

Cptn Cold Crush

Canibus

Tranquility to infinity (Yeah)
Tranquility to infinity

Canibus is an animal with the mechanical mandible
Coming to damage you spitting understandable slang at you
I'm the all seeing lyrical with infinite bars and visuals
And the sideways eight peripheral
I told you I spit a rhyme that'll melt the Earth
Then ask you in the afterlife if you felt the verse
On Planet Earth I search for my Tranquility first
I said I was the illest but it didn't help me it hurt
And whenever I said, "Can-I", the crowd said, "Bus"
Ten years later who am I? I still got a passionate love
To be the man who I was, never give up
Irrational rush to crush every mic I clutch
When I erupt you duck or eggs clash flash solar blast from Bus
Then sweep you off the stage like crumbs
Grab your tongue, shout, rip it out, then shove it back in your mouth
NOW! Then tell you to spit it out
I spit about them lyrics my people can't live without
Been around since '97, I've been ripping it down
Spit track after track after 'Beast From the East'
I'm back before Lil' Weezy knew how to rap
When T.I. was still hustling crack, I put the muscle in rap
100 Bars, who fucking with that?
A thousand bars later I ain't heard nothing from Pap
Where you was at when I was giving Big Punisher dap?
On stage with a him at the Palladium
You was in a gymnasium, I was putting chainsaws to craniums
Blazing Homosapians in the atrium ripping jaws off aliens
Performing 'Channel Zero' in stadiums
Up at Hot 97' disgracing them
Any radio station they place me in I broke the break-beats in
I beat her, I beat him, the beat blend, I beat them
Spit a verse to beat Barrack Obama if he win
I'm the Beast From the East, picking meat out my teeth
And as soon as the beat stop I forget how to speak
I release a better rhyme seven times a week
To beat me you gotta be better than my last release
The bars rip ya face off, spit bars, spit shine ya skull
'Til every rhyme you memorize is gone
Battle you for the respect in a battle to the death
Dial zero, call the operator ask for Bis
411 ask for RIP
555-1212, I rip the mic to shit
Before the Federal Communication Commission started a new division
With the intention to cripple our children
Mentally deficient from television
This radio programmer we listen to got to many elements missing
Lyricism and wisdom got overshadowed by the singing and blinging
Deceived by a system that's media driven
A made a vow that I would get them and bit them, then injected my venom
And for that? I was never forgiven my nigga
I let the rhythm hit them with a chemical algorithm
Liable to kill them if I ever get with them I rip them
The infinite monk, 'All Hail Can-I-Bus'
Then wake up to this 'Pure Uncut'

'How Many Emcees' do I have to bust?
'I'm A Patriot' with 'No Airplay' but 'How Come'
'My Block is Your Block', I throw it up with 'Doo Wop'
I'm the "Enemy of the State" of Hip Hop
'Indibisible', Indestructible, 'Canibustible'
The 'Adversarial Theatre Justice' judging you
Tired of you posers, I'm the rap superstar soldier on a poster
'Captain Cold Crush'
Tuck the heat before I brush the teeth
The athlete at the track meet with rusty cleats
Artillery like lawn mowers with four motors and four rotors
Look like a mom with four strollers
Counterstrike like 'Black Kobra'
With gasoline in the Super Soaker, walk over, I'll roast ya!