

Canibus, Gun Ho

(Canibus)

I walk in the room, in the Doctor Doom costume
Optic zooms, the plot resumes
Trust me, you're the abductee, my trigger-finger touchy
Try me; see if you're lucky
Play him, slay him, display him, mother fucking mayhem
Stupid! You can't contain him, cause you trained him
Love the bad weather, freckled-faced lepers
Can't go outside; gotta stay together
Lodge members don't attempt to announce my name
The brown-sage, one-year away from my crown age
Count the ways, my sound-waves been downplayed
U.S.A. underground made, I live without fame
Hard labor for the day the reincarnator
Rip your carburetor out your car and chase you
I hate you, I'm the Gun Ho city mayor
Who's in charge out here? Who's the front face, huh?
Bang on you, dumb-slang on you, Can-I get on you
Watch who you talk to; my manager warned you
Violating, you rhyme weak, you live bait
Put you behind the gate with a five-eight primate
I improvise, explode, synthesize flows
Like your favorite emcee with the wide-nose
Command shell is a PSP handheld
In real-time speed, I can read my fan-mail
Grip the pound, blitz the town, with a two-oh-three round
You'll never want that to go down
Spin around and shoot at you, hundred-eighty degree copular
Attached to my van on Utica
Next stop Gun Ho city, nigga, shoot em up
G Rap, and Can-I-Bus blew em up //