

It's No Other Than

Canibus

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It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic
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This gotta be the biggest track I ever touched in my life
Like the club can't breathe cause I'm clutchin too tight
You 'bout to see a live Canibus eruption tonight
Thugs in black, the bitches in white
I got the olive green marine fatigues on for sensitive light
Took my time with the rhyme to build, I'm alive and well
Got that seven figure dollar smell
Take a chance baby, not Chanel
She come check me at the telly in a minute with the longest L
As soon as she got there, the plot got clear
The bitch volunteered brains and she didn't stop there
Hot and fierce, she was not prepared
Pounded her upside down from the top of the stairs
'Til started poppin the airs
She thought it would last forever but I told her I was droppin this year
C'mon

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Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!
It's no other than... it's no other than...
It it, it-it's no other than
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!

I can't stay long, I'm on my way to the bank
But while I'm here, I'd like to thank
Canibus supporters, they knew the time
Ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis, go 'Bis) Yo bring it back one more time
And ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis) I bust/bus lines like public transportation
The rhyme always on time when I say shit
I give you far to go, murder the flow
My voice travel like that smell when they burnin the 'dro
On the tour bus they searchin the coach
In the airport they searchin my coat, they say they searchin for dope
"Legal Drug Money" stickers on the back of my bag
The only artifact from my past that I still have
I'm a brand new man, with a brand new plan
Talkin to bitches new tannin in the Cancun sands

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I play the nine, you play the target
Y'all all know my name, so I guess I just start this
I'm so swift and that's a natural fact
I'm like RIP, I mark a C on your back
Yo, follow me into a, solo
To get the flow.. that you can picture like a photo

They say I'm shallow, I never learned to swim
But they mention my name cause I got the urge to win
Tell me who's your weed man, how you smoke so good
You a superstar baby, why you still in the hood?
Damn! I hate to brag but you know I'm good
If a mic was a gun I'd be 'Bis Eastwood
Bandagin MC's, oxygen they can't breathe
Mad tricks up the sleeve
Wear boxers so my dick can breathe, hip-hop is my drug
I even got a mask and glove to bust slugs, one love

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