

Do It Live

Canibus

"I can't do it... we'll do it live"
"WE'LL DO IT LIVE, FUCK IT!" "Do it live!"
"Look, I'll write it and we'll do it live!"
"Fucking thing SUCKS!"

It's a slaughter nigga, Mickey & Mallory style
Y'all niggaz is dead, and people callin me foul
Cross you off the list, and chuck you over in a pile
Let's get this shit settled, right here and right now
I got this hard shit, in a smash
I'm about the cash; stop lookin nigga, I'm the last
motherfucker you gon' meet like this
Turn your day pitch black, like I clicked the light switch
The beat is nickle plated, one up in the chamber
In the clip the remainder, blastin off in anger
The Blaq Monsta, strike like the black mamba
Have y'all motherfuckers runnin home to your momma
Stay in yo' fuckin place, you know that I'm the ace
If not, get the taste smacked out your fuckin face
Everything I say, I mean it
I'm the black motherfucker, straight outta Queensbridge

"We'll do it live"

Streets is gritty, drama in the city
We askin God for mercy but he showin you no pity
You're hopin for a miracle, when your faith is cynical
The only thing that matter to you is if you had your pistol full
Sit back, uncontrolled rages
Over y'all taxes, playin on different stages
Rotten lives, speeches be contagious, who we are
Cats who die, they don't make it too far
We're quick to talk about things we shoulda done and never did it
Things we started, and never finished
We watch our children look at us with empty wishes
They growin up with no restrictions, I wonder why
Miscommunications, across the great states
Blood flows down heaven's gates as we await our torturous fates
Crimson, for all to see
But only those with knowledge seem to see it biblically
It's a harsh reality, placed in wise mentality
Unholy matrimonies, your true voice is true phonies
Shadows creepin while you're sleepin
Young widows weepin, trustin these cats when you meet them
This teach men before they descend
Enter Nostradamus philosophy well fuck that, listen to my prophecy
Well your blood run, now you're enemies
You choose your path, now face your penalties
No more gettin high, and drinkin Hennessy
It's a new world ordered, not meant for humanity

I got that hazardous flow kids sniff with various cokeheads
Y'all cats are halfway out the closet like Mario Lopez
My infallible flow is sicker than subliminal phallic symbols
of Walt Disney motion picture posters
Sac section rises, sick as Opus, fixin the focus
The scope of the magnum at whichever nigga's standin the closest

Your amateur flow is not compatible to my notes its
like Kanye I snatch your mic for thinkin that you so swift
The magical melatonin omen roamin in the wide open
Breast strokin in the fiery ocean, token on cyanide
When I was smokin, I saw both of my eyes explodin
Mind frozen with bad breath from goin into ketosis
Nebaru geneticists, medieval torture methods
Military weapons, botchilist, decoding Hebraic messages
Nuyorican native, reincarnated, in the form of Satan
The ladies, in a meditative state, sedated
Inundated with the latest, my speech is upgraded
Y'all niggaz ain't seein me, like the thong on Aretha Franklin
Why am I so lyrical? Cause your rhymes are limited
like a cockeyed cyclops who loses periphreal
Attack mics, split backs like the passion of Christ
My passion for what I write is like a massive appetite

The appetite of Megaladon, pumping steroids in his arm
His upper torso is bigger than yours
Brave men will die, women will cry over the genocide
But don't cry, dry.. your eye
My left brain twenty percent, my right brain is more than that
My pituitary gland is on crack
That's why they barely understand where I'm at
And while I rap, they say it's whack
It's not wise to react, why is that?
Cause consciously I'm black, subconsciously I'm darker than that
The most controversial artist in rap
When I step with my lyrics, I force them to fall back
I was wounded in combat, and still crawled back ("Do it live!")
Do it right the first time, I don't ever have to do it again
Unless I rehearse it again and again
Rotating floating spheres like clockwork rotating gears
Counter-clockwise collating what you hear
Over here, don't repeat what you heard, just remember what you learned
Remember the last time you got burned
Qualitative analysis is not enough to quantify Canibus
But do it live if you think you can handle this
[gunshot fires]