

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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