

Vitruvian Canman

Canibus

Yo, even when I rhyme slow
My lyrics move at a high rate of speed cause they comin down slow
My pantheon stands beyond songs, beyond the norm
I've managed to draw the silhouette of God
Connect the dots with stars 'til my C forms
in the shape of a deep sea prawn, go to the store
Grab the CD without tongs or gloves on
And see if it don't barbecue your palms and arms
Ambience have a seance in the garden of Eve
I'm a God, a gardener, a guardian of trees
Banana clips and the spliff is all I'ma need
I'ma inhale and exhale as long as I breathe
Turn the mic on, I'ma torment the beat
Tear the club down with a warning to leave
Snit snow in the sauna, up to my knees
Conduct business with broads that fuck for the queen
Givin angels anal through halos
Cause the skinny nigga in the seude gold say so
I'm a pimp with a payroll, tryin to get paid
Worldwide, I'm thinkin 'bout hirin some gays
I pace back and forth like a lion in a cage
Goin out in a blaze, call the fire brigade
This is Canibus nigga, fuck what you heard about the name
Niggaz know the steez, I tear mics out the frame
Who wanna be famous, who's the brainless ignoramus
Tryin to go against my steel stainless, I train for this
How the fuck you gon' be grimy? Your guns is tiny
Kill me you gotta deal with a batallion behind me
In the center of the circle I stand as the Virtuvian Man
I'm the illest, truly I am
I unzip my own flesh and step out my skin
Let you observe my inner being, it's a beautiful thing
The intensity in the eyes, the reflection in the rhymes
Microscopes couldn't find the depths of my design
Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick
Sometimes I rhyme so long, the listeners quit
This the template real MC's should abide by
Let me wipe the mucus out the side of your mind's eye
Singlehandedly carried the torch for ten years
With a trojan horse techniqe, that modern man feared
And I never lost a battle motherfucker don't front
Maybe on the 32nd day of the 13th month, CHUMP!