

Yeah, just one of those moments
where a nigga feel like tearin this shit down
Y'all niggaz know what Canibus is known for
Yeah, yo
Propane in the form of flames sprayed when I point the barrel y
our way
Ever barbecue a piece of meat for a whole day?
You'll see a smoke cloud the darkest shade of charcoal gray
Even when you get to heaven you'll be D.O.A.
Send him to a place GPS couldn't locate
My mind so great, my neck might break from the weight
Robin Hood of mixtapes since ninety-eight
Steal from the fake, give to the real cause they feel what I ma
ke
Stash steal then I peeled over the hill by the lake
Don't make me have to go get it, I peel the grill off your face
Jermaine's hell, yeah I package paint myself son of Jorel
Take and cram more yag by the grill
Courage in you to yell, order men to tie you to the top of your
cell
While I stab you in the navel with a quill
Askin you who's ill, tryin to break your will
Spinnin the wheel, lower you down knee first on nails
Make you shit yourself, witness the smell
Picture an anal IV feedin you poisonous liquidous gel
It's violent but why you gettin all sensitive now
I'm the real king of battle, this is how I get down
Can't listen to it then DON'T, you spit it fluid then DOPE
The illest, comin from what the other illest quote
Magazines once said I was the greatful hope
Some washed up bloke that couldn't execute what he wrote
It ain't over cause I still find ways to promote
Waves engulfed my boat but I managed to float
Swim to the coast, make a new ark from oak
Build a bonfire and smoke, pounds of 'dro
My own rhyme scarred my throat, torn is how I'll be remembered
by most
From now 'til the day that I croak
In a year I'm liable to be on a yacht in the ocean
Or in an armored platinum pine box decomposin
Mic Club motherfucker...