

# Canibus, What You Lookin' For

(Canibus)

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs  
Cause in a minute I'mma be on top of the biz  
Try to act like you don't know who it is  
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus Quotable Quiz  
It's like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is  
But I'm a ogre in the biz with the vocals and libs  
Said so much crazy shit on my last album  
My name shut Interpol down for two hours  
Now that's true power  
I create what I can't counter rhyming from my anger-management counselor  
Just listen to the vibes and blend in with the signal you gettin'  
Can you hear me now? Answer the question  
You want to talk about sick poems? I spit stones  
Leave you split holmes, tie knots with your rib bones  
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones  
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones  
I can speak Chinese, Ching-Chong, get off the ding-dong  
Knock your ass over the table like little ping-pongs  
You got balls? Bring em on  
I'll smash em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linkx on  
One blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms  
Spit raw, your face look like you smelled a stink-bomb  
You ain't dreaming, nigga, pinch your arm  
Canibus be spittin' bars that could dislodge Kanye's jaws

(Canibus)

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off  
Punch lines on the song through the hook and all  
You acting like you think you too good to fall  
You spit with a glass-jaw, get up, give it more

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If I was focused I could crush you  
Cause you saying you focused, then how come I could still touch you?  
I'll bust you, then spit some Young Buck shit at you  
Cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two  
My little arms carry big arms  
To tickle the clit, finger keep the sink warm when I bring harm  
I'll have a nigga screaming for his momma  
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma  
Come along with me, let me see what you got  
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not  
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy  
When people see you they don't know that it's not me  
I flow cause I got to, the shit sound hot cause it's not you  
Try to catch me but I got you  
I got a mind that spins like belt drives  
And when I seen Hip-Hop die I felt cries  
But I got an idea to bring it back to life  
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right  
I'll go all-out, pour my heart out, mix it around  
Put my voice to these beats let it mix with the sound

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