

How We Roll (feat. Panama PI)

Canibus

I never freestyle for free, without charging niggaz a fee
It'll cost You a brain cell just to cypher with me
I'm the type of MC, that rocks for the glory
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me or camcord me
Freestyle or written, spitting with infinite ammunition
for anybody trying to go the distance
I promise you no less than a hundred-thousand kilometres
My bomb threats'll have you evacuating your continent
I'm barbaric with the alphanumeric
Hitting you with lyrics that separate your body from your spirit
This is for wack niggaz doing shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controlling it
(Rakim: "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holding it")Panama P.I.I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz
(Canibus)
We savages, snatching microphones from amateurs
Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin it
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you
into little, powderlike crystals, so I can sniff you
What I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?
Coming after ya, blasting ya, with the shotgun
like a front seat passenger
You must be asking for, some sort of a massacre
I'll attack your cardiovascular
Shatter you like glass in automobile crashes
when I smash that ass into blackberry molasses
Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it
cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controlling it
Panama P.I. You see I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
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I'm the illest lyricist in America

MC's can't see me cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to register
I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves
At a 'Speed' that would confuse Keanu Reeves
So ask yourself, who am I?
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fucking life
I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme
til the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9
Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time
whether they signed or unsigned
With many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas
More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus
More lines than an African herd of zebras
Niggaz just ain't fucking with the 'cannabis sativa'
This is for all you niggaz doing shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controlling it
(Rakim: "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holding it") Panama P.I. See I roll with the wildest
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. chemically .imbalanced .nigga!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>