

## Pigeon

## Cannibal Ox

Metallic wing pigeon. . .  
Cannibal Ox. . .

Birds of the same feather flock together  
Congested on a majestic street corner  
That's a short time goal for most of 'em  
Cuz most of 'em  
Would rather expand their wings and hover over greater things  
That's what we call inspired flight  
By the pigeons that gotta eat pizza crust every night  
And "Let there be light" was understood  
When a mic-stand descended from up-and-above into the hood  
And if my face is worth a thousand words when it's scarred  
I would only hope that two of those are coco and butta  
To heal the wounds of the tissue scarred that mark the death of my womb  
But I've graduated, got my wings  
And you've got to let go of my constructed Lego egg-o-waffle halo  
Eh yo, I'm a black man with an African  
Drum in my chest that beats in the opposite of the right  
Let me know I got a breath left  
In this frigid fragile capsule  
That allows you to fly south before the winter winds trap you  
I wrap my "hell I made it" wetsuit stitch  
So I can swim in elevators crazy wet through piss  
I'm just a pigeon with one mile left  
That doggy-paddles through this bullshit ocean of death  
And these rags-to-riches words will break bones  
Like the assassination of two birds with one stone  
That's why I don't associate with bird brains with their beaks in the air  
Pelicans with wide jaws yap names for fish heads  
You'll get tossed in the flames  
Where some archaeologist will find your skeletal frame

Eskimo me-dal doctrine locked in oxygen shell  
Words shot plated metal lung which spun kids' carrousel  
Mega alarm technoloid these boys fight four arms swinging two toes very well  
Terror toys jubilated mega noise when iron works  
Bullet shot animated mad windows with fireworks  
Shinin' summer-time hydrants  
Splash passing cars, now run ghetto tyrants  
These faces carry scars (mega large)  
Pigeons turn penguins talk fables cellular  
Detached Christ's Word  
But freeze-frame gold chain swing Son of God  
Iceberg gem shines on the neck of ghetto flight bird  
Getting fly like word  
Let it settle  
I remember cats snatched off the pedal (stealin' bike days)  
Doo-rags worn tight (Piranha bite waves)  
Smoke cheeba through the lung Arabian camel  
Fast like a cheeta now I'm knocked off my African sandal  
God damn you! Ethiopian skin mechanical  
Trapped in ghetto's mega-yard where mega-hard  
Arms swingin' metal palms iron skin leopard  
Holding evil metal eagle attach the desert  
Paranoid fingertips stitched with three-fifty plus seven metal shit  
Tucked behind the belt ghetto style like delicate street etiquette

Never lacked toast metal cow got milk in the gut settlin'  
Cats gotta eat swallow beef horribly melanin mahogany  
Black boys feed face arachnoid  
Eight arms working short circuit manufactured crack melted  
Slinging shot gun through the mouth of cracked helmets, black felt it  
Cats who pop flows shot heavy through the nostril  
Brain sizzle grab the pistol and get hostile  
He caught you alone fuse blown  
Unemployed screaming "That's why I robbed you!"  
Tired of the Medicaid, debted by the car, Novocains filled with lemonade  
"You better get a job!" mother talked, just another hawk  
Humiliated, bodega food stamp transaction  
Left me in corners buckled me accompanied by evil hands clappin'  
Rockin' my "hell I made it" wetsuit stitch  
So I can swim in elevators crazy wet through piss  
I rock my simulated air tank bit  
So I can leave pressures of oxygen where my mic's lit  
I'm just a pigeon