

There Has He Been

Canibus

Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management
"Javelin Fangz"
WolfGang, sharp fangz
Yea

The vocalist with osmosis spit
Canibus on some robust robot shit
You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit
950 more bars just to talk to the kid
They just rappers I'm a cloud of galactic matter comin' at ya
Like radar or race car spelt backwards
The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics
Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish
The magnetic patient will record the same thing
While erasin' the lost dynasty of Beijing
Spittin' rhymes 'cause significant mission lapse time
You'll be fine, don't rewind; move onto the next line
Three bogies ten O'clock high, I die if I do not try
Ostriches are not supposed to fly
Fighter pilots with not eyelids
Did you see what I just did?
Hydraulic pressure gettin' as high as a bitch
Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in
The evil bald Eagle strike you again
Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven
My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan
I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves
As Earth travels through the gravity belt
And I can offer you no help
The Period of Purification can be described to somethin' you call Hell
Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down to W-E-L-L
WolfGang

Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass
Send your career on a collision course; then you'll crash
I'ma laugh mothafucker, its gon' only get worse
You'll hit a tree and you go flyin' through your window headfirst
Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur
Get your fuckin' ass kicked, leave with your head hurt
Beef with me equals dead thugs
Even when I'm fuckin' sleep, stomp out you bedbugs
The Hitman buck quick
One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass who suck dick
Rap too good for the hood, who's the don
And they said I'd never make it with a help from you know who
But I proved them wrong
Even without money in my pocket I still move along
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song
I was never assed out; my label's the only label
And the mothafuckin' world is able to take the trash out
Call me sweet, Big Kevin I fuck a bitch 'til she pass out
I got hands too when I cum, a lot of niggaz don't wanna back out
Dirty niggaz, they gon' pull a mac out
'Cause I rap grapple and box, make competition tap out
I put it down; I cut them down, cut them down
You know I'm known to shut them down
Dudes is jokin', I laugh, take cash 'cause they clowns

If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the rounds
Take them down; I'm the Godfather, Long Island music here to take the crown
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a sound
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground
Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now?