

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 you 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.