

Yo

Some say the pen overpowers the sword
The video camera is just as powerful when it records
Appallin' footage of cops breakin' the law
Mad at you because of what you saw, now they breakin' ya jaw
I been accused, of bein' internally preoccupied
'Cause the rhymes talk to me, and I talk to the rhymes
Clinically induced impulses reveal what's hidden
Written prescriptions, given by qualified clinicians
Lafayette peg boards be spinnin on turn tables
To determine the motor coordination available
Those able to speak what I spoke, repeat my quotes
My systematic treatment approach, be deep in they throats
I inject the frontal lobe of the brain with a lethal dose
Of unspeakable dope, worse than opium smoke
Well-spoken like Washington Post, or a Fox News Network host
Scale intelligence like Wechsler Adults
Nonnormative data, brain storage matter couldn't capture
A couple years ago they had to put it on Napster
Ressurrect Rip the Jacker, rip these rappers
For every second the clock ticks, I'm a attack ya

The C-A-N dash I dash
B-U-S gets the last laugh, before the critical mass
In half the speed of a bulb flash
Fire engulf that ass, into a mole hill of charcoal ash
Only to be blown away by a cold draft
Wack emcees got no chance, it's so sad
They say to Canibus, "Will you ever run out of things to say?
How much breath can a man breathe in a day?"
Needless to say, I think it's kinda deep in a way
People be like "Bis is too ill, keep him away"
It's a good thing I got patience
I been waitin here longer than Dr. Levinson's time equations
Tryin' to figure out what made men
Was it inflation, or are we just a product of the apes then

You think because I'm not on a major I can't bus'
And because I come from the ghetto that I can't adjust
Yeah my disposition was rough
But it turned me into a quick learner, all I need now is some luck
I used to be a undisciplined piece of fecal matter
A underdog rapper, but I closed that chapter
I deal wit my adaptive difficulty faster
And question my projected technique as a rapper
I've lost interest in the battle glory and glamor
But I cant control Rip the Jacker, when he gets amped up
It doesn't matter, we all got a dark side
A loud mouth, Mau Mau from the Apartheid
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And see if you can impress the best