

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!!!