

# Canibus, Yeng Meng

(Canibus)

Niggas running around like, what did he say?  
All day, everyday, what did he say?  
Everybody want to know, what did you say?

(Canibus)

Yo

I don't want to waste no lyrics talking about you  
Just let my body die and rot in hell why don't you  
You asked the same question, I already told you  
I'm a lyricist, I do what I'm supposed to do  
You ever wonder what Hip-Hop would have been without me?  
I'm six albums deep, somebody is thinking about me  
Whether it's good or bad, yo, I can't control it  
A nigga's opinion belongs to him; I can't own it  
I microphone this with my own way of doing things  
All my rhymes really do is provoke you to think  
People don't care about your passion when they coming at you  
All they ever see is record sales and dollar value  
What the fuck does it matter what I'm rapping to?  
I can rhyme a capella and attract the youth  
If you want to compromise, we can do that too  
But I ain't never in the mood to drink no wack juice  
The bottom line is I need a bigger budget  
Advertising is how you program the public  
People don't have to understand to love something  
As long as they see it enough, they just trust it, that's why I'm like fuck it  
I might as well do what I do best  
And that's rip a microphone to shreds  
Even the best confessed, at some point in they life, they said  
That I'm the illest, but now they want you to forget  
So I accept the bitter with the sweet, mix it with some heat  
Show them how to emcee, and spit it to a beat  
I can do it in my sleep, nigga  
If I'm awake, how the fuck you gon' compete, nigga? The nerve of these niggas  
I move like my shadow is weightless  
Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient  
Transmitting from an undisclosed location  
Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations  
My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals  
And you never get the antidote from me, cause I bit you  
Stab you with a jagged crystal, cause my energy emit through  
Anything metallic, even a pencil  
Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm  
My flat-feet with no curves squish worms  
The bad news is I got a tight flow  
The good news is I just switched to Geico  
This is Hip-Hop nigga  
Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga  
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them  
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid  
The mic is a spark-plug  
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow  
When I yolk back the choke full-throttle and go for broke  
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note  
The width of my rap, too thick to fit through the gap  
The viscosity of my spit lubricates the track  
Touch the VAT-lit screen, illuminate the map  
Show me where you at; show me how you plan to get back  
My navigation better than yours, and even though you the best  
Hip-Hop is my house; you still my guest  
You want more, I give you less  
You want less, I give you more till you swimming in it up to your neck  
Listen to the words bouncing off the lungs in my chest

Hitting you from every angle like porno-sex  
Still here cause the Lord knows best  
Last thing he said to me was, let them know Bis, I'ma let them know this  
Nobody contends with Canibus  
When it comes to rhymes; everybody pales in comparison  
Word  
Nobody compares to Canibus  
Hip-Hop is Yeng, Canibus is Yang to balance it

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