

# Canibus, Ambitions

(Canibus)

Listen to Ambition, no Can-I-Kick it  
No time for can kicking when the Canibus spit it  
It's the bona-fide soldier  
My fuel-mix rich like Oprah  
She hate Hip-Hop, so what  
Governor Bredesen came to visit the regiment  
Two weeks after the President to give us some medicine  
A black bucket of paint blacked-out much of my face  
Blacked-out what I wanted to say  
Write a rhyme every other day, coffee keep me up and awake  
I bus' rhymes cause I want to be great  
Before it's too fake and too late, before destiny meets fate  
I hear ghost signals in the mixtape  
Never stereotype it, it'll be a sound burial tonight  
If I catch you on a karaoke mic  
Clipping my whiskers, handling my goatee business  
Call upon your witness, Grits and Canibus spit  
Encrypted Canibus codes, flows tabulated below  
Amidst spits and notes Germaine wrote  
Pardon a poor pauper with nothing to offer from his coffin  
Coughing up a mouthful of volcanic sulfur  
Walking towards the altar  
Hand-in-hand with my father-in-law's daughters  
My high-value target force get pitchforked out of orbit  
Pause it; rewind what I recorded  
See if the eye caught it; five o'clock in the morning  
Cup of joe boiling; who's pouring?  
Bona-fide lyrics; who's calling? //