

# Canibus, Your Saviour Freestyle

(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 //