

Hip-Hop Black Ops

Canibus

The Nephilium Pharaoh, the three thousand year old scarecrow
Hang you from your nose on a square pole
The squid faced rock beast with swamp croc teeth
And a two headed parrot with a desert fatigue beak
Step out the depths of Hell, exhale sceptic smells
Decorate my bitch breasts with bells
The arthropod tentacles controlled by mental vegetables
Calculated correctitude down to the decimal
Spectacles of doom and gloom and sonic booms
Republicans ride brooms around nuclear mushrooms
You are safe from the nuclear fallout
Now you will crawl out into the hands of a monster now
The best emcee turned his launch codes over to me
On my command you will turn the key and we'll see
You know nothing of discipline, you can never go where the Ripper's been
The maze in those caves are infinite

Can't stop, won't stop, Hip Hop Black Ops
The aftermath aftershock is a disaster in a box
With a blue and red ribbon, your writtens were uploaded to the system
The satellite showed me your position

The text is a sick rep for Rippers
The leaders have discovered we the sickest and they wanna sit with us
Through the computer viewer cube like peritubular
Project: Blueberry Fuscia, one of the two possible futures
Revolution Ripper movement you can't stop it
You can't change the outcome, stop resisting stupid
I write what some would call marathon songs
The music industry tried to banish long bars
Your story is weak, your inventory's shorter than your feet
Every week I slaughter seven beats
I'm the 'Beast from the East'
My title can't be touched nowhere on the street
I hear a lot of emcees speak
They fail to recognise that it ain't about beef
I took it to the streets, I took it to the stage
If I believe I am not the illest I'm insane

The vocal spitter serial killer
Heads up display with a ticker and a pitcher and picture of the Ripper
Neurotransmitters hooked up to his central nervous system
It feeds him the purpose and the vision
Jailbreak but not out of prison
Internal hard drive spinning eighty-eight lyrics per minute
For global transmission, the funky technician on a mission
Strapped to a suicide written
Inside my own mind scripting altruistic composition
Musician, wisdom is God-given
Anoint him with oil, anoint him with wine
Anoint them both with Tesla coils if they quoin my rhymes
I make things real, I make things that ain't, sound I'll
A very good screen writing skill
My higher self is outside the realm where time is felt
Inside Orion's Belt, get them