

Golden Terra of Rap

Canibus

Ready on the right, ready on the left
Ready on the firing line...

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!
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I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
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Aiyyo DJ Premier on the boards
Can-I-Bus, on the bars with the lyrical law
Just listen to the rhymes, don't behave cool to be kind
And I'm a show you how I'm nice with mine
Forced to start from scratch, to rhyme from the heart
When I rap, lookin forward to not lookin back
I spit supernatural, look out for the planet-sized shrapnel
Rip The Jacker 'bout to get at you
Rip and, seek and destroy the motherfuckin beat mission
The rugged rudeboy, Rasta on 'roids trippin
Martial arts for the mind, Mandelbrot hip-hop design
You don't understand stop tryin
The hip hop conglomerate, we legends puttin it down
You gotta honor it, fuck the politics!
The B2 bomb pilot, waitin for that long silence
Then I was diagnosed with tinnitus
The cuneiform symbols on my uniform tell you what I've been through
Nigga I wish it was that simple
The master gunnery combatant blastin mixtape assassin
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin
Heat it up 'til the bones blacken
My microphones double action I grab it, switch the automatic
The savage spittin it rapid I ricochet 762 jackets
Full medal gold plaque classics

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The phonograph fascist, let's see who can reload fastest
You chronograph still in the past tense
Double shot glass of absinthe, still spittin fantastic
You a absent has-been, I'm still rappin
The Roman gladiator clashin, chariots crashin
Chest plate split in half with axes, blood splashin
What you wan' speak about? Let's weed it out
'fore I turn into something somebody gotta be about

If I feel the need for speed, do not freak out
Armor upgrade beneath seat mount
No seat belt, breath in, breath out, then lean out
White phosphorus, smoke screen the whole street out
Fire squad gotta reroute, SWAT team can't see now
RPG launch out the tree house
Got a casualty, tell me what the beef is about
He don't wanna talk, let him bleed out, don't need him now
PTSD MC, the kind you read about
Turn the beat up Premier, this is how a beat sounds!

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