

# The Messenger's Message

Canibus

Yeah, every man see him 'Sail to Byzantium'  
For those that can't see him, they lost man leave him  
Transparent transceiver, no hand lever  
On the hand receiver, the signal gets weaker  
Sales of street polymer gels that form hardened shells that repel  
Interrogative drills in the torture cell  
Sounds like Hell, not exactly  
Rap for me, this human's cavity interacts with me  
Blood, liver, and lungs, external viscera thugs  
Cutting me up with glitter covered gloves  
I ran out the building, ran to the building where I parked  
Why my children not in the car?!  
I am not unravelling, I am calm,  
I'm staying at Bigelow Arkansas obeying the law, playing GRAW  
They ask questions with Russian like aggression  
From the on screen projector, what is your intention?  
Moratorium? I got four of them, meet me in the auditorium  
I'm a show you how to talk to them  
Right handed MC, used to be lefty  
When direction don't effect me, my spotter corrects me  
Open the eyelid, check behind him like crazy Ivan  
On the coastliner, Psilocybin, crazy rhyming  
With third Density binding, galactic plane timing  
The Pleistocene is rising, I cannot describe it  
Lavatory tidy and quaint, brand new paint  
Laboratory, huge, sprawling, brand new warheads  
Space grunts line up face front  
Base jump into the waste dump, complete Phase 1!  
Bone shards scattered all over the boneyard  
We low crawl paying no attention to our nose at all  
I see the beast pupil size increase  
Seen it grab somebody off the street, bite and release  
I decrease my silhouette, try to lay flat  
Zero in where the chest and the neck intersect  
Take a breath than hold it, but only for a moment  
Stay focused or your first one'll be your last soldier  
Woke up in the Infirmary, here's your papers  
Thank us for your service, young man, see you later  
Cardboard papers signs  
"I will eat rhymes three times a day if you could only spare me a dime"  
Real Hip Hop spitting, that's how I'm living  
I mount my weapon like I mount my women  
Intercept correct beats, sleep search collect and keep  
If I like it let's meet next week  
The mind of a weirdo, it's not really clear where he goes  
Nobody here really knows...  
Everybody wanna ask questions, don't pay attention to the messenger  
Listen to the message!