

## How We Roll

Canibus

I never freestyle for free, without chargin niggaz a fee  
It'll cost a brain cell just to cypher with me  
I'm the type of MC, that rocks for the glory  
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me or camcord me  
Freestyle or written, spittin with infinite ammunition  
For anybody tryin to go the distance  
I promise ya no less than a hundred-thousand kilometres  
My bomb threats'll have you evacuatin your continent  
I'm barbaric with the alphanumeric  
Hittin you with lyrics that separates your body from your spirit  
This is for wack niggaz doin shows and shit  
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it

I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

We savages, snatchin microphones from amateurs  
Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin it  
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you  
Into little, powderlike crystals, so I can sniff you  
What I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian  
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias  
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you  
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?  
Comin afta ya, blastin ya, with the shotgun  
Like a front seat passenger  
You must be askin fa', some sort of a massacre  
I'll attack ya cardiovascular  
Shatter you like glass in automobile crashes  
When I smash that ass into blackberry molasses  
Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it  
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it

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West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz  
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I'm the illest lyricist in America -- MC's can't see me  
Cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to regista  
I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves  
At a +Speed+ that would confuse Keanu Reeves  
So ask yourself, who am I?  
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fuckin life  
I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme  
Til the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9  
Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time  
Whether they signed or unsigned  
Wit many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas  
More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus  
More lines than a African herd of zebras

Niggaz just ain't fuckin wit the 'cannabis seteva'  
This is for ALL you niggaz doin shows and shit  
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it  
("Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

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Some hostile violent  
Chemically... Imbalanced... Nigga!