

The war drums sound like a hundred guns fired at once  
For an entire month  
Can-I-Bus? You know you can  
Involuntary muscle spasm assassin busts with a passion  
Listen to how Canibus re-enact this  
Poor rappers fall victim to the metaphor master  
Drill your ass raw for ice core data  
An earthquake machine being powered by a crystal  
Scalene in hydro, no pulse signal  
Lyrically wave-theory like Timothy Leary  
So you don't have to understand me to hear me, you feel me?  
Barely, the quickening happens in between  
In the Elohim Lord Lizard King with the Ripper conditioning  
Partitioning with the Fischer King eating chicken wings  
My fingertips are glistening but I'm listening  
Yeah, the master observes how rappers use vernacular  
To fail to capture the meaning attached to the words  
Hip-Hop [?], career suicide  
Killer Ripper spits to the sustained pitch mixed and chopped  
To add a counter point, mix a master that drops  
Complex and confusing, I'm laughing because it's hot  
The super duper uber music conductor producer from the future  
Stuff tubas with gunpowders to improvise bazookas  
Colder than killer cobras over Jehovah  
Delta soldiers in blimp balloon gondolas with stealth motors  
They watch over us, told me where to go  
But I can only take both of us so you better soldier up  
Size, activity, location, unit  
Time and equipment: What you going to do with it?  
Salute, that's what they do when I rip it  
I proved it, I did it, "D-R Period" was in the booth when I spit it  
Bread and Butter, Nigga

Beyond Canibus motherfucker, broken Language the hustler  
Starboard rudder, the Coast Guard Cutter  
I'm the studio night-owl, stress give me white eyebrows  
Who the fuck I got to fight with now?  
Yeah, conspicuous characters creep through America  
With a killer chemical in a canister called Canibus  
Crazy as crystal communicate correct signal  
They call it criminal, I call it lyrical  
Call the Commissioner I'm going to crucify the Christian Caligula  
Like they crucified M.C. Christopher  
I cast the Canibus symbol in the crowd  
If there's beef on the ground, I'm going to carve the cow  
Now, smuggle contraband through the canal  
I check my clip on my chamber, sharpshooter style  
La Costa Nostra, deep like Deepak Chopra  
I kick your door down in loafers  
.45 in the holster, AK in the baby stroller  
Babies with baking soda, my lady in the Rover  
A midget with dreadlocks down to his toes  
With flows I expose what nobody knows