

# Chaos

Canibus

Yo yo yo  
Now ain't nobody fuckin wit the mastermind  
I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified  
Nickel and Teslin, Jon Von Neuman

All wrapped up in the body in one human  
I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest  
I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris  
When it comes to rappin, I'll smash your ass

Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon  
I'll smack you wit a backhand  
That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin at your catscan  
In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman

And stalk my own rap fans  
I'm like a madman fightin a war  
Throwin lightning rods, swingin lightning swords  
Blow you away wit a force that'll leave your body lost

Gone, nothin to mourn, nothin to do a autopsy on  
I rock till I can't rock no more  
'Til I can't get no mothafuckin props no more  
'Til they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour

'Til 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more  
I'm a dragon wit the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin  
Claws rip through walls of cast iron  
I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin

I clap iron like Duke Nukeum  
Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped  
Flatter than a compact disc wit black Timbs  
Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim  
Flatter than the knife \*Jigga\* stabbed Un wit

If you the first nigga that laugh  
I'll blow you in half  
The first nigga to talk trash  
I'ma blow you in half  
The first nigga to show your ass  
I'll blow you in half  
The first time'll be your last  
'cause I'ma blow you in half

Yo check it \*beat comes in\*  
I destroy your whole city block when I'm ready to rock  
Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not  
Magnetically energy poppin gates of radio waves

Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape  
Manipulatin space in large proportions  
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin  
About shit like supernatural forces

Gnomes and theories and superstring theories  
Most of you mothafuckers barely

Even understand the English language, much less think clearly  
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell

Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt  
I researched my roots, lookin for proof  
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths  
The aftermath of a nuclear blast

When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph  
I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass  
Reach your epitab and bury your ass  
As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly  
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on karaoke

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(2x)