

Canibus, The Dream Collab

(Canibus)

Aiyo I move like my shadow is weightless
Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient
Transmitting from an undisclosed location
Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations
My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals
And you never get the antidote from me, cause I bit you
Slap you with a jagged crystal, cause my energy emit through
Anything metallic, even a pencil
Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm
My flat-feet with no curves squish worms
The bad news is I got a tight flow
The good news is I just switched to Geico
This is Hip-Hop nigga
Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid
The mic is a spark-plug
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow
When I choke back the yolk full-throttle and go for broke
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note

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Waves engulfed my boat but I managed to float
Swim to the coast, make a new ark from oak
Build a bonfire and smoke, pounds of 'dro
My own rhyme scarred my throat, torn is how I'll be remembered by most
From now 'til the day that I croak