

# Canibus, Woof Tickets

(Canibus)

Rock them the top of the head, millions of people fall victim to bloodshed  
I leave more dead, than a nuclear warhead  
We'll all be killed, if I turn it up full tilt  
God knows I got this rap shit, sowed like a quilt  
You probably wondering if I'm versatile, no question  
My styles adapt like luxury car suspension  
Kick the type of shit, that will blow a microphone to bits  
If it's close enough to kiss, I'll walk away with chap lips  
I slap in clips, and get down, to the sounds of rounds  
Hitting niggas, and niggas hitting the ground  
Copperfield niggas disappear like magic  
As soon as I pull the semi-automatic out the jacket  
I got you illing, like King-Kong was climbing your building  
Movie directors recording me screaming, Keep filming!  
They love to see me rock mics, cause I rock it right  
Curious people pause, like cars at stoplights  
Cause it's banging in a way you wouldn't believe  
Just to rate my tape, you gotta combine five Source Magazines  
That's twenty-five mics total  
I got average niggas with four mics saying that I'm immortal  
Fatal as carbon-monoxide, I gunshot you at your backside  
From a bullet traveling Mach Nine //