

Yeah ayo,  
Listen to the horns play,  
I get busy all day,  
I don't give a fuck what they wanna say.  
This is me turning it up,  
This is me burning it up,  
You, observing the emcee bus.  
Just a coach on the side lines,  
Tryna bide time,  
Watching the game being played out through my eyes.  
I know it's painful how they degrade you,  
But I praise you.  
This is the soundtrack that we will train to.  
This is not a call to arms  
I did that ten years ago,  
These are called keep alert bars.  
Don't talk just work your jaws,  
Don't walk just work the war,  
That's a personal flaw.  
Murdered bar after bar since 1974  
When I was born with a mic on my arm.  
Awesome,  
Six minutes Canibus you on.  
Yes, yes y'all.  
To the beat god, next bar.  
I do this to atone,  
I do this to atone for my sins,  
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.  
Bring it down about 14.5 DB  
Maybe then you might see what I mean.  
Out in Berkley  
They not too thirsty  
They don't like veterans neither, but they can't hurt me.  
Bring it down about 14.5 DB  
Maybe then you might see what I mean.  
Ayo, Hip-hop provost  
Who said the word Hip-hop the most?  
Which one of yous think you a poet?  
Perfect cause you practice that classic,  
Scholastic, Canibus man shit.  
The current catalogue and past tense.  
I do this to atone,  
We all must atone for our sins,  
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.  
The C of tranquility - the C means light,  
The light means space, my DNA strain is my base.  
Don't know who I am,  
Can't remember who I was.  
I pump blood through the veins of Hip-hop,  
For street buzz.  
A constitution written in collusion  
With limited distribution,  
Since I was recruited I've bin making music.