

# Harbinger Of Light

Canibus

Yea, the life of the world  
Let me share somethin' witchu  
What does not die that'll eternally thrives the free minds  
That's who you know you're alive

I was spiritual first  
She cut my umbilical at the physical birth  
And welcomed me to miserable Earth  
Why does it hurt?  
She layed me on my back under the dirt  
Cover my girth with a dirty shirt  
What could be worst?  
She said - "God bless the dead but they got at easy"  
The livin' get left behind but still can't live their life completely  
Tough luck, right before I was about to give up  
I passed out emotionally bankrupt  
In the dead vegetation it was dark brown red like menstruation  
I couldn't eat it despite the temptation  
I was hungry and impatient  
My hands were shakin', I stopped payment  
They botched my face in operation  
Nip and Tuck, livin' it up  
DAMN! "Why you still spittin' 'Bus?"  
"'Cause you don't listen to my lyrics enough"  
At night from a satellite view the city's a heart  
The red and white blood cells are the lights on cars  
From that distance look down and observe my lyrics  
The atmospheres of organism we apparently living  
Since the beginning, The Law of Three, The Law of Seven  
On question, the principle of scale or heaven  
Law One thru Forty Eight  
Law Forty Nine is the loophole I use to escape  
Buy the album; get a \$50 dollar rebate, before it's too late  
2012 is the bill due date  
Before that, it's 2008, I know you can't relate  
Just by the confuse look on your face, you can't wait  
It won't be much longer now  
Solar activity is gettin' stronger now  
Al Gore was the Person of the Year, maybe more  
Maybe I should be for my 400 bar song  
Now I'm against the wall drinkin' alcohol at Taj Mahal  
Without balance I am bound to fall  
To chemicals are color coded  
I highly encourage you not to smoke it  
It makes you more curious, don't it?  
Mass the throttle; crash it into your arch-rival  
Tryin' to out drive you, every mili second is vital  
Repsol motorcycles, psycho, breathe nitro  
Brain cells glow with a light dose  
SO!, I could Tokyo Drift with no Coke to sniff  
I shift from 6th to 5th, I broke the shit  
The gearbox slipped, red Marlboro's for hot lips  
Order drinks, fire water type, toxic shit  
Now I got you in the kill box, BITCH!  
On 6, 5, 4, 3, I got this, 2, 1, 0, the shot hit  
The unsung hero on some Hip-Hop shit  
And I dare you to tell me to not spit

I evolve from clay and statue, from statue to flesh  
From flesh to dirt, from dirt to death  
Beyond that whatever life is left we gotta live it 'til the end  
Hip-Hop is eternal my friend, we are the life