

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs  
Cause in a minute I'ma be on top of the biz  
Try to act like you don't know who it is  
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus quotable quiz  
Its like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is  
But I'm a oldie in the biz with the vocals and libs  
Said so much crazy shit on my last album  
my name shut Interpol down for two hours  
Now that's true power  
I create what I can't count to rhyme from my anger management counselor  
Just listen to the fives and blend in with the signal you getting  
Can you hear me now? Answer the question  
You wanna talk about sick poems? I spit stones  
Leave you split holmes, tied knots with your rib bones  
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones  
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones  
I can speak Chinese, ching chong get off the ding dong  
Knock your ass over the tables like little ping pongs  
You got balls? Bring 'em on  
I smash 'em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linx on  
Blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms  
Spit raw, your face look like you smelling stink bombs  
You ain't dreamin nigga, pinch your arm  
Canibus be spittin' bars that can dislodge Kanye's jaws

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off  
Punchlines on the song through the hook and all  
You actin' like you think you too good to fall  
You spit with a glass jaw, get up give it more

If I was focused I could crush you  
Cause you sayin you focused, then how come I can still touch you?  
I bust you, then spit some young buck shit at you  
cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two  
My little arms carry big arms, to tickle the clip finger  
Keep the sig warm when I bring harm  
I have a nigga screamin' for his mama  
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma  
Come along with me, let me see what you got  
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not  
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy  
When people see you, they don't know that its not me  
I flow 'cause I got to  
This shit sound hot 'cause its not you  
You tried to catch me, but I got you  
I got a mind that spins like belt drives  
And when I seen hip hop die I felt cries  
But I got an idea to bring it back to life  
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right  
I'll go all out, pour my heart out, mix it around  
Put my voice to these beats, let it mix with the sound