

Beasts From The East

Lost Boyz

Yo we come through like balls seem as nigga take two puffs and pass
Nigga watch your back once you talk out your ass
I back up three eighty and my stash for protection
Family is raged the world is acting crazy

I never thought I'd make it it was hectic when I scrambled
On point like a knife I'm taking life as a gamble
Living in the rotten apple yo where every corner is rotten
To all my niggas rest in peace to see you gone but not forgotten

Now my main wife dead as shaded bricks
Official lost boyz since the year of '86
And fuck these crooked niggas I could kill 'em with a passion
At times I feel like slashing in Jamaican queens fashion

You think you can fuck around but kid you're just thinking
It's over when I'm sober imagine when I'm drinking
Without blinking man I'll tear your crew like pages
I'll rip you from the backyard park chances stays it

A plus the lyrically superb one spittin' rhymes
From the top of the tongue to burn ya ear drums
Rotten shit make the opposite team call the time out
Knockin' niggas three times my size out

The crowd loves me so when I ain't around they ask for me
I buckle up to kick rap like a crash dummy
For the fast money I get up in that ass money
The fact you tryin' to test me kinda bugs me

I leave crews fed up like handicap niggas tryin' to get up
Emcees get wet up with lyrical gun pillars
I blow up the spot when it's time to rock
I speak out my voice rocks peak out of one hundred watts

Who wanna cipher I get dumb
Word to my Mother the Father the Holy Ghost and rev run
When the source set it down I'm inner serviced
To cop the kind of verses that average emcees seem to worship

My style is lookin' milking magnesia clutch divide speeding bust
The more the merrier secure the area
My life familiar is ultimate superior
We don't don't jack cars we jack for air craft carriers

I bounce like trampolines when I be blowing the feces to pieces
Hymn 'em like sewing machines and Jesus
When the shadows of the barrel pointing out my point camarro
I get punished like Pharrow for splittin'

You're better off singing Christmas carols for Christmas
Because I'm on point like bow and arrow equipment
The president of chicken head conventions
I give you a deluxe Klu Klux legend

I got a headache from the stress success not wearing a vest
Five eleven for being dirty and quarts of nine thirty

Yo, Mr.Cheeks, I made this bitch call police
She tried swallowing a nine piece
Forgot the warrantee on false teeth

I return like Makaveli on 18 inch Pirelli's
Assault and battery like my palms was ever ready
Sharp as machetes matter of fact I slap for cognac

Canibus brings the sickest drama
Fierce enough to pierce the thickest armor
I smack bitches who try to suck dick through the condom
Playing with the mic is something I wont do

My only concern when I approach you is to roast you
I smoke you and whoever you standing close to
And make every man in your crew deny that he knows you defeating

Niggas like Segal Steven putting emcees in
Positions to prevent them from breathing
I'll make you question any and everything you've ever believed in
By peeping your deepest secrets like psychic readers

What's the matter with y'all I splatter y'all
Against the mutha fuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapult
None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle
I go on and on like Erykah Badu

A hundred times nicer than the best is
Twice as African as KRS is who wanna test this
Fuck y'all you don't impress me and no one can test me
An emcee so ill I got aids scared to catch me
All that shit you poppin' will stop when I put you in a headlock
And apply pressure until I crush your mutha fuckin' noggin'

I grab mics and push niggas to the left
So fast their hearts end up on the right side of their chests
My hypothesis is that nobody can see this
Lyrical genius I got it sown like a seamstress

But if you want to battle I'm down
If you got nine lives I'll take eight of them off your hands right now
Step up and get your neck cut from ear to ear
If you survive then you can cover your scar with a beard

I'm the illest from queens to the new Jerusalem briddicks
Anyone who ain't feeling my shidit can suck my didick
You need to quit it, if you ain't spittin'
More than 50 bars per minute 'cause you ain't in lyrical fitness

Kicken boring raps with metaphors thats wack
All of y'all mutha fuckas need nordatrack
To get ya weight up fuckin' with Canibus you get ate up
Beat down and sprayed up just for bringing my name up

Been rockin' longer than niggas twice my age
Back in the days before Bob Marley was rockin' a fade
Before honest abe signed the paper that freed slaves
Before Neanderthals was drawing on walls in caves

I existed, in the garden of Eden gettin' lifted
Stickin' dick to eve before she was Adams mistress

Before Christ created Christmas I been in lyrical fitness
The canibus is spitten till he's spitless

50 bars of total sickness you won't forget this
I'm putten every wack emcee alive on my shit list
Verbally vicious telekenetically gifted
Took you a minute to exhibit that I'm sick wit it

Now you tell me who you think is damaging shit
Going once going twice sold to that nigga name Canibus
Me and Mr.Cheeks a plus and funk doctor
Hopping out the hue helicopter to suey chop ya

Go home in deff squad 907 nigga