

# Cypher of Five Mics

Canibus

"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"  
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"  
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"  
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"  
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"  
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"  
"The Canibus is ill like that"

I murder a sixteen to the point that it's embarrassing  
Hide a grenade in my jeans, douse the booth in kerosene  
Shatter your heart's main vein pipe  
Insane at night I might have your career disappear in plain sight  
Throw you off the top of a church, stab you with a steeple  
I'm bloodying punchlines like I assaulted a hundred zebras  
Non-believers and their Lyric Jesus is haters that savor  
They're afraid since my native halo in the cradle  
became a famous behemoth misbehavin angel  
Insane but able with razors scrapin your face through ya neighbours naval  
A fatal fable from Satan's table with an unstable brain cable  
I'm hateful, blame it on being bi-racial  
I'm psychologically an anomaly  
Should be given formal apologies, honestly, a human oddity  
A commodity, Godly when rapist spittin, his blood spillin  
Chino so stuck up, gotta peel me off the fucking ceiling  
I'm bringin so much beef it'll make a Hindu kneel  
Too hard to kill you, heart's unequal beat you 'til you partial gristle tiss  
ue  
Too fast for a photo, I slash the rapper who'd be homo  
Leave him just skull and crutches like Jackass's movie logo  
Burn down your fuckin apartment, barricade the fire escape  
What I spit is rape, Chino make nightmares try to stay awake  
You've never had a fly quote and nigga you and I know  
the best thing you'll ever write is a suicide note  
Get the fuck outta here! (Five Mics, yeah)

"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"  
"The Canibus'll separate your body from your spirit"  
"I'm the baddest motherfucker"  
"What I'm spittin in your ear  
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

Canibus and Chino XL, rebels from Hell  
He's a giant, I'm a stinger missile totin Keebler elf  
Keep to myself, strategic for stealth; if I don't need it I leave it  
believe it I kept it greasy for more than 60 seasons  
Tear the target to pieces reload and repeat it  
I got a billion bars but I ain't got the time to release it  
And you ain't got the time to listen to it, hitman music  
Blow a hole through your head and piss through it  
cause you ain't fit to do this  
He vocalled it first, I vocalled it second  
Lyrics get murdered, we move in and do the forensics  
Shut down your studio sessions, DNA analysis and collections  
Cause Mic checking is a Ripper's jurisdiction  
I'm a telepathic detective, blast you with a non-kinetic weapon  
back to the essence beyond (The Outer Limits)  
Wicked and wretched, send you a message, we lure yo' ass out to the desert

Motherfuckers prepare for the unexpected  
We meet, symbolic technique, anabolic release  
Any emcee gets weak when he knows he's dead meat  
If I strike you'll be red for weeks  
You might check in with a beast that'll tan you like the Mexican heat  
The steps to my monastery are steep  
If you still feelin froggy when we get to the top - then let's leap!  
Inhale the hydrogen mist, then try to get hyper than 'Bis  
It can't get no hyper than this  
"Lyrical Law," hands on, jet turbo fans on  
Aviators are drawn into a criss-cross sand launch  
Turn starboard but still can't dodge, bank hard  
S.O.S call command coms, concentrate can't talk  
Not out of the woods yet, you can't thank God  
The red baron's hair is as long as Susan Sarandon  
War Hawks and red hawks launch out the underground airforce  
You bail out like Amelia Earhart  
SEER training is for naught, I caught you before I finished my cigar  
You a prisoner of "Lyrical Law"  
Yeah! Now I'ma seal the whole area off  
What the fuck you thought? Ain't nobody scarin me off, AIGHT?  
Niggas be rhymin like they lazy and soft  
Get ate by the SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law"  
Yeah, niggaz be rhymin like the lazy and soft  
Then get ate by a SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law" - fuck you!  
(Get the fuck outta here)

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