

The Golden Cypher

Canibus

Uhh

Rap so klepto, any mic I steal

Y'all niggaz don't belong here like Michael Steele

at a Republican Party, I go for Leave cum stains on Sarah Palin's veneers for sure

Like I'm in Mordor, tryin to burn the ring up

The black semi knock your block off like playin Jenga

Have sex with the whole world just by raisin my middle finger

But y'all don't hear me though, (Inga)

And just like that I'm back spittin nasty as (Foxy)

Then I'ma stop servin y'all like the soup nazi

Happy Days, then I'ma spin off like (Joanie Loves Chachi)

Burn rubber, the Maserati mach three

Screamin mazeltov at my aki

(Squad) vomit at Keith Shocklee for the beat made of broccoli

Got a Palestinian girl, her pussy the bomb

Get it? Blew up, you can't stop me

That's right, I wreck melody, so much energy

Why get on the track if you can't stand next to me?

So much energy it's a felony

Your microphone memory remember me, this is your penalty

You can't keep up mentally, you can't rhyme intelligently

Do it on the track, can't do it in front of me

You frontin, you and your man get all psyched up like it's Fight Club

Times up, you lost, life sucks

So does your wife slut, got a nice cunt

Last night we wiped white stuff on her butt

True power cannot be achieved by fightin over the mic

You can't compete with Canibus, aight?!

If your hat's turned to the back and you rap be prepared to scrap

You don't have to be scared of no strap

Cause your mind overstand all that

Fall back or no more contact with the Gods of rap

Go back to the "Lyrical Law" lab, first of all you trash

You can't add all the rhymes you had

Your mouth is a wound and your tongue is a scab

This is a concept the young mind doesn't grasp

That old stick in the mud, will put a gold bullet in a gun

Show you where red blood comes from

But that's not what you want, you want love

Where does that come from? Define that you bum

One thing at a time, intertwined as one mind

The proto in the prime of one perpetual line

No evil one I can divide, no matter the times try

No matter the lies that claim otherwise

Slumdog drug lord, guns drawn, motherfuck guns laws

You catch a big mini-gun gun charge

This is "Lyrical Law" not lyrical war

This is spiritual God, get your lyrics

I'm nice with everything but chopsticks

Eyes couldn't see my style with glasses or binoculars made of optics

Stop it, slam it, rappers couldn't scoop a topic

Let alone follow they finger to mock this

Caught your hand on my style kid, put it in your pocket

If you can't get it home, what the fuck is the logic?

Want my devices, send my boys in to send fire to the ground

Hang my flag and brag, who's the nicest?
My Fort Knox, like Bunker Hill, emcees guerrillas
Rhymin to go banana, breaks performed by Mad Drill
Man chill, your man'll get killed
And when they dump his ass off they gon' find him in a landfill
If I have to I will, that's on the real
I'm (Destiny's) only (Child) of the pay, on these girl group "Bills"
Word to Arthur Kill, Gun Hill for real
Wolf Gang, Murder Mouth, it's the king of the hill