

Stomp On Ya Brain

Canibus

"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it
When I'm wired, I spit fire
And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting?
Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive
Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side
Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died
The questions give me more insight into your mind
than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time
Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it
Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic
Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong
Prone to correspond their responses from the songs
Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars
I'm smarter then those fifth graders are
The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast
Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words
Ideas eliminated in the order they were created
amid specative language about how I even made it
Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars
to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor
There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em!
Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

We bite without barkin, you just a target
I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins
with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon
Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes
who used to smoke Kools by the carton
Set fire to you, I'm the arson
Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson
Anybody with good sense, know the footprints
solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's
'til everything you see is Siamese
I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds
We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz
The niggaz stomp on your brain
Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang?
I came to bang, it ain't a thang
Name a name he'll be history
Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel
Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle
to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect
whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute
Turn you into carrot soup troop

The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino
A very long time ago
Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh
Now you know nigga, lock and load
How can I create the right sentence to help explain
how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine?
Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine
Put you up against War Machine
Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean
Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green

The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene
Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen
Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed
The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat
This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete
to run, walk or crawl over beats
The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet
You pole vault into a wall of defeat
I love Biggie cause I know what he means
When he told you, "It was all a dream"

[Chorus]