

## Poet Laureate II

Canibus

Yo, why is the ripper so ill?  
That would be a unpardonable breach of confidence for me to reveal!  
He said "One of these days, all eyes would be on me  
When they look up in the sky and see the neon C"  
Rhymes inscribed on a nickel disk encased  
In glass with an ion beam for longevity  
For more then 10 centuries, impressions and memories  
The first time the machine inventor will mention me  
Canibus was a visionary indeed  
He believed light could travel in multiples of C  
The organic supercomputer that solved the mysteries  
Of Clan Calusa with two blue metric rulers  
Liked Cool J, but thought Stephen J. Gould was cooler  
And he never liked to propagate rumors  
Smoked Canary Island cigars  
Liked America, luxury cars and beautiful Asian broads  
He had a strong mind, he used to philosophize  
About rhymes while he was pruning his Banzai  
He claimed that he had written the greatest rhyme of all time  
But he would never take it out his archives  
He wrote two songs per day  
And was constantly was experimenting with his wordplay  
In his youth he did a report on the Sloan Digital Sky survey  
He got an F but he deserved an A  
I followed his career from the first day  
It seemed the lack of support contributed to his inert ways  
I seen him pull in 24 hour workdays  
With deferred pay, undeterred by the word "shame"  
Public humiliation was the worst pain  
He was spinnin' out of control like a class 5 hurricane  
He said he wouldn't want another MC to suffer the same  
Especially when there's nothing to gain  
He was the illest alive but nobody would face it  
He spit till his tongue was too torched to taste, it  
Properly funded corporations carbon dated his latest creations  
To extract the information  
They found it utterly amazing  
They claimed the body of his work was the same thing as a priceless painting  
Never mattered to him, the art galleries hated him  
Cause Thomas K.K. called, said he would take ten  
Complete enigmas wrapped in puzzles encrypted in language  
With sound but without shape or signature  
Kept files in his garage, on MS-DOS  
In a fire-proof pod, he thought it was odd  
Outside there was a shed with an Oppenheimer lock  
He apparently kept more wax then Madame Tussaud's  
We were in total awe, cause it blew our minds  
So many rhymes that were intricately designed  
He WAS Poet Laureate of his time  
And if you don't mind, Id like to share some of his rhymes

Alone in my room, looking thru the 32X telescope zoom  
Adjusting the focus of the moon  
One should not assume the philosophy of David Hume  
Is nothing more then a subjective conclusion  
What is the maximum field rate application?  
The run away glaciation surrounding the ocean basin

Affects the population, fluctuation  
On a continuous basis but that's just the basics  
The juxtaposition of Canibus's position  
The precision something no other has written  
Way above and beyond what was intended  
The unparallel Malleable annunciation of a sentence  
You didn't go to college obviously  
I can tell by your ungodly unintelligible terminology  
A remarkable odyssey, the rhymes of modern speeds  
When the brain orders the body not to breathe  
Incompetency is not up to speed, you not in my league  
You couldn't possibly be hotter then me  
Or oppositely your minus twenty five degrees, you'd squeeze  
But the condensation makes rifle barrels freeze  
Allow me to speak figuratively, nigga please  
My intellectual properties are about the size of Greece  
Your counselor advised you not to speak  
My counselor advised me to keep rhymin' until they stopped the beat  
In the words of Joseph Heller, "I learned how to write better"  
Even though it sort of urked me  
He said he didn't understand the process of the imagination  
But he felt he was at its mercy  
Which exploits my point perfectly and certainly reinforces  
The reason why nobody's probably ever heard of me  
Couldn't understand what I mean by ill  
Unless you try to translate what I print to film  
This is the line of will, the circle of time  
The cycle of eternity, the emergence of 1 line  
Academic phonetics render critics tounge-tied  
Ive personified dry humor of cum-laude alumni  
A wise man sees failure as progress  
A fool divorces his knowledge and misses the logic  
And loses his soul in the process  
Obsessed with nonsense with a caricature that has no content  
My style is masterful, multilateral  
I could battle a fool and be naturally cruel  
Words of scorn are a disastrous tool  
From an existentialist's view, I'm a better rapper then you  
Grab the mic and rip your physical fabric in 2  
My attitude is fucked up but abrogable  
Different methods interpreted into different forms  
From entirely different perceptions and seen from different norms  
Not to spit in the palm there's much more involved  
There's much more pieces of the puzzle for you to solve  
Forty eight orders of mechanical laws  
And rays of creational cause, enhance the cadence of my bars  
Maybe I am self-absorbed  
But that's the effect, to find the cause you should ask my A&R  
Today is what it is, but only because yesterday was what it was  
Permitting you heard of Beelzebub  
A tale of demons and drugs, pissy drunk in the club  
With the DJ doing the needle rub  
Chances are you'll never see me son  
Yeah I know my names Canibus but I cant help you if you need a dub

I came to holla at some big booty bitches  
And listen to the speakers thump, where you get conceited from?  
I'm so nice on the mic, they wanna beat me up  
Its deep as fuck, I ain't seen it all but I've seen enough  
Really unbelievable stuff  
There's a lot of times where I wanna speak but I'm stuck  
I should leave this rap shit alone  
And kick my incredible in rhymes in the privacy of my own home

My imagination is my own  
Delibity to speak to freely lyrically on the microphone  
Wit a pen in my hand, I bring motion to the enyogram  
And become "Cani-millenia man"  
Grave my back with the emperor's stamp  
Been spittin scientific rap since the 17th century began  
Tryna' escape the wicked empire of Def Jam  
And the land where lyrics are bland and heretics hang  
Every warrior has an axe to bury  
But he has to learn to discern between enemy and adversary  
I said to myself, "Germaine this is insane  
It's suicide its controlled flight into terrain"  
I fought to regain, control of the plain, but went up in a ball of flames  
And got banned from the hip-hop hall of fame  
For two bars I kept hearin' in my head  
Over and over again, it cost me everything

I'm convinced now that more then truth is at stake  
Where people create language that pretends to communicate  
Euphamisms are misunderstood as mistakes  
But its a bi-product of the ghetto music we make  
From an extroverted point of view I think its to late  
Hip Hop has never been the same since '88  
Since it became a lucrative profession as a misconception  
In the movement in any direction as progression  
Even though of the potency of it lessens  
Big money industries writing checks to suppress the question  
And nobody gives a fuck no more, no one goes to the book store  
Ever since the influence of Moore's Law  
But I stay in the lab, like Niels Bohr  
His son Aage, Edward Lawrence, and Leo Szilard  
Lyrically I take rap music and turn the knob  
To the right full throttle and added panache  
Why would I argue with my own conscience over the truth?  
That's like me telling myself don't tell me what to do  
Dialysis and analyses of battle MC's  
Sometimes I say things I myself can't believe  
My lyrical is so skillfully elliptical  
I can understand how it makes you miserable  
You wonder why I never let you play your beats for me  
Or why I keep my studio shrouded in secrecy  
You wonder whats my infatuation with Alicia Keyes  
"Canibus why don't you speak to me?"  
Yo, I meant it when I said no one can shine on a song that features me  
That's why I said it so vehemently  
You need to replace the hate with respect  
I'm probably the best yet, Poet Laureate!!!