

# Merchant of Metaphors

Canibus

I need a jet stream pattern assessment, go get it  
And tell me the direction that the fuel tank is headed  
Scram jet packs straps attached to my back  
Rocket exhaust melt skin off like wet wax  
Call sign Tom Cat, master ace of aerial combat  
I double-time out to the tarmac  
Fog covers the launch pad  
Order ATC to fall back, but maintain visual contacts  
Switch to radar, innovation navigational star map  
I won't need to travel beyond that  
My jet contrails so long that,  
It can be seen in time zones eight hours apart by NORAD  
Bow waves are made when I sweep my arms back  
To fast track to the lunar surface's dark patch  
The darkest part of the Moon where ISS2 was parked at  
Inside onyx black alien artifacts  
Well guarded in the event of a chartered attack  
The outpost is nothing more than a trap  
The red planet approach close, I know perigee and impact  
Phobos is controlled by the Dracs  
Deimos is the most underrated of the pack  
It decimates NEA's more than double its mass  
A solar max melts polar caps  
I notice that think tanks with closed minds miss unknown facts  
Satellites track and match the stats, statistics start to stack  
I'm a man of science, not rap  
With actionable impulse to act when I can't relax  
I work hard but play harder in fact  
My rose garden attracts rats,  
I sit back and listen to jazz and smoke hash in a mineral bath  
I meditate, slightly awake, the moon rays interpermeate my physical state  
I gaze into space  
The light waves race and shift shape, colors escape  
I concentrate on eight frequency rates  
The body begins to numb as the spirit elevates  
But wait, I'm interrupted by a buzzer at my front gate  
Closed circuit surveillance showed me a face  
How entertaining, special agents came to visit my estate  
"Miss Money Penny, bring me a plate, a cup of tea, and my terry-cloth robe,  
Then show them in to me, I'll wait"  
He walked in with a blank face, I calmly remarked, "You're late"  
He responded with a strong handshake  
Miss Money Penny returned with eggs and pancakes  
I offered them a seat, standing up, looked so out of place  
He kindly obliged, but the other two continued to stand  
Folded their hands, and gave me the nod  
The silence was so profound, that even soft sound seems loud  
With ambient music in the background  
I slurped when I sipped my tea, it was hot  
I chomped when I chewed my chow, it was not  
In slow motion the silence was broken, you could hear a pin drop  
He said, "You cannot save Hip Hop"  
I said why not? I sold mixtapes to buy stock  
I've been researching and developing a spitbox  
Rap is deeply rooted in the music generation  
I can prove it, but it doesn't constitute publication  
I swear the Great Bear entered the Dragon's Lair

I was there in the center of St. Petersburg Square  
Assigned as a silent observer, but I witnessed a murder  
Took a picture of the body and a burner  
Circa the time, you called me from Burma  
In Port Charlotte Florida, say you were in a coastal corridor  
And that's what you call help?  
Eight months of Camp Kill Ya' Self couldn't rehabilitate what I felt  
And now, here you are, in my backyard  
Accusing me for being an outlaw for my bars?  
I ain't got nothing for ya, I'll call my controller,  
You call your employers, they can talk to my lawyers  
He got up, and turned his back on me and said, "I'll be back homie"  
I said you better bring an army  
He said, "You don't want war"  
I called Moneypenny on the intercom and said, "Baby, show them to the door"  
To be continued, stay tuned for more  
Secret dialogue from the Merchant of Metaphors...