

Canibus, Your Savior Freestyle (Feat. Pak-Man)

(Canibus)
Yeah, MicClub

Yo

We got off to a cold start, let me warm shit up
You're now listening to Can-I-Bus
Why would you do that? Your view too black
You must have smoked something I used to call Pool Hall crack
Put a suit on you, you still look wack
Somewhere giving orders from confined quarters, handcuffed to a fag
Played the street too much, should have been in a lab
Now you sad, mad at who you was fussing with last
Life's a bitch, ain't it? Smile, it ain't nothing to laugh
Rose hell at show and tell, brought a gun to your class
Keep the herb on the dash, cause I'm serving them fast
Classic lyrics for that ass, cause the purpose is cash
Look I got a couple of photos, of you trying to showboat
Before my gun bolt touch your throat, don't talk
The microphone shark, tear your bones apart
Spread you over your background like bogus art
Put the Mots in Art, try to focus on the frozen dart
Cold and dark, as a cobra's heart
I drink the absinthe raw, no chaser
Madness follows me like investigators after Al-Qaeda
The metaphor maker, voice like Lord Vader
If you love Hip-Hop, I am your savior
Rip your mix tape up, and still take a pay cut
Me and you in the booth, who you think is going to say something?
Remember in ninety-eight when I rung those bells?
I'm a chip off the old block, like Uncle L
Fuck a bootlace, I'll strap Velcro up
Niggas had gun talk, so what? They still didn't show up
Fuck around with Bus on the mic, they got no luck
Other than that, I don't really know what