

# Canibus, Cingularity Point

Artist: Canibus

Song: Cingularity Point

Time: 9.04

(Chorus: Canibus)

The C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?  
What does the future hold,? What do you really see?  
I see a revolution in the industry  
That will ignite the rebirth of MC's lyrically,  
The C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?  
What does the future hold,? What do you really see?  
I see the partition of God's religion  
Become united by our bars and our common visions,  
The C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?  
What does the future hold? Yo, fuck the hook!

(Canibus)

These rhymes resemble knots being tied, the time line,  
Becomes a nonlinear noose that will snap your mind,  
First, Sever your spine; Second, Normal M configurations  
Are dismembered and disconnected, very unpleasant,  
My third effort employs absurd ethics,  
Kangaroo execution court is in session after dawn, but before breakfast,  
Expert effective mass burial method so well measured  
It's impressive and intensive, not to mention expensive,  
Extensive templates taken from all global nano-industrial sectors,  
No wonder I'm so aggressive at Tetris,  
Pardon me, but I must beckon your attention for no more than several seconds  
With the minor hypocritical questions,  
Let's say, I had to make an exception,  
Where I complied to exhume a body for postmortem autopsy inspection,  
I request the best yes-men,  
That promptly recovered the radio frequency identification pin,  
Then, trigger the transponder located under the skin  
Of the deceased until it showed me a grin,  
If that went over your head (huh) then I'll be more than pleased to show you again,  
But I must rescind, I have pressing matters to attend,  
It's my wife's birthday and I can't be late for delivery  
On her customized marble grey bidet, good day!  
What the fuck did he just say?! See, why can't I bust my way?  
Since '98 you could trust my name,  
I've adapted and adjusted my aim accordingly  
The leap years are boring to me, I speed up quarterly  
The Golden Era of Rap will always be apart of me  
The future talks to me because the present is ignoring me  
My destiny is calling me, the armoury of God is guarding me  
But all you can see is holographic artistry  
This is were the road forks, my rhymes leave you lost  
Under a blue moon, ice crystals, fog, and snow fall  
Been a long time, spitting long rhymes, but I never left you  
I always came back busting rhymes that were special  
Back then, I wanted to impress you by addressing the truth  
Nowadays, I'm just confessing in the booth  
The music is layered, not computer generated  
A human made it to satisfy unusual craving,  
The mystic in a room with crystal walls and floors  
Looking into a crystal quartz orb, reciting lyrical law  
That cause warm feeling sensations precipitating from the finger tips  
To the arms, to the lips, to the jaws  
To a gold tongue that spits to the tone of the drum  
With the oxygen that flows down the throat to the lungs  
'Til every colour of my Chakra glows brighter than the Sun  
You and I become We, We become One  
And the clarity of Singularity has begun

