

Beat Butcher Get Em'

Canibus

Yeah, Melatonin Magik
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Chopp Devize, Canibus
Undergod soldier, runnin off toastin
A notebook and vocals, a smidge overdosin
Even when the D-boy system not coastin
You hear my spoken better than when Rae lost his focus
Crystalized opiate to victimize opponents
With addictive lines coated in, snares and some solar hits
Motive is to sew up in ya, dopest with a doper grit
Son, Can-I, and I, Pai Mai's chosen men
Transcontinental connisseurs of the art of war
Knockin off non-essential artists which ya shoppin for
The buck stops when I step in the voicebox
and unload bars like they're several joy shots
Yellow light caution, my melatonin's archin
Sleep on me, and I'ma get to sleep stalkin
Technicians of lyrics, racketeering of sound
that'll surely be your last at your burial grounds

Ayyy! Get 'em, metaphorically speaking, this set of bars
is lettin off 'til several squads is deaded and weakened
or probably beheaded and beaten, severed and leakin
I get it, started like before I parted I settled in Eden
But evolved over the course of time
More was just forced to fall off course for the shine (yeah!)
I'm the ultimate, no alternate
Swords can give, darts with tips, dipped in arsenic
Most sound like nothin like after me
Track murdered the graveyard's bustin at the seams
(When I crush) like a nug out of the bag of the trees
To be honest, your rhymes sound like rotten to me (word)
I'm the sun, I'm the rise, and the fall
When I die and collapse the whole sky'll dissolve
(Yeah) And I fight for the cause
You should say my name first when describin the boss

Put up your laptop break the boombox plug your infantry your iPod
No need for tough talk, or rockin up in the streets with Krylon
Hip-Hop is not forgotten, its been watered down like Tick tock me wavin the
timebomb, blowin it up so it don't die off
That's why I'm on the job with balls to supercharge your ions
I be the icon you read about in multiple Consulted by God, still open the th
ird eye like I'm a cyclops
To keep my mind strong, I memorize entire rhyme blogs
Emcees try hard, but many just get sunk like a battleship
And missin a bunch of requirements like an asterisk
Fact or fiction I can't tell the difference when half of these rappers spit
Ignorant, I bet they don't even know what the meaning of whackness is
You actually think you're good, sorry man, your talent is absent kid
I guess them folks won't ever be dope no matter how much they practice it
Illy inject the game with passion, puttin an end to the abstinence
There's so many things for you to fathom but for now it's class dismissed

(Get 'em!) As we proceed to emcee
Keep it real recognize the skills over the beat
Hold up, don't shine your boots up, you still suck
You can't rhyme like this, unless you rhymin with US

Fuck the questions~! Find out for yourself
You got to find out who you help
Service to brothers, service to others, service to self
There's no way to tell
Even if you got a mic in your grill
You wanna sell? It's got nothin to do with bein ill
I rock bells with a glass of water and a melatonin pill
Put your soul into a spell, stay still
The universe movin at a pace, perhaps it'll all be revealed
For me this all happened because of a record deal
For you, this happened because of what you all feel
And now nobody can copy me, I am my own technology
You pay homage to me electronically
One out of three speak about they flawed philosophies
Betrayal, that is the cause of all hypocrisy
We are livin in the garden of technocracy
I am my own technology, ten thousand G
What's the weight of a light beam? Ask Killah Priest
He gon' tell you that your soul is not ready to be released
I'm a king with a slave's pair of feet, a flat-footed freak
I walk around hooded in the streets
Lookin for beats, the djinn creep lookin for beef
They lookin for the emcees with the invisible speech
So do not even look up at what you are beneath
Just stare straight ahead and pretend you're on the beach
My breathing becomes labored after they shock me with a taser
I fell to my knees then they shot me with a laser
Beat Butcha, one thousand bar street pusher like that
Snap, spring coil tap, release trigger
Melatonin Magik, metal drones with payload attachments
Shoot me in the head 'til I stop rappin
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Propane Germaine
One day I'm a show you what we all made
Melatonin Magik, the golden child chanted
Daddy, the cell phone got too much static
Melatonin Magik is now trackin all known air traffic
Unknown traffic, just red flag it
Melatonin Magik, go to sleep, do not panic
The heart of your soul is in the planet
Melatonin Magik, turn your face to the left you maggot
Don't look at me unless you want a challenge
(Get 'em!) Architect, Chopp Devize
Reverse polarity, optic eyes in the skies
Melatonin Magik for minds like mines
like mines, like mines, like mines