

Let's see if you can follow this rhyme
Follow this rhyme with your mind

I woke up into a dream, a dream that was more real than it seemed
With no animation or green screen
Human beings need special specs provided by special request
To see the spectacular special effects
If you can see what I saw or hear what I heard
Your ears will not need to hear the sound of my words
My thoughts follow my feelings that is how I think
The sceptics are rarely convinced, their feelings are exempt
What is the point of thought if you can not control the result
What is it worth if anything at all?
Where do we exist from? What do we exist for?
We were intelligently designed to be a resource
How can there be free will without the freedom to feel?
We pursue an illusion that isn't real
P-12 psychics taking red pills to produce thrills
Than predicting a coin toss a hundred times to prove skill
Telekinetic electro-genetic psyonic weapon
With extra-sensory perception of precognitive method
That's why I can rhyme with consistence
Indisputable evidence repeatable on the street or in studio session
I am sorry if you feel I am refusing your questions
That's not my intention, my mind is in a higher dimension
At these levels I have much higher attention
Ascension into a level of rhyme that's defined as divine intervention
My intent to present the most intensive lung splitting
Tongue twisting sentence ever historically recorded to present
But that is not the point of this lesson
I will continue this poetic expression, you must listen to make the connection
I will slow down
Now take a deep breath and try to get with the flow now, this is it,
Back to the beginning when the Milky Way first started spinning
Sound was the only thing living
The Universe was singing, signals were pinging
Life began to emerge from one light blinking
The sound stabilized it
The color spectrum was immediately divided by levels of brightness
The speed of the spin began rising
Gravity was created and forever affected by this
And thus, the elements were created in a cradle
Smashing against one another like balls on a pool table
We like to label so we give things names
I shook your hand and told you mine was Germaine
In my dream I was hoisted into a plane with a space-
age frame by a giant gantry crane
My code name was SpitBoss, T-minus 2 seconds 'til liftoff
Let me tell you what Canibus saw:
I saw a world in deluge, fighting over fossil fuels and food
Like a bunch of god damn fools