

Cingularity Point

Canibus

This is for the I.M. Culture
A poor pauper's offering for the alter
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see
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The 'C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?
What does the future hold? What do you really see?
I see a revolution in the industry
That will ignite the rebirth of MCs lyrically
The 'C' of Tranquility, what will they really be?
What does the future hold? What can you really see?
I see the partition of God's religion
Become united by our bars and our common visions

Been a long time, spittin' long rhymes, but I never left you
Always came back bustin' rhymes that were special
Back then, I wanted to impress you by addressing the truth
Nowadays, I'm just confessing in the booth
The Golden Era of Rap will always be apart of me
The future talks to me because the present is ignoring me
My destiny is calling me, the armory of God is guarding me
But all you can see is holographic artistry
Rhyme mechanics, like that of a blind pianist
The keys are metallic, my fingers are magnets
The music is magic, what is this madness?
The stanzas are rites of passage, your left brain habits become your baggage
The masses become savage, roaming the streets with torn fabrics
Creativity is less than average
Every baby is born a bastard, so why did you have it!?
This question requires no answer, I understand it

Through my music, magic, and inoculated interaction
Rip the Jacker shows you the future in fragments
Through madness my view is expanded
Request passage, permission is granted, I'll introduce you to the language of dragons
To help balance near impossible trances in the labyrinth of the enchanted
Where air quality is unbearably rancid
From evil spirits, temperatures frigid
I cross wooden bridges over methane rivers, it sounds crazy, but listen
Concise lyrics strike down from the heavens
A titan like Mike Tyson, Beastmaster with a tiger and pigeon
A four finger ring with a eyeball in it for vision
Cause I ain't scared of no 9 foot 11 winged lizards
I'm known as the Ripper, my soul was delivered to a wizard
For spiritual slave labor in a prison
My life is my sentence, so I live it
But I studied the physics and understand it, so it's only a visit

Combinatrix, anything of this persuasion is considered ageless
Beyond the matrix
Beyond time displacement of space & spaceships in oasis
Beyond the reach of human contemplation
The music is layered, not computer generated
A human made it to satisfy unusual cravings
The mystic in a room with crystal walls & floors
Looking into a crystal quartz orb, reciting lyrical law

That cause warm feeling sensations precipitating from the finger tips
To the arms, to the lips, to the jaws
To a gold tongue that spits to the tone of the drum
With the oxygen that flows down the throat to the lungs
Till every color of my Chakra glows brighter than the Sun
YOU and I become WE, WE become ONE
And the Clarity of Singularity has begun
Between zero point zero and zero point one!
[Hook]