

Canibus, Liquid Wordz(For Whom The Beat Tolls

(Intro: Sample ??)

It's very difficult to know if...

Others are puppets, or...

They are innocent, or...

They are the masterminds

(Canibus)(These are Liquid Wordz')

(Canibus)

Yo, I come through with cold steel on the back of the snowmobile

I just came back from Shogun Hill

Make you kneel, face the wall

Shoot you in the back of the head with some paint balls 'til your brains are gone

Attack dog, attack man, only respond to German commands

Completely bite off the burglars hands

Triangular death, that's where I purchased the land

Built a ranch, drilled deep into the earth through the sand

Send a clergy emissary to the cemetery

You requested to be buried with your bones to carry

I'm blood sampled savvy, I named your first clone Jerry

Your second clone Harry and your third clone after me

The fourth clone can battle him after he battles me

But your fifth clone can only be used as cattle meat

This is called microphone savagery

Press play, I attack the beat, you will tap out or tap delete

For we do not have to beef

Before the Greeks captured Crete, I was known as the master of the beat

Cydonian MC speak, rudimentary speech

I released the Canaanite beast then sent them to the east

To walk through the streets sharing thoughts about God and my beliefs

'Heavy Mental', it was authored by the Priest

We were tortured by the palm trees in the Palm Sunday breeze

It was Zero Zero One A.D.

(Sun)

It's been a long time coming, but I'm finally here

Solidified my spot and I ain't going nowhere

'Cause ripping mics been my only right

So I return like Christ to resurrect the art of spitting nice

The true and living in psychical form

Grab the mic and I spit up a storm

Tracks get beasted, MCs get Ethered,

I blast paragraphs from rough draft to thesis

With strong facial features, lips and gapped teeth

I see through your thesis like telekinesis

Build with Killah Priest in the Chamber of the Giza's

Special ops hip hop get chopped in pieces

Zero degree Celsius liquid will freeze

But at any temperature Sun will melt emcees

That's why Canibus handed me the scrolls for Infinity

What he actually gave me a moment of clarity

It's complex simplicity, self contradictory

Philosophers speak about the God of man mystery

'Cause we've been fooled by religion and history

'Cause the path to eternity starts internally

According to the sundown, the time is at hand

For me to reveal the man exactly who I am

I am the apostles who writing the Bible in Ebonics

I'm Elijah Mohammad who sell chronic

Martin Luther with a German Luger

I'm Malcolm X on your project steps busting a tech

Gandhi with an M-P-C who MC mad nice

I'm Christ in a cipher shooting dice

(Killah Priest)

Inside my mind is bad weather
So when I brainstorm it will rain strong
'Til hurricanes will swarm in the form of paragraphs
Start from the corners of them pages in my pad
And nothing can withstand the rhyme when it rages in its path
But I don't brainwash my listeners
My lyrics give them a bath without bars of soap
These are bars of quotes that will take you so far you will choke
What I have is like lightning in a bottle
Deep as the writing of Aristotle
Like Picasso, but its a novel spitten in bars and flows
Priest the dark Dragon King spitting graphics and scenes
My 16's should be seen on plasma screens
By black wings on 'Lord of the Rings'
While my sword is bathing in your screams
Swallowing your flesh through his metal intestine
It feast so much on you rebels that it became congested
And gnarls on bones, snarls at thrones, carve out domes
Somewhere in a giant stone cave
Where the entrance is big enough to accommodate a pterodactyl in flight
Priest sit in the tabernacle and write
While jackal fight over the poisoned emperor's body
Priest and Canibus enjoy their memorable armies

(Canibus)

A lyricist with no master and no financier
After the disaster I will die from laughter
All right, let's move out people
I've got a five tonne diesel for the illegal hazmat retrieval
Too deep to say peace to, I pray about peace for you
Very soon 'The Goetia' will eat you
The Keys of Solomon will open the doors to that bottomless prison
And let Leviathan's army in
'Liquid Wordz' spit superb
From the foothills of Zagros to the streets of New Jers'
New arc, I'm the rare admiral of New York
If I'm caught they'll award the posthumous Purple Heart
Navy Cross never say we lost, damn Abramoff is in court
'One Ought Not To Think' any thoughts, 'Liquid Wordz'