

Yo, I plan to build a myself a facility before I'm 40  
A molecular archceogenetic laboratory  
That can analyze complex poetry data for me  
Even if it was recorded poorly, how extraordinary  
I frog leap over awful beats  
Then I separate rappers by the carbon-14s  
To determine the age of anything ever made  
Regardless of how the outside surface has changed  
I put a curse on your name, bombard your brain  
With gamma x-rays till you burst into flames  
With the scientifically quantifiable megalomaniacal  
Viable style, it's like trying to ride a bull  
Let's have a dictionary duel after school  
Check into me a nice Cedar Sinai room  
So I can get sick as the flu, spittin the truth  
If you ain't got this album, you missing the proof  
Prepare for your doom my nuclear rocket plumes  
Glow against the pale background of the moon  
Toxic fumes spoil complete stocks of fruits, and foods  
Burning your flammable boxes and booms  
Got in the groove even though I'm not in the mood  
Motherfucker you didn't win 'cause I can't lose  
Give the fans the chance to choose, fuck you  
Who's the illest, who's it really up to  
Rapping fire, you better run for the pacifier  
Tie you up and drown you in the saliva quagmire  
Till your oxygen expires and your lungs dry up  
'cause you said Bis ain't dope, you a damn liar  
Disaster for hire over beats by pious  
Flow like the Tigris, Euphrates, with the Eye of the Tiger  
In my iris, Canibus is a fighter  
Motherfucker, my greatgrandfather was Irish  
Let's roll the dices, 'll break you like young Tyson  
Give me the mic man, I don't need no hype man  
Put a thousand on me, put one on him  
I tear off his limbs, throw him in, and tell him to swim  
Yo I soak that shit and coat that shit in soy sauce  
Tell the FCC boss, turn that noise off  
Call Detroit's Mafia Boss  
Tell him yo, I got a job for you, I want you to bust his balls  
Drop him off by Niagra Falls  
Write my name on a banana and put the banana between his jaws  
Nobody disrespects lyrical law  
I'm the best there ever is and the best ever was  
Training like a grunt face down in the mud  
With blood, sweat, and tears, sucking it up  
Yo, you wonder where I am right now  
I'm probably somewhere on the microphone fucking it up  
Dead or alive, Canibus will live through the rhyme  
To be the illest on the mic is a mission of mine  
Spittin' divine, you can't get it twisted this time  
Vocal with a mirror to make sure my lips are aligned  
Dr C, PHD graduated from UMG  
Bright as the LCD display on a new MP  
Prototype of a true MC  
With 3d topography maps you can't see  
Butcher on Broad Street, wrapping CDs

In butcher paper, doing artwork with Sharpies  
If you don't like the quality, then talk to me  
What the fuck you on the website for you creep?  
Punching the keys, remember that sound  
That's exactly what it sounds like when i'm punching your teeth  
Kick a rap, bitch, if you've got the gumption to speak  
Stand next to me, i might put a lump in your meat  
Diss you and your man, double the beef  
To tell you the truth, I thought your rebuttal was weak  
Round the outside, blah, blah, etcetra, etcetra  
The body of my literature is bigger than South America  
Nigga look, this is all I gots to say  
Suck my P-H-D-I-C-K