

Punch Lines

Canibus

Canibus, Hamza!
Follow us into a new era
Where lyrical content is a MUST!

We cut microphones like, gangsters holdin chrome
Like, Toto you far from home
Like, words spoken wrong will never help you reach excellence
Stop bitin like you got a speech impediment
When will you learn?
Whack lyrics and a hot beat makes your song irrelevant
This is not a movie
I'm a poet so it takes more than punchlines to move me

Can-I-Bus, your favorite rap star on ice
What I talk on the mic make them call on Christ
As far as the eye can see, gaze out into the wide sea
Look for the island, the island is me
I heard Fat Joe said, I was over in Iraq
He said I was a soldier in lyrical combat
Other people slandered my name but I dodged that
They don't see the missing pieces my thesis provides rap
Under the influence, bang 'Bis music in a Bonneville Buick
I see your face, I'ma crash into it
Lyrically I kick ass, if you don't wanna know don't ask
I might do it pro bono for no cash
The two-handed choke from the hope
turn your brain and skull to sand and salt, sprinkle you on the floor
I didn't wanna rap like that, but I had to
Cause that's what my master would do if he was asked to
The perfect music machine, mechanical being
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen
I did, I do, I does, I am, I will be, I was
The same nigga you love

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Yo, I hope they film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you - try to escape
Hold you down while I perform on your face
Why you sound like that, why you tear the mic down like that
Why you sound so intense when you rap
The airborne attack you can't call off
Breathe exhaust like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Drugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die
They push me harder cause they want me to try
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the streets
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weak

People layin on the concrete, exhausted from heat
Watchin John Kerry spit over the mic with more beats
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast
I almost, was in control of all coasts...

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I get advanced rhymes to quote, they all dope
Tote a lyrical landslide, give me all votes
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna participate
But they tryin to hold me back, a black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be He-Bus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
But I don't know if I'm right no more
But I don't know if I'm right no more

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