

## Post Traumatic Warlab Stress

Canibus

I'm the black mutant of rap music, half human half Vladimir Putin  
After plasma transfusion I became Rasputin  
The master of translucence who lives in a green house  
Creatin' green gas pollution, smokin' hash from hookahs  
Before Lucifer sent me back to the future to smash computers  
Assassinate classes of students, I spare those who show classic improvement  
Produce magik acoustics, supreme music using dreams so lucid  
I can visualize my future and chose it, I never abuse it  
I'm ruthless but Canibus is super illumine  
You know what? I read the blueprint  
Sometimes it seems like my eyes are wide shut like Stanley Kubrick  
Mic Club the Curriculum II,  
I changed the name 'cause I ain't in business no more with you-know-who  
He stole from Killah Priest too, his name rhymes with Clue  
I found out the same time as you,  
You know what happens when you come from dishonest roots  
You put roots on me, I put roots on you  
"We live in a free country"  
That phrase is so fuckin' funny, we know freedom is based off the money  
Resources to hide behind lawyers, it must be lovely  
When nobody can touch your lunch meat  
We brainwashed, we can't get these white collar stains off  
Poor Bernard Madoff belongs in the graveyard  
The stock market trade off doesn't pay off  
We get laid off, the country spirals into chaos  
I'm no genius, I know enough not to trust FEMA  
Their vaccines give ya eczema of the penis  
The Tuskegee Jesus verses a sneaky Tuskegee Demon  
What you gon' do when you see this? !  
The oldest religions, the coldest magicians  
Transmittin' live from Hell with heat stroke symptoms  
Symbicort is a success for those short of breath  
Got to wait for the next check 'cause I can't afford it yet  
DZK come slaughter the set, tell Warbux he got next  
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I always open wide like a great white, mouth full of steak knives  
Chewin' through the sewer's main line 'til it drain dry  
And when you're waist high in waste  
I make planned attacks on every last base camp in your wasteland  
I scheme for weeks and draft designs on how to craft my rhymes like a master  
mind  
Whether young or past your prime I'll eat you alive  
Ain't no motherfucking reason to try, just die  
Hope you're ready to run  
I'll cut the tongue out of my son just to stay number one  
No one will ever sit on my throne except my clone replica  
Who will never be better than what they stole the genetics from  
Gangbang, the beats we slang language  
Which alleviates your teenage angst and break cages  
Now we're runnin' through the streets with our leash off  
Eatin' all your stray pets shittin' on your police cars  
Cause' I'm a beast dog, you don't want no beef punk  
Hit you with a meat log bigger than a tree trunk  
I kick the shit that make you pee all in your jeans chump  
Clean up after my show better bring a steam pump  
I fuckin' breathe funk ain't no fuckin' Tic Tac existing

That's big enough to clean up this act you're trippin'  
You cannot begin to comprehend, if you cross me  
The position you'll all be in  
This isn't battle rap, maggot, this is me with a battle axe  
Swingin through your Cadillac imagine that  
You fuckin' headless metal wreckage in the shattered glass  
I give a fuck about your backpack and faggot ass  
Dim those lights I'm kimbo Slice on a mic  
But I don't lose none of my big pro fights  
I just bruise dudes twice my size and crews move  
When I maneuver through 'em smooth they know who's who  
I clear the room with a sonic boom and nuclear plume  
You should assume I ain't got a lotta provin' to do  
I'm bring doom to musicians with a feminine groom  
Kanye West, best believe I'm looking at you

Call it I'll by design, that's how to define us  
Cause in the Warlab with me we got it down to a science  
This is underground at it's finest  
The most talented rhymers around  
Shittin on all of you clowns and cowards who sign us  
So go ahead you'll have hell of a time  
Tryin' ta find a rapper with lines as compelling as mine  
You talking about a fellow with the will to confine himself  
To a cellar developing his rhymes for years to stay on his grind  
This is Melatonin Magik  
You wet behind the ears like playing telephone with faggots  
So let em know, they spend an o and cellulose and acid  
These heads will roll, we send 'em home in yellow woven baskets  
The ninja rap stars just as explodes to the scene  
My blades will cut up your back like a rowing machine  
It could get ugly if they don't intervene  
Cause I could make your life flash before your eyes like I'm throwing it beads  
I'm incoherent or so it would seem  
No I'm esoteric and don't care if you know what I mean, that's the spirit  
Cause it's apparent if you took half of what passes for lyrics and compared  
them to mine  
Hip hop should be fuckin' embarrassed  
So did you really want to flow with the gods?  
I'm too educated, haters couldn't cope with the odds  
See I studied Biggie and Pac, Hova and Nas  
Paganini and Bach, Beethoven and Brahms  
You are now in the presence of a master musician  
I craft my rap with the precision of a mathematician  
Or a surgeon, performin' a thoracic incision  
A magician escaping out of his shackles in prison  
Before you could even finish saying oh my god  
I'll spit a motherfuckin' verse to fill your whole ipod  
I'm the rip the jacker prodigy  
Motivated by the golden age of rap back in the older days  
The incredible little fellow with rhythm and timing on instrumentals  
The shit I've said in the rhyme could be considered a federal crime  
Like blowin off your head with a 9  
Anyone with a shred of intelligence could tell it's just ahead of it's time  
I'm too sick, ain't even talking about the music  
Keep my fuckin' name out of your mouth, need a toothpick?  
You a little confused like who's this dude  
"This is a W-A-R-B-U-X exclusive"  
The underdog, like back in the bible with Noah's arc  
To entrusted military titles to Joan of Ark  
To Napoleon Bonaparte down to Rosa Parks  
And the medics attempting rescue, breathin' on Owen Hart

This fucker 'Bux is the shit  
So who really gives a fuck if he's busting a clip  
In public drunk in the trunk of your whip  
The diabolical, alcoholical, comically pharmaceutically phenominal  
Product of poppin' pills  
And you are not as I'll, check your doctors bill  
I'm more dangerous in the streets than a toxic spill  
Yo this is 50 bars of sickness  
Consider it a Christmas gift to you 'Bis don't forget this