

Yo, I plan to build a myself a facility before I'm 40
A molecular archceogenetic laboratory
That can analyze complex poetry data for me
Even if it was recorded poorly, how extraordinary
I frog leap over awful beats
Then I separate rappers by the carbon-14s
To determine the age of anything ever made
Regardless of how the outside surface has changed
I put a curse on your name, bombard your brain
With gamma x-rays till you burst into flames
With the scientifically quantifiable megalomaniacal
Viable style, it's like trying to ride a bull
Let's have a dictionary duel after school
Check into me a nice Cedar Sinai room
So I can get sick as the flu, spittin the truth
If you ain't got this album, you missing the proof
Prepare for your doom my nuclear rocket plumes
Glow against the pale background of the moon
Toxic fumes spoil complete stocks of fruits, and foods
Burning your flammable boxes and booms
Got in the groove even though I'm not in the mood
Motherfucker you didn't win 'cause I can't lose
Give the fans the chance to choose, fuck you
Who's the illest, who's it really up to
Rapping fire, you better run for the pacifier
Tie you up and drown you in the saliva quagmire
Till your oxygen expires and your lungs dry up
'cause you said Bis ain't dope, you a damn liar
Disaster for hire over beats by pious
Flow like the Tigris, Euphrates, with the Eye of the Tiger
In my iris, Canibus is a fighter
Motherfucker, my greatgrandfather was Irish
Let's roll the dices, 'll break you like young Tyson
Give me the mic man, I don't need no hype man
Put a thousand on me, put one on him
I tear off his limbs, throw him in, and tell him to swim
Yo I soak that shit and coat that shit in soy sauce
Tell the FCC boss, turn that noise off
Call Detroit's Mafia Boss
Tell him yo, I got a job for you, I want you to bust his balls
Drop him off by Niagra Falls
Write my name on a banana and put the banana between his jaws
Nobody disrespects lyrical law
I'm the best there ever is and the best ever was
Training like a grunt face down in the mud
With blood, sweat, and tears, sucking it up
Yo, you wonder where I am right now
I'm probably somewhere on the microphone fucking it up
Dead or alive, Canibus will live through the rhyme
To be the illest on the mic is a mission of mine
Spittin' divine, you can't get it twisted this time
Vocal with a mirror to make sure my lips are aligned
Dr C, PHD graduated from UMG
Bright as the LCD display on a new MP
Prototype of a true MC
With 3d topography maps you can't see
Butcher on Broad Street, wrapping CDs

In butcher paper, doing artwork with Sharpies
If you don't like the quality, then talk to me
What the fuck you on the website for you creep?
Punching the keys, remember that sound
That's exactly what it sounds like when i'm punching your teeth
Kick a rap, bitch, if you've got the gumption to speak
Stand next to me, i might put a lump in your meat
Diss you and your man, double the beef
To tell you the truth, I thought your rebuttal was weak
Round the outside, blah, blah, etcetra, etcetra
The body of my literature is bigger than South America
Nigga look, this is all I gots to say
Suck my P-H-D-I-C-K