

Canibus, Letter From Head Trauma

(Canibus)

I got a letter from Head Trauma the other day
I jumped in the Phantom, I'm on my way
I had a long day, can't wait to see my fiancée
Get some carrot cake and Parrot Bay
Believe what you want, I'll fuck you up
On the microphone they don't call me Bus for nothing
Listen, my syllable shredder don't let up
Cerebellum over-developed, Canibus, shut up
Head Trauma Unit division, cobra venom
Soldiers in denim with Mayweather momentum
Part Comanche, moderate land-speed
Here I am again in the same damn jeans
Without making a sound we reappear in a white cloud
I float down in a white shroud
Present me the map, give me the facts
Then prepare your lyricists for imminent attack
Feast tonight for tomorrow we fight
You can X-ray my hand and see me holding a mic
Colder than ice, frozen twice in a comet tail glowing so bright
Smoke dope when I write they know what I'm like
The black Charles Bronston on Mount Charleston
With a very large lens looking at ya'll again
All because I got a letter from Head Trauma, man //