

The Art of Yo

Canibus

Bastard style with no father tryna claim the kid
I called it X cos I ain't even tryna name the shit
Sundullah, see me on the stage with Rip
Nitrogen lungs yo my tongue mix propane with spit
And I'm nice, the voice of Christ resurrected through mics
Son of God, Son of Man, helping some of y'all will overstand
Crash the Vatican as soon as I land
I'm 'bout to set it on man in the gulf of Adan
I stand in the Garden of Eden, unbeaten, undefeated
I Tweeted pictures of Eve, tonguing Jesus
Scientology guides put my rhymes on photography slides
To quantify the higher knowledge applied
But I'm an uncaged animal channeling Hannibal
A cannibal bite your head off and hand it to you
SpitBoss, centrifugal force different from yours
Sun is Born, this is Lyrical Law, Yo!!!

I've never been a friendly author, don't need a gangster beat to make me off
ya
I'll slaughter ya while playing Cyndi Lauper
Better than y'all, give me one competitive brawl
I throw a hundred miles an hour with a medicine ball
I melt your fortress down to caramel softness
Drive a charger through ya torso, parallel parking
That cosmic ray beam effect, I Hiroshima wreck
Rap disaster so tragic they gave his ass a FEMA check
Cadence is radiant, I predated Arcadians
I stayed with the brigade of alien ecto sapiens
Hit your through the atrium of heavenly light
Once I smite you, like a left arm you'll never be right
I've used every word possible to let you know what I can do
So I made something new, I'll collipherously clobber you
You ain't legitimate, you posing like a model
Dude I'll throttle you, liquidate and sixteen ounce bottle you

I'm tryna figure out, who this nigga barking at
Before his heart gets snatched, run up on him in a stocking cap
Keep barking like you hard, get stalked and clapped
Come in the cage you get stomped on the mat
Carve your name in the axe, then chop you in the back
Hack off your femur bones, beat you with them like bats
Put your remains in some saran wrap, dump them in an alcohol vat
You can rap but you ain't all that
Step inside, close the door, fuck you yawning for?
Kick your head off, now it's rolling on the floor like a bowling ball
Open the door, clean this fucking mess off my wall
And don't ever mention his name no more
You dig, you follow me nigga, I follow you quicker
You got a weak ticker, told you not to fuck with the Ripper
Have you showing your true colours, drinking blood from ya liver
You a dickrider and you an Indian giver
Waging war with some gorillas, I'll bludgeon you by the river
The bar range is pissing he gon find you while you fishing
Fistula face, herpes simplex I'll break
Alienated aliens get ate by alien apes
You food nigga, throw yourself over the gate
How does alien taste? Like mammalian waste

You ain't swift you's a dumb fuck
I'll have you breathing like your lungs got struck by two-
hundred pound nunchucks
Brave motherfuckers get slayed for Hip Hop if you love it
Like Kill Bill between a hundred gay lovers
I'm the illest nigga say something...
Yeah I thought so, shut the fuck up things will go back to normal
I ain't happy tho, now I'm in battle mode
The president of Hip Hop with mad motherfuckers on the grassy knoll
I take it back to my Curriculum days
What you say? I body you in meticulous ways
Cos you thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze
Let me tell you something, don't pop shit fistula face
Battle league nigga, talking shit's for amateurs nigga
Goddammit, y'all living off fantasies nigga
You wanna battle that bad, aight go get your camera
When it's my turn, I got a four and a half pound answer
When I was young, I took down hard targets
You a sausage nigga, for coming at me like a novice
You never heard 'Fraternity of the Impoverished'?
Motherfucker, can't you see that I'm an artist
I don't want them childish problems
Lyrical manslaughter charges interfere with my Lyrical Law process
Out rap me, that's preposterous, metaphor marksman mudswamping
We hunt down Hip Hop monsters
Skin 'em alive tie their carcass to the bottom of my Polaris
And drive them all the way to Wisconsin
Partner, fuck around, throw your ass under the bus face down
Lay down, we gonna wait for this greyhound
The fuck you gonna say now?
Do me a favour, stop weighing me down
Fucking clown, Lyrical Law is too muscle bound
Houdini style nigga, just struggle and drown
Get it over with you can never fuck with my style
You got raped nigga, you bleeding, don't touch my towel
You can spit them wack juice punchline lines all you want
But don't front, bottom line, I'm a champ, you a chump
You can spit your stupid punchlines all you want
But after this the whole world gonna see who won
That's what you wanted right, get the fuck off my mic