

Show 'em How

Canibus

They don't know what they fuckin with
They don't know how you bust it 'Bis
They don't know how you comin man
They don't know how you done this shit
Yo show 'em how a brother spit

The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah!

Aiyyo Canibus'll spark it for ya, Nottz'll paint the target for ya
Mic Club'll launch it toward ya
This is the beginning of the rest of my life
Rippin the mic, and rippin it right, you listen you like
You dislike you get disciplined with the pipe
Muzzle flashes of light that says goodbye to life
I'm anti-social but humble
I blow a hole in you to get a hello from you! If that's what it come to
A little camera shy, I play the background
Turn the mic on, lock the cage, I attack crowds
Y'all niggaz is just clones that rhyme
From a bloodline that's closer to yours than mine
You ignore the signs, but we all divine
DJ's rewind, MC's distort the time
Sharp enough to read your mind, I can hear your applause in silence
You're fuckin with an awesome talent, yo

The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah! (2x)

Yo, you gotta call this a comeback, I been here for years
You should thank God for answerin your prayers
The hip-hop hero, off of hip-hop skid row
I rip a show for a beer and a smoke
You know that hip-hop flow that got him clearin both coasts
For that hip-hop show I appear as the host
Used to be the type of MC they was scared to approach
Nowadays I just share what I know, spare what I don't
Might act like I care but I don't, see they want me to share
It's only logical they fear what I wrote
Forty-fives with broken handles go off like roman candles
Ricochetin through your mans and you
They so busy tryin to get an ambulance for you
They ain't notice that a fan was hit too, plannin to sue
They got a lot of anger for you
Introduce you to the anger management crew, with Canibus too
Switch places with the person that was bandagin you
And start stranglin you, and keep stranglin you, yo

The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah!

Yo, they don't know how to double 'Bis
They already woulda done the shit, Canibus the original thumbprint
Five MC's, pick one quick
He's usually on the thumb you lift
Yo, y'all fuckin with an awesome talent
I can't be silent, where's the balance?
I'm on some Kanye shit, waitin for my "Spaceship"
Exercisin patience, grindin for this paper
The universal language is love, not hatred

Sex money and drugs, destroy your foundation
That's what I would say, if I had to make a statement
But sex money and drugs, built this proud nation!
Salvation without authentication, false pagans
Bought lawmakers to orchestrate how the law changes
We the new breed of firebreathers, inspire speeches
Got fans fightin in bleachers, they can't keep quiet neither
I wanna team up with the best there is
Bless the mic and address what is, impress the kids
The deep life I live is shallow to sheep
'Til I show a couple scars, let the experience speak, yo

The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah! (2x)