

# 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