

# Canibus, There Has He Been

(feat. K-Solo)

[Intro:]

Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management  
&quot;Javelin Fangz&quot;  
WolfGang, sharp fangz  
Yea

[Canibus:]

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

[K-Solo:]

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?