Canibus, For Whom The Beat Tolls

[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft] "I am writing under appreciable strain Since by tonight I should be no more"

[Casting spell]

[Canibus:]

Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours But where?, somewhere, nowhere near I walk where no man dares So the world could share one man's fair My cares are your cares Your tears are my tears When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers I eavesdrop on your prayers The industry could not stop my career Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at? You gotta million fans, but you're still wack I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap Real rap is like chemical crack I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap Do these magazines mention that? NO!

Does radio pay attention to that? NO!

Do they thank us for representin' that? No! You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!

They just use us, abuse us

Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us

But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks

Now it's all up to you, buts...

[Church bell sounds]