

Aiight yo  
Let's talk about the incredible rap flow  
We can have a Dinner for Five with John Favreau  
See it comes to me natural  
One of my integral attributes, is to be lyrically tactful  
I can prove who's nicer, who's not an emcee  
Through falsifiable scientific hypothesis  
In recent times, I find it's never been about the rhymes  
The game is very politicized  
Those who sympathize with they hearts and minds  
Show hatred through the mouth, body language and eyes  
Sometimes I say to myself, why do I even try  
In spite of whatever happens, I love it until I die

If you don't believe in the other dimensions you been duped  
They're the main ingridience in this cosmic soup  
See the mouse?, grab it  
Edit the edges with Avid  
Is this the picture of a duck or a rabbit  
You see ass and tits?, welcome to madness  
Please, try to interpret the following passage  
Magenetohydrodynamic mechanics  
Translated into Canibus language you'll never understand it  
It's on when the crowd is cheering me on  
Waving they arms, like they doing Falun Gong  
Firearms three quarters of a million troops strong  
In a single file line, stretched out a mile long  
Thermodynamics of the second law  
Isolated physical systems lead toward greater disorder  
Across the dry desert in the featureless sand  
Water is secondary to the meaning of man  
I know but I won't tell  
There's more to the human race than polymers proteins and protocells  
Chemical evolution, L- and D-form sudunits  
That come from the love of Hip Hop and Rap music

The scourge of the words, I attack the earth with  
I bet you submerge dry and emerge wet, what you think?  
Confuse my shrink with english, the publication refuses to print  
My daughter likes blue, and my son likes pink  
Man, give me a drink  
What kind of world are we living inn? I think it stinks  
Whatever life you live, it's a quick-sited quiz  
If you percieve something to be real maybe it is  
Force your kids to listen to Dead Prez, before they go to bed  
Send them to school, put them in special Ed  
Reinforce their paranoia of the feds  
Make sure they grow dreads and they live on the edge  
The philosiphy of the hard-knocks, pan-psychics sit on the block  
And attempt to talk to rocks  
In the projects where they harvest the human crop  
Organic robots that bleed when they get shot  
If you can survive or thrive in the Jamacan ghetto  
You deserve a Congressional medal  
My heart goes out to all the young bloods  
The heart has reasons the mind knows not of  
From the first to the twelfth month

I keep a twelfth pump in the trunk, for the day when Hell comes  
Was invincible on the mic when I held one  
My motto was to blaze all and spare none  
I came, I saw, I conquered, now they're just an empty void  
Mic Club come holla at your boy