

The Emerald Cypher

Canibus

Niggaz listen to this shit right now
Got this shit goin down
That New World Order, niggaz is holdin it down
Niggaz ain't ready man, everybody know what time it is man
Y'all niggaz listenin to this shit right now
All my niggaz in the street
Man y'all niggaz know what time it is, are they ready?
Let's see it, let's see if these niggaz is ready man

My brain is a coliseum unfinished, an art museum that none vision
A masoleum before the sun risen
Dark wisdom, break the order of the magic witches
The tablet that we gifted, fall in the hands of the music business
The sacred oath, to snake his post
He flinches, I take his ghost
Shadow war, we battle for
The emerald wing that unfold wings
When you enter the temple they sing, hieroglyphs
Up a spiral cliff, follow the monk for months
Close your eyes when his disciples is sent
Every morn' the first satellite hit
I spit, the prayer laws recite from scripts
Then it's back to the silence
Patient observe the lotus bud, I write the scroll on each clove
This is discipline before beast mode
Follow G-O-D code
Fondle my prayers beads, under a pear tree, this prepares me
Then a chair was formed by the bees
I bared the dare, come around me
I won't speak for weeks, I hold my tongue
Now I can hold the Sun - how is it I outnumber y'all?
And y'all got me by 6 to 1 (y'all got me by 6 to 1)

The Elohim hold court in the ether
Decidin the fate of the human race I plead my case through the speakers
Sun the rapper who mastered the dark matter
The God particle mass created to smash atoms
Deal with energies that vibrate at higher frequencies
Your chakra's gotta be in line to even speak to me
Journey through time and I doubt you'll ever find
A shine on mines like mine that dwarf Einstein
See I confuse Confuscious, with a complex theory of evolution
With mind power that devoured Isaac Newton
Heaven on Earth? Nah! It's more like some sort of Hell
War with Satan ground shakin from the mortar shell
Escape the Matrix like Morpheus
Dodgin bullets in slow motion like we smokin some dust
But my third eye's bright enough to spar with the Dalai Lama
Verbal projectiles pierce spiritual body armor
I'm a, master builder from an enslaved mason
Tryin to hide my true identity as my creation
Lines I scribed identify who I'm facin
It's war! And either you a God or a Satan
"Lyrical Law" draws a paper thin between love and hate
Decide if you destroy or create
They think it's verbal but this warfare is spiritual
We box 'em in, apply pressure to his physical

Check one two, who got more style than Sun do?
None do, solar flare your Earth duke, son you
I body the mic, I body the beat
I body the emcee with the audacity to flow after me

My automated system got eight wicked concoctions
If that don't satisfy press nine for more options
BOOOOP, I can't believe you just did that
Twenty thousand wigs just concurrently slid back
Ha~! I blow flames in hot dosages
If I get too thirsty the Earth'll be oceanless
Feelings don't move me, I guess I'm emotionless
Sick party host, pinata full of locustses
Bobbin for live grenades inside a bucket
I know the plural pronunciation is "locust" but fuck it!
What are the percentages, of a man actually choked to death
After swallowin phonetic images?
I spit unlimited pandemics, they're liberally distributed
Millions of rappers skin grafts and can't spit it
As I child I would see and slay; they'd check my room
And find my imaginary friend's imaginary DNA
It's gutwrenching - my ultimate intention
Is to sit on top of The Tower of Infinite Ascension
K-Rino the agg' jacker who ravages natural
Like Z in the alphabet I keep comin after you
The judge said for the sake of my health
I've been ordered to stay a hundred miles away from myself
You ain't hard! You a fake, I won't stop until I've blown his cover
You softer than the baby sister of a Jonas Brother

You ain't a behavioral scientist, why you dyin to spit?
You try too hard when you rhymin with 'Bis, try again
Approved this for public release, fuck with the beast
With bucked teeth bust your guns or get rushed in the streets
Handcuffed to the back of the Jeep, blindfolded
You hear a foreign language they speak, you do not know it
Kidnapped to Kemet through Khartoum to parched sand dunes
To a dark room, to witness your doom
Bash you in the face with the mag, rope around your neck
Over a tree branch, hoist you up with three sandbags
You shit yourself, your pants sag
Global broadcast, man that's sad, they lynched him in the lab
Twenty-four apprentices for hardcore fellowship
Twenty-four masters, twenty-four lyricists
Dead to the world, alive to the hearts that are pure
If you endure your mind's opened doors
Complete the last step without crossin my rep
Who's next? What possessed you to jump off a cliff?
I spit darts, once you stop the hip-hop juggernaut
Kill you bloodclot, you stink like jungle rot
Me I'm a Hermann Bushido Dogan Shotokan
The prototype of the first proto rhyme
With combined payloads, my glide bombs provide flows
That cause World War II death tolls at live shows
Independently targeted, bombin shit from so high up
In the atmosphere you lose consciousness
No oxygen, only Canibus anti-oxidants
Think about it, why spit into a bottomless pit?
I'm so isolated lyrically, they put me in a desert facility
To test my abilities, check out my melodies
Designed by Pratt & Whitney, rap so swiftly
TAW-50 following me cause you're with me
Your high bars are lukewarm, let me school y'all

Intravenously cold blooded coolin coils are runnin through my jaws
The Sun's hot - I'm warmer; the metaphor explorer
I give a order, you can't cross the border!
We ain't religions, don't talk about the Torah
We'll crucify you on the cross for a quarter
Welcome to my House of Slaughter, signing on the roster
Go downstairs, put your stuff in the locker
And come back, let me see what you got son, I dropped him
Rappers steppin to me? I ain't the one
Spontaneous nucleonic you the opposite, be honest
You produce reduced knowledge, your discography is dishonest
Both promise, change your name to MC Silence
Yes, your album inspired me, no I didn't buy it
Talk back, nigga get fired
I'll erase your verse off the track so fast you'll wake up tired
Candles go out, darkness infiltrate the house
What the fuck he talkin 'bout? He got a mental case mouth
I forced him to his knees, told him to face South
Empty your PayPal bank account 'fore I blow your brains out
Untouchable since the day I came out
That's why these wack niggaz keep callin my name out
How the fuck they gon' change that now? How they sound?
I'm a put him in the ground, "Lyrical Law" style
How you liked at me then, how you liked me now
How you liked me in the future when I'm wearin that crown
The crown is invisible, you don't have to be a loud individual
You act like hip-hop is all you listen to
If that's true, this is for you
Then I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do
If that's true, this is for you
And I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do