

The Dungeon

Canibus

It's like this y'all, Canibus y'all
About to rip y'all with the raw shit y'all
With my hard core raw dog Kurupt
'Bout to blow this shit the fuck up
It's two-thousand B.C., 'bout to take it to
two-thousand A.D
Yea, my mother fucking man Ray on the track
Check it out

Yo, yo
It's two-thousand A.D.: After Disaster
Fly's buzz around a million rappers cadavers
Never been the type to talk
My ice-grill's like, looking down the wide jaws of a white shark
'Bout to rip off your arms like perforated paper
A hundred times more sharper than stainless steal razors
Shock you with an electrically charged taser
'Till you turn blue in the face, and die from asphyxiation
The stench of a thousand ounces
Grab you by the throat and blow my second-hand weed smoke down it
Don't give a fuck what month you dropping in
I'll be in the Dungeon hollering, 'fuck you and your cult following'
You cum-swallowing transsexual fag
With crabs, and breasts that sag, dressed in drag
Running full-paged ads in the porno mags
With pictures of you with a dick in your mouth and a dick in your ass
Kurupt where you at?
Yea, the Dungeon style

Yea, the dungeon
Yo
Lyrically, I'm bananas
My tongue moves like Hindu belly-dancers performing tantra
I blur your vision like slow shuttled speeds on the camera
Get up in that ass like colon cancer
Brain cells handpicked
Organically enhanced with third millennium medical standards
My D.N.A. was tampered with
By genetic engineers with scholarship grants that stupid in Stanford
Canibus, too advanced for this shit
Turn spit to gas vapour, then back to spit
Your style is one-quarter bull, one-quarter horseshit
One-quarter garbage, and one-quarter nonsense
Make you nauseous 'till you vomit
Like the Backwards Pharcyde video going forwards
As I drink the blood of a thousand emcees
I can tell by the taste of the pulp if they was hand-squeezed
This is Transylvania, vampire mania
You should be afraid of my fangs in your neck draining you
I was made to bust, made to crush
Any mic me and Kurupt touch, turn to dusk
See? I'm as dangerous as they come
Dangerous with or without a gun, I've been dangerous since day one
Rhyme flows explode like pyros
Stick to your ribs like chicken and thick gravy from Roscoes
Get your head flown if you dumb in the dome
Or struck with some stones 'till you feel numb in the bones

You better keep your big mouth closed
'Fore I stick the muzzle of the chrome in that hole under your nose
Send a signal to my index, and tell it to fold
In the direction of my wrist bone to release your soul
I told you to freeze, if I was you I would have froze
But you chose the other route and got blown full of holes
Pistol to your mug, cripple your tongue, rip through your lungs
Write your name on your tombstone scribbled in blood
Give me a little love
There anybody out there that never felt one rhyme that Can-I-Bus bust?
You a liar, liar, pants on fire
Watch the G.O.A.T. with the ghost-writer get slaughtered by a tiger
Seen him in the Pun video holding up his lighter
Smeared his career like doo-doo inside a diaper
My style is sicker than, infected women and men
I'm so raw, I can catch AIDS without sticking it in
Flip and dip like shrimps and scampi
Switch language like a black kid raised by a Spanish nanny
And we do it like that when we in the dungeon
Past the motherfucking mic to Kuruption