Between zero point zero and zero point one  
Combinatorics, anything of this persuasion  
is considered ageless beyond the matrix  
Beyond time displacement of space and spaceships in oasis  
Beyond the reach of human contemplation  
Through my music, magic, inconvoluted interaction  
Rip The Jacker shows you the future in fragments,  
Through madness my view is expanded,  
Request passage permission is granted,  
I'll introduce you to the language of dragons  
To help balance near impossible trances in the labyrinth  
of the enchanted where air quality is unbearably rancid,  
From evil spirits, temperatures frigid,  
I cross wooden bridges over methane rivers, it sounds crazy, but listen,  
Concise lyrics strike down from the heavens,  
A titan like Mike Tyson, 'Beastmaster' with a Tiger and Pigeon,  
A four finger ring with a eyeball in it for vision,  
'Cause I ain't scared of no 9 foot 11 winged lizards!  
I'm known as the Ripper, my soul was delivered to a wizard  
For spiritual slave labour in a prison,  
My life is my sentence, so I live it,  
But I studied the physics and understand it, so it's only a visit,  
I look at myself in the mirror, I see a stereoisomer image,  
I know it's cryptic, but you like what I'm spitting,  
M-M-M-M-Master in the art of rhyming, yield so many surprises,  
I've found excessive ferric-iron in my perinatal sinus,  
Remote viewing the globe, what I am shown runs my blood cold,  
My occipital lobe might explode!  
The Godzilla Zillah God, enscripter encryptor,  
I drink the Elixir of Knowledge like it was a liquor!  
I ain't a rapper, I'm a Ripper Slasher, Supreme Dream Catcher,  
Brother Frater who'd rather attend to other matters,  
Like mastering words, spell cast a curse you haven't heard,  
Incense I burn smells like a bag of herb!  
I walk among the living hidden, but spitting, they bid me good riddance,  
'Cause nobody knows what I've written!  
Zecharia Sitchin in Hell's Kitchen, heavy lifting,  
Mixing, vocals switching with no mittens, my women keep bitching  
Bitches drug experimenting, bed wetting and blood letting,  
White witches, black magic, rough wedding, with a fuck ending!  
I ain't into fashion, think I got jokes?  
Keep laughing, we'll have the ceremony in a cabin,  
Rapping my only compassion that outlasted everything I ever had in life,  
And it still respects the Master  
During the brides reception, the Tree of Life supplied me the weapons  
Inside the zodiac, divided in sections  
I categorized five elements inscribing the lettering  
Baphomet's unintelligible intelligence is benevolent!!  
The initiate magician, not ready but willing  
To perform molecular fission with emotions and feelings  
I stand before the Rabbi with cat-eyes, he looked high  
I don't mind, the motherfucker look crazy all the time  
He asked me for the wedding band, I gave him the bride's severed hand  
Punishment for touching another man  
I'm just a poor shoe cobbler from Guadalajara  
Who came in contact with scholars that studied Kabbalah  
I do not wish to be a martyr and follow the footsteps of my father  
I want to live the live of an honest farmer'  
We all became sombre as I placed the animal on the altar,  
Started the fire, rinsed my hands in some water,  
Look into my eyes, I hypnotize my bride as I walk towards her  
The congregation wouldn't take their eyes off her!  
I hear moans and weeping coupled with soft but laboured breathing  
I pinch myself, am I dreaming?  
Invisible people speaking, we've met, but I don't remember meeting,

I don't remember these traditional teachings  
I know I'm reaching into unallowed boundaries, but the rhymes are increasing  
My mind is breaching, I find it pleasing!  
Inside the Theatre of Bar War, unlimited seating  
the kills, still fresh, the cadavers, still bleeding  
The war drum pounds like the wings of a owl beating  
Right before it snares its prey and it begins feasting  
How nice of you to join me this evening,  
To see the symphony for its surface complexity out of deep simplicity  
You see, I achieve tranquility with obscure metaphors  
Entering doors not placed between walls, but in the floor  
Midnight strolls through groves of roses, sharing moments  
With whatever hostess is closest, before the solstice approaches  
The fire burns, but it burns smokeless  
Ogres on flying locusts screaming, Buenos noches!!  
The final battle with Vrill, the war cries build,  
Run them over on the battlefield with chariot wheels,  
My shield is composed of meteorite stone,  
My sword is honed from a red dragon's rib bones,  
Ripping and spitting basic complex combinatrix,  
For the agents trying to hack into my Matrix!  
Five out of ten cases are found with their heads hacked off  
In several places, hanging from metal braces  
Long ago, the ghost of Plato befriended me,  
With a amulet intended to anchor my memories  
Tabula Smaragdina, glow greener than any known reefer  
Harness the ether, talk to your leaders  
The seekers of beautiful bars, recording the position of the stars  
Undermining these immutable laws  
Correlating, DNA crossed-fading, what's the point in waiting  
We're all aging, it's yours for the taking  
A black hole in the making, nothing but a wound gaping  
From a womb where there's no escaping,  
Only life-forms racing before and after mating