

# 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 Kurruption