

The C-Quel

Canibus

"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone you can call me collect"

"Verbally vicious, telekenetically gifted,
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it"

"Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you
How many niggas in my career I've ran through"

"At 1000 degrees Celsius I make Emcees melt,
Fuck my record label I appear courtesy of myself"

"Canibus is the type to fight for mics,
Beatin' niggas to death and beatin' dead niggas to life"

"While you niggas is babblin' my lyrics is travelin'
Like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen"

"The intellectual athlete accurately rappin' so rapidly,
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically"

"I walk the be -Lock withe the G-Lock, see-ocked,
Tryin' to get the DR-op on the see-ops"

"The Canibus is a animal with a mechanical mandible
Comin' to damage you spittin' understandable slang at you"

"Rhymes ricochet off the inner walls of my lungs
And go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns"

"Whenever the head is severed from the human body
With a sharp enough weapon the brain remains conscious for 10 seconds"

"What's the matter with y'all, I'll spatter ya'll,
Against the motherfuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapult"

"I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme,
Till the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9!"

Yea, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel, Yo!
I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores
To every single pore in my skull
Hard from my mouth to my jaws
From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored
And from my balls in my draws to the floor
I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War
So I can start World War 4 and murder us all
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor
Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes
I don't give a fuck who won an award
On stage tryin' to thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword
Let they blood pour all on the floor
If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord
I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board
Like frozen meat tryin' to thaw then bury you under the morge
Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car

Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn
By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond
By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone
I'll send ya' to hell where you belong
So by the time ya' body hits the floor
Ya' spirit won't be in it no more
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws
I got millions of styles and I mastered 'em all
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bull charge and crash in the wall

"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booted
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"

"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"

"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"

"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese
In fatigues covered with leaves"

"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"
Conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus"

"Turn ya' head round gimme the cheddar,
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"

"Fuck y'all, you don't impress me and no one can test me,
An emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out
Wack niggas bout to get aired out
Fagot niggas get they ass teared out
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout
Then bust a shot in the motherfuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out
A hundred thousand mile warranty
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority
Smacked him in the head for tryinna' roar at me
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery
Way back before gold-plated male and female
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback
I was tryin' to blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back
"Yea nigga" "What? Yeah nigga take that"
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast
It's not fun so I don't laugh
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one
You know how you be feelin' sad
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand
Canibus is unequivocally the illest killin' machine in the industry
For the 20th century
Trapped in a max security building

Sufferin' from a severe illness called brilliance