

Canibus, Westwood

(Canibus)

Yo,

I think fast, switch fast, quick fast, quick as //
Immigrants say, No habla ingles', at border-patrol fences
Messing with Canibus is senseless
Divide my senses by six and you'll end up with triple sixes
And triple the digits mean triple the spirits
My light body to the third power will triple my lyrics
I'm triple the threat, I'm triple my physical flesh
I'm telling you, put your money on me then triple your bet
Cause I won't be satisfied til I'm set
Till I got a triplex out in Tribeca with the skyline effect
Rhyming is the nine-to-five that I manipulate best
Eight hours of writing and memorizing a manuscript
Called "The Biography of Canibus";
Subtitled The Ultimate Guide for Teaching Modern Man How to Spit'
How to tongue twist, how to enunciate certain shit
How to control your breath, how to make your syllables spit
You niggas ain't listen to Bis, I kill em with shit
I'm wicked with this, I should be selling tickets to this
Paparazzi should probably be taking pictures of this
My fans in the street with signs trying to picket for this
Saying, "We want Bis! We want Bis!"
We want the rapper with the illest lyrics!"
My dedication and my commitment's beginning-less
I can go four quarters or nine innings for this
Go twelve rounds, play two days of cricket for this
Lead crusades across Europe like the Christians for this
The notion I'm dedicated is an understatement
My rhymes are out of this world like the Russian space-station
Sneak-attack rappers, grab them and slash them
Chop their heads off with claws sharper than velocer raptors
Hunt them like Jurassic Park actors
But spare Samuel Jackson's life cause he was the only black one
Action packed like Shaft, the black assassin
Blasting the .753 backwards Magnum
Follow me down the road to Damascus
Do not follow me these madmen, popping ecstasy pills like aspirin
Drink a gallon of cyanide and still can not die
Niggas want to lock the Chronicles of Canibus' away forever
And put my book of rhymes through a shredder
Never, I'm way too clever the way I manoeuvre
Beat your ass like Lennox Lewis did to David Tua
In front of a hundred-million pay-per-viewers your career is ruined
Your face will be swollen like the Benihana Buddha
Bring it to ya', prove you're a loser
Beyond the length of this rhyme you have no future
Pounce upon you like a puma or some wild cougars
In the jungle with my adrenaline juices flowing through them
I'ma reprogram everything that you're doing
Hypnotize the audience you perform in front of to start booing
You're stupid, you and your whole crew are extremely foolish
I can't cipher with you cause your breath is too putrid
Put your mic down and step away from it
Shut your mother fucking mouth and don't say nothing
You have the right to remain silent
Sentenced to life on Rikers Island for terrible freestyling

Yo, yo,

I heard a rumour English women make love the best
Is that true? Cause I ain't had no justice yet
A lot of clowns keep arguing on who the best is
Bite the style but can't digest it
Til they get karate kicked in the mouth and their teeth get ejected

Told you to Watch Who U Beef Wit' on the last record
Platinum teeth? I sell them for a thousand pounds apiece
You buy one back and you get one free
Put it down in the east, put it down in the west
Put it down on paper, put the paper down on the desk
In the studio is where I put it down to the test
It's nothing but skull-crushing pressure down at them depths
Throw a rough mix down, download it to disk
Give a copy to everybody that's down with Bis
Since ninety-six, the Dogg Pound remix
First time anybody put me down to spit
It's like Pak-Man don't stop
Til I hear my voice banging up and down the block
In a Magnavox with a hundred watts
Creating ripples in the water like aquanauts
breathing through their oxygen-box
I belong on top of the pops not on the bottom with rocks
I mean, honest to God, I'm shocked, I thought the album was hot
I guess you can't write an infinite rhyme with a finite mind
That's why rhymes like mine mystify mankind
A lot of rappers are ahead of their time
But when it comes to rhymes like mine the word 'time' doesn't apply
You see, rhyming is the art //
The microphone is the paintbrush responsible for getting the point across
The canvas is the street
Where the master of the ceremony paints the picture for everybody to see //
Nobody could rhyme this fluent
Nobody ever did what I'm doing
Nobody ever spit what I'm spewing
I'm the illest alive and I'ma prove it
Plus I've got to show the people that I've got mad love for rap music
I bury emcees with rosary beads
A picture of their wife and their seeds and a picture of me
I'm as graceful as the left hand of Rembrandt
Put some instrumentals on and ask my pen to dance
I'm such a gentleman
Pull out chairs, open doors, never offend my fans
Unless they offend me and I lose my temper, man //