

I Can U Can't

Canibus

Can-I-Bus, ripping them
Forty-four curriculum syllabus caliber killing them nigga

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Give me a minute

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Yo
This is cannibal rap, Canibus cancels your stats
My vandals in black'll take a hammer to your motherfucking plaque
A Mack eleven when I'm clapping a rap
You can't battle that, your fans need to understand the facts
You ain't even got the balls to rock on the track
If you do, then do the damn thing
And call your man back
I treat you like a lab-rat, and shove a cactus up your ass crack
Stop the bleeding with a Tampax
In fact, you're so vain you probably think this rhyme is about you
But really, nigga, I'm doing better than without you
Lyrically, I'm a mouthful, throw blows too low to crouch too
Pick a mic up and joust you
Brainstream in the cranium, lyrical arithmo mania
The creator of a greater sum
Updated lungs were created by the pyramid builders
With silvers injectors, equipped with K.N.N. filters
To keep out the filth and the dust, when I bust, you hush
Or I just sh-sh-shit you and flush
You want Hip-Hop? Then yo, Canibus is a must
Give a fuck if the shit flop, nigga, I still bust
For real, I don't complain, I don't explain
Been profane before I had a name in the game
I spit a verse, delete out the curses
Reverse it, and verse it, write it out in cursive
I don't have to learn it, so if you want to teach then teach
But don't preach, if you got something to say, speak but don't reach
Yo, tell me what your problem is, why you mad at me?
What's the big tragedy? Why you want to battle me?
You the one with all the dough up in all the magazines
Every time I look, your ugly ass is on the screen
So what's the fascination with me?
Rhymes aside, I'm a small fry, waiting for a little mic time
Yo, all I do is write rhymes
If a nigga, disrespect my mic, he disrespecting my pride
I beat you and beat you, 'till I defeat you
If you beat me, then I'll regroup
'Till the beef is on the meat-hook
'Till the gas bleed from the juke
And rap music is read in my book
Curriculum carpet bombing leave the street shook
If you want to get at Canibus, nigga, get in line
The best rapper in the world reserves the right to decline

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Yeah, it's the lyrical landmine
Got you motherfuckers on stand by
Yo, Can-I-Bus? C.A.N.I.B.U.S
You know I'm the best
Yeah, one time when we emcee
Magazine clip never empty, motherfucker, don't tempt me

The Brainstream, blazing the green