

The Fusion Centre

Canibus

I isolate a regime that works twice the pace of your team
These Jedi mind tricks are no dream

Kill code receive you do not need to know what you need
You will be uplinked to the feed

The entrance to the cave is guarded by a statue of Saint Jermaine
Holding an oil lamp with a purple flame

Shuffling down a dark corridor chasing the voice of the orator
The light brightens more and more

Your muscles tight and sore you fall to waist height then crawl
As you are forced to recite bars from Ars Notoria

What is the origin metaphoric euphoria lobotomize the audience rap music
Recruited those who refuse it will be uprooted then electrocuted

Then executed flesh is fluid physically it's a stretch to do it
You wake up cold wet and wounded playing my music

The strong believe in me the weak try to weaken me
They are not allowed to speak to me that easily

The fans get neglected can't get they favorite record
They only get to hear what's selected not requested

They are wasting your time just think about that
The reason you won't think is the reason I won't rap

Wisely worded speech frame and technique and thermal heat
Bridges the verbal to the beat providing earth for your feet

I rip granite the universe shaped like this planet
Nobody understand it when my spit is mismanaged

Virtuoso Vivaldi Aliester Crowley with a baldy flow
Flawlessly cathedral halls applaud me

Red 3 delta they call me in the red army armory talking softly walking
Calmly the officer saw me cursing at the bastard commy pass the salami

Rhyming offbeat they poured me caffeine not coffee

You'll never hear nothing as evil
As this I carry desert eagles into the cathedral and lick

My people are sick your people unbelievably bitch
In Mogadishu counting money inconceivably rich

A feverish pitch I'll hit you so you bleed where you piss
I feel sorry for any rapper think he equal to 'Bis

I see thru the mist I see you faggots weak in the wrist
I ain't rapping no more Pazienza speak with the fists

I see the abyss but I ain't going there no more

I'm too old so I ain't licking in the air no more

Ayo 'bis who these motherfuckers that's thinking it's war
In '88 the only white boy spitting it raw

I kicked in the door I spoke on metaphysics in awe
But they was too stupid to understand the vision involved

I wish that we all had platinum that could christen the wall
But I'm a ride for you regardless if its business involved