

R U Lyrically Fit?

Canibus

Get ready for the Luminati tsunami

C4

Eat meat raw

Street dawgs

Rip these off

And put C's on

Had to ease off

From a show I just peed on

Bought a two-seater that I put 10G's on

Beat her

Cause she took my mother fuckin ring off

She took me to Supreme Court

And the judge got screamed on

They sent me up North

To a prison with a All day long

Lift weights we Meet King-Kong, Big Don, and Little Shawn

Murda One got big arms

He real strong

Beat his own mom 'cause she stole from the weed farm

Word on the streets

Raw

Don't beef with Armstrong

Wrong season

Lou crush anything he breathes on

Pass me the paper and pen

And put beats on

Rip rap songs

Yo!

You mess with my horse

You dead as a corpse

Forget it

Rhymes without ending

With infinite lyrics

Fools you do get abused like broads

In a battle for truth with rhymes and metaphors

When my horse appears

Count your prayers

Stab you in the ear

Then pull out the spear

Watch the crowd cheer

Leave the floor wet

With all the blood stains

So the audience knows

The Canibus runs things

I rip down stages

On many occasions

Dozen of broken down mics and melted tape decks

Everywhere I go niggas wanna rob me

Bootleggers be in the front row

Trying to get a clear copy

So take caution

Cause I'm a horseman

And I'll snatch that ass up quick like "turn it off man"

So just acknowledge

The way that I'm gifted

Cause if rap was a felony
I'd be in prison
Hogging up the phone
Cussing at the C.O's
25 to life
With no parole
When battling me
You must be feeling yourself
I rip the jacker so hard
He might kill himself
Like his name was Todd or James
Back in the dark days
It's like a pit bull getting bit by a Shar-Pei
I defend my horse, my men, my friends
My baby's momma
And my offspring
So bring it on then
So I can show you how I devour
Niggas like a rottweiler with acidic saliva
Step ya shit up
Nigga
The rippa's much iller
Cause when I write rhymes
I use the mind to pick the pen up
Most artists are garbage
No skills
They belong in a landfill
Nobody feels it when the grab the mic (let me hear something else)
And start bragging about their massive ice
I can't eat MC's 'cause I lost my appetite
I'm a beast
You a midget
With wack lyrics
Like doctor evil said (quiet, shut up, zip it)
I rain superior
My metaphors are scarier
Non-ill rappers
You better evacuate
Before I exfoliate your face
With abrasive phrases
To give your face a face-lift
Germane spits insane shit
So stop hating if you cant applaud me
And give rap music the glory

'C' - True Hollywood Story