it
That's how the Canibus keeps tabs on the planet
I use amnesia to neutralize public panic
And take advantage of opportunities to do damage
I'll pierce your heart with evil thoughts
The only thing faster than the speed of light is the speed of dark
With the jaws of a Great White shark I'll rip you apart
My state of the art lyrical lasers is razor sharp
Splatter the brain matter of my enemies
With the same bullet trajectory that murdered John Kennedy
In the back of his cranial cavity, which is actually
What happens to any wack emcee for battling me

Yo, I'm a nuclear warhead
Right now you're provokin my detonation
Never test me without proper authorization
My lack of patience has cause me to get mad
And explode right in front of your face like a airbag
Your rhyme is fake, your brain is child's play to manipulate
I create lyrics too intricate to imitate
Movin at a velocity
That'll break your stop-watch if you're clockin me
My concrete jungle is like Jumanji
But iller than what you seen in the cinema
A five foot eight nigga wit more horsepower than twelve cylinders
My brain consists of twin pentium chips
That's double the clock speeds of a 5-86
And nuttin about my physical matrix is basic
I kick flavor beyond what your tongue is capable of tastin
You'll be so surprised you won't believe your own eyes
It's like explainin color to a man that was born blind
One of a kind, I got divine chromosomes in me
My sperm'll scramble the eggs in a women's ovaries
Cuz I'm as original as it gets
And I can't respect, niggas that copy like double-decks
I get vexed, when crab punks bite my style
Cuz I'm sellin a thousand records per day, per square mile
Breakin the laws of phsyics, wit metaphors and lyrics
Speakin to dead poets by conjuring up they spirits
From Shakespeare to Edgar Allen
Yo, the whole Dead Poets Society couldn't mess around wit the talent
Much less understand it
I make type-rope walkers in the circus
lose they balance when I kick the planet

"ooohs" and "aahhs"

(Sway)

Yo yo, microphones are smokin right now
World Famous Wake-Up Show
Jurassic 5, Canibus