

## Back Wit' Heat

Canibus

(Yeah) The-the-the-yeah  
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin  
That's what they yellin  
YEAH... UH, YEAH (the-the-the-yeah)  
(The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin)  
Yeah, niggaz just don't know, but I'ma let 'em know  
(They don't know 'Bis, they don't know 'Bis)  
How to flow how to (they don't know 'Bis)  
How to go how to, how to..

Yo if I cough in my fist when I opened my hand  
there'd be dope in my hand cause I spoke in my hand  
In the gym 'til I turn the two-pack, to a four  
'Til the four got sore and had to make two more  
In a whole 'nother state of mind - Mexican standoffs  
Waste lives but they save time  
You know the danger, the ranger, pantyhose over  
Got basic scopes and lasers, my toaster is a widowmaker  
Good things come to those that wait  
BULLSHIT! Better things come to those that chase  
I sweep the streets with a fleet bigger than the Greeks  
'Til we occupy your land like thieves, we fin' to eat nigga

I'm back for the music, back to do exclusives  
Back to change the view of hip-hop, from that bullshit  
Back to mash up beats to bang up your ave and streets  
Canibus nigga, back with heat (yo)  
(2x)

Aiyyo, hot out the box with Nottz, shots just went off  
Nigga better check to see if you caught  
Shootouts between rap stars drivin fast cars  
through the hills of Madagascar, we can take it that far  
Screwface you niggaz; yo who's the real rudebwoy rude nigga?  
(Not you nigga) You got booed nigga  
My close quarter combat not bad  
Big niggaz drop dead when I stop they air  
You just a man, your relationship with oxygen's clear  
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah  
Motherfuckers, your back blast area clear  
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah - bring it

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Aiyyo a slug to the stomach make a thug move sluggish  
Crawlin in his bloodiness no matter how big the gun is  
If the fuzz is comin, blast shells by the tonnage  
'Til there ain't nothin left but start runnin  
I got a message 'bout I got a court summons  
Everybody around me wants somethin, they all extort NUTTIN  
I was young, I was stupid, I was really too hype  
Cause I thought a microphone was really worth my life  
Go make a club banger, that's what they asked me to do  
You a DUMB NIGGA, who the fuck is askin you?

I write a book for ya, Nottz write a hook for ya  
We can both split half of what we took from ya  
I'm just a 'round-the-way neighbor in your hood fella  
You wan' show love, let's break bud nigga  
We control the price of rap fuel  
I attacked you cause annual tax was do  
Four dollars a gallon, we gon' take it back to two  
Hip-Hop nigga, that's what we back to do  
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)  
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)

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