

# 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