

# The Art of Yo

Canibus

Bastard style with no father tryna claim the kid  
I called it X cos I ain't even tryna name the shit  
Sundullah, see me on the stage with Rip  
Nitrogen lungs yo my tongue mix propane with spit  
And I'm nice, the voice of Christ resurrected through mics  
Son of God, Son of Man, helping some of y'all will overstand  
Crash the Vatican as soon as I land  
I'm 'bout to set it on man in the gulf of Adan  
I stand in the Garden of Eden, unbeaten, undefeated  
I Tweeted pictures of Eve, tonguing Jesus  
Scientology guides put my rhymes on photography slides  
To quantify the higher knowledge applied  
But I'm an uncaged animal channeling Hannibal  
A cannibal bite your head off and hand it to you  
SpitBoss, centrifugal force different from yours  
Sun is Born, this is Lyrical Law, Yo!!!

I've never been a friendly author, don't need a gangster beat to make me off  
ya  
I'll slaughter ya while playing Cyndi Lauper  
Better than y'all, give me one competitive brawl  
I throw a hundred miles an hour with a medicine ball  
I melt your fortress down to caramel softness  
Drive a charger through ya torso, parallel parking  
That cosmic ray beam effect, I Hiroshima wreck  
Rap disaster so tragic they gave his ass a FEMA check  
Cadence is radiant, I predated Arcadians  
I stayed with the brigade of alien ecto sapiens  
Hit your through the atrium of heavenly light  
Once I smite you, like a left arm you'll never be right  
I've used every word possible to let you know what I can do  
So I made something new, I'll collipherously clobber you  
You ain't legitimate, you posing like a model  
Dude I'll throttle you, liquidate and sixteen ounce bottle you

I'm tryna figure out, who this nigga barking at  
Before his heart gets snatched, run up on him in a stocking cap  
Keep barking like you hard, get stalked and clapped  
Come in the cage you get stomped on the mat  
Carve your name in the axe, then chop you in the back  
Hack off your femur bones, beat you with them like bats  
Put your remains in some saran wrap, dump them in an alcohol vat  
You can rap but you ain't all that  
Step inside, close the door, fuck you yawning for?  
Kick your head off, now it's rolling on the floor like a bowling ball  
Open the door, clean this fucking mess off my wall  
And don't ever mention his name no more  
You dig, you follow me nigga, I follow you quicker  
You got a weak ticker, told you not to fuck with the Ripper  
Have you showing your true colours, drinking blood from ya liver  
You a dickrider and you an Indian giver  
Waging war with some gorillas, I'll bludgeon you by the river  
The bar range is pissing he gon find you while you fishing  
Fistula face, herpes simplex I'll break  
Alienated aliens get ate by alien apes  
You food nigga, throw yourself over the gate  
How does alien taste? Like mammalian waste

You ain't swift you's a dumb fuck  
I'll have you breathing like your lungs got struck by two-  
hundred pound nunchucks  
Brave motherfuckers get slayed for Hip Hop if you love it  
Like Kill Bill between a hundred gay lovers  
I'm the illest nigga say something...  
Yeah I thought so, shut the fuck up things will go back to normal  
I ain't happy tho, now I'm in battle mode  
The president of Hip Hop with mad motherfuckers on the grassy knoll  
I take it back to my Curriculum days  
What you say? I body you in meticulous ways  
Cos you thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze  
Let me tell you something, don't pop shit fistula face  
Battle league nigga, talking shit's for amateurs nigga  
Goddammit, y'all living off fantasies nigga  
You wanna battle that bad, aight go get your camera  
When it's my turn, I got a four and a half pound answer  
When I was young, I took down hard targets  
You a sausage nigga, for coming at me like a novice  
You never heard 'Fraternity of the Impoverished'?  
Motherfucker, can't you see that I'm an artist  
I don't want them childish problems  
Lyrical manslaughter charges interfere with my Lyrical Law process  
Out rap me, that's preposterous, metaphor marksman mudswamping  
We hunt down Hip Hop monsters  
Skin 'em alive tie their carcass to the bottom of my Polaris  
And drive them all the way to Wisconsin  
Partner, fuck around, throw your ass under the bus face down  
Lay down, we gonna wait for this greyhound  
The fuck you gonna say now?  
Do me a favour, stop weighing me down  
Fucking clown, Lyrical Law is too muscle bound  
Houdini style nigga, just struggle and drown  
Get it over with you can never fuck with my style  
You got raped nigga, you bleeding, don't touch my towel  
You can spit them wack juice punchline lines all you want  
But don't front, bottom line, I'm a champ, you a chump  
You can spit your stupid punchlines all you want  
But after this the whole world gonna see who won  
That's what you wanted right, get the fuck off my mic