

2000 B.C. (Emphasys & Elixir Remix)

Canibus

Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad
Knock a nigga unconscious and talk shit
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'
So in the ring, you cannot win
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin
The beautiful blend of power and strength
From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end
I verbally burn a nigga
Lyrically hurt a nigga
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga
Kennedy curse a nigga
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?
Who can embarrass a man?
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands
On candid cam, the Canibus can
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man

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So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!
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Thieves in the temple, a priest murdered at the doorstep
He heard the hounds of horses, surround his fortress
Look down, the whole town with torches
Blood on the door knock where our lord slept
Night before the see-er saw it, so they slept nautious
Broken windows with canisters, hidden cameras
Masked man at the top of the bannister
Shattered glass everywhere, someone pushed his man down the stairs
A knife in the back with a note attached, read 'Beware'
Looked up, saw a blowin curtain, a open window
and heard the whistle of the soft air, someone screamin 'warfare'
So Solomon takes cover, a servant yells out 'the bitch is cursed
don't touch her', but he trusts her, he also loves her
Cause her to hold the sharing, his bright morning star
His lil' way out the valley, a spy cut her throat inside a dark alley
Someone knocked his daughter off a balcony, bloodshed in Galilea
The cowardly flee to the hills of Cabrera
Thieves of a hundred gates, the queen of cities
No one shows pity, flyin spirits, floatin demons, fallen saints
Soldiers walkin by their ranks, service of the East gate, scared to drink
What would our leaders think? Every man lookin at each other, scared to blin
k
The seed inside the sanctuary, scary
Portraits of Saint Mary, with Mona Lisa
The Queen of Cheeba, strokin a cheetah
Other mid-wives sayin 'I don't like the way he treats her'

Pass the reefer, bass cheeba, Solomon judge wisely
Wisdom spoken of highly, hair knotty, ask God 'Why me?'

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I'm live evil, I know live people
Anxious to bang ya wit heavy metal like Magneto
Now who really on some gangsta shit?
Not every nigga with a stomach tattoo, bandana and a click homey
You ain't dope just cuz ya sniff it, I lace ya blunt with it
That just makes ya a wack rapper and a drug addict, get it
These niggaz rhyme like they AK spray shit
Sell a ki of yay shit, gotta ride, homicide, every single day shit
Get smacked in the streets by some real nigga who don't play shit
Hit the pavement screaming it's just entertainment
And that ain't it, life sucks like pedagation
My obligation, expose all ya funny bunnies
Rappers actin slash fudge packin for the money
Cuz next week if the new fad was hip hop fags
You'll find a lot of these thug niggaz in drag

I'm ghetto symatic, automatic static
Catatonic, supersonic, ebonic chronic addict
Astronomical when the thunder dome sinner
In the depths of the dungeon
Dangerous, disasterly
Catastrophes, metamorphis into a pit
To run and die, cracking the bricks on the walls
Camoflaug on the side of the lodge
Bout to put something up in the garage
Its time for World War 3 mufucka!
You know me Young Gotti mufucka!
I holds the microphone like a grudge
In a 'llac laid back so back the fuck up
Dis might give you a heart attack
It's real simple can't get more simple than that (than that, than that)

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