

# The Goetia

Canibus

"And this variation of analogy of working that comes from  
On this idea that they were created on the Earth  
These giants were created by the natural themselves  
They can manifest.."

Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose  
Can-I-Bus - bussin' in the booth  
Straight out +The Goetia+ to eat ya  
This is the fire breather  
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose  
Can-I-Bus and Mic Club - bussin' in the booth

Microphone check one-two, you know what it is  
Can-I-Bus, still gettin' biz  
Rip mics, gas molecules emit light  
I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight  
First, I developed the fence  
Then negotiate disarmament from the other side of the fence  
Hence, the tetrahedron is a prison for a four-headed demon  
I weaken, every time I see him  
Fight for my freedom, under the fig tree bleedin'  
I create Hip-Hop but don't need it  
I turn my back on rap like God turned his back on Eden  
To return like Cat Stevens  
For those who believe it, I live it, I breathe it  
I smash mics to pieces, that's the secret  
I cannot fail, I rock bells  
On the Ho Chi Minh trail to the song of the nightingale  
Any artist can turn a garden to a desert  
But can he turn a desert to a garden?  
That's where I come in, runnin', straight gunnin'  
Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch  
Fuck it, double the budget  
Niggaz turned Hip-Hop to somethin' it wasn't  
Made it hard to love it  
So I come back to conquer with a monster mantra  
My spiritual father is Swami Vivekananda  
Rhymes promote freedom, stabilize the region  
Think for yourselves, it's just like breathin'  
The departed Hip-Hop artist regardin' the condition of the carnage  
Dead farmers I already saw it  
Back to the army, back to pituitary  
Back to the heartbeat, off-beat on a dark street  
Comfy, aggressive assistive trainin'  
Hajji somewhere waitin', one minute remainin'  
Satellites counter locatin', the bloodbath begins bathin'  
We both believe we're fightin' Satan  
'Cause we both got the same God, who accepts the same sacrifice  
Blood, tears, life, fine picks and trowels are real  
I was holdin' a weapon when I was overpowered, there was no album  
Thirty-minute sessions cleanin' weapons askin' myself questions  
About what happened last mission, Radiation isolation  
I'ma asshole but I'm patient for a nurse with nice shaped tits  
I'm a poet, my house is a palace  
A small cavernous passage, darker than the Catacombs of Paris  
Chateau de Canibus, Saint Germaine sadomasochist  
I don't use chains to trap a bitch

Don't get distracted, repeat your rap's schematic  
Over and over until it's automatic  
My body is a machine, machines need fuel  
Two gastro-nasal tubes, feed me smoothie food  
The recluse clearly produced the abstract schematic  
You can use over a glass of fresh-squeezed pear juice  
Right side paralyzed above the waist  
Below the waist the left side paralyzed, this a unique case  
It's a challenge to rhyme great, lost weight  
Lost sense of smell and taste, wastin' away payin' attention to space  
Sayin' "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate  
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place  
Grimoires and metaphor law, make your skin crawl  
Nothin' to prove, this is lyrical law