

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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