

## C Section

Canibus

This is the C section  
Rippin and wreckin the lyrical legends sendin y'all to mic club heaven  
This is the C section  
A lyrical legend second to none in this profession

I spit it exquisite  
And rip it minute by minute  
I'm in it to win it  
You fuckin rhyme with bis you finished  
Lyrical menace scrape enamel off your teeth like a dentist  
With a senator minister from the executive senate  
Pro-gression followed by metaphorical methods  
Testing 1 2 3 4 testing testing  
Supreme supremacist nemesis to competitors  
Predators eat intestines of anything they entrusted in  
Slice you like lettuce and celery start seven  
Then make a mc salad out of suckas and sell it  
For an expensive percentage  
With nine tenths of the credit  
Drink red bull beverage to increase lyrical leverage  
I only give respect to mic club members and my own mentors  
In the center of my circle where I dare you to enter  
This is art imitating life imitating art  
Imitating the brain simulating thoughts when I talk  
Idealistically I spit for free  
The cinography of the rhyme is what balances me  
Challenges me  
E A six speed prowlers  
Superior air power  
Fly around us with propulsion that's soundless  
Spittin rhymes out by the thousands  
Nitro-glycerin tablets under the tongue calm me down a bit  
Attitude cynicism and lassitude  
Battle you? come on dude I should slap you fool  
Spit what I'll leave your lips numb the friction is so sick son  
Your children disappear from a trition  
Rhythmic high intensity conflict is a given it  
Especially if Canibus is doin the rippin  
You snippin to clippin in the C-section incisions  
With scissors with rubber ergonomic grip for the fingers  
Liars for hire with a defense like Jeffery Fygar  
And rock it like thugs who work for mic club  
Hyped up and tear the mic up my man  
Move forward as expeditiously as I can  
Ain't nobody in the world like Bis  
The nitrous with radio telescopic devices  
Same type shit  
Facially hairless igogarious Jamaican-American  
Lyricist turned microphone terrorist  
Airlift me off the front line to my therapist  
So I can sit in his chair and tell him how much I care for this  
This is what they want this is what they love  
To engage in the exchange of ideas and drugs  
While I'm in the cut satellite trackin you rappers  
With months of food rations beneath the catacombs of Paris  
Theories of super-lattice and super-savage  
Atomic attack tachometers flash when I punch the gas bitch

The farther I climb the harder I rhyme  
You gotta face death and survive to feel more alive  
The quality of life is an illusion of the mind  
Super-imposed lines look two-dimensional from the side  
According to the science of the C-section applied  
If they say I'm the best after I die don't be surprised  
I C-section the sky let my energy rise  
At the moment of truth I know it's definitely my time  
As my soul is eased through the sive I'll be grateful because I lived  
The only drawback is that I didn't have kids  
To C-section my beautiful whiz  
And see the resemblance of my face in hers or his  
Who knows what the future will bring  
It stresses me to think  
This mic meant everything now it doesn't seem important  
Now I gotta follow orders defend borders  
From Maine to California Seattle to Florida  
If I could talk to the Oracle I know what I'd ask her  
I'd speak to her about my passions  
As the hourglasses turn my life passes  
I'll just wait till I see the master and I'll just ask him  
Forget it that's the future this is the present  
A message to anybody listenin to the C section

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(2x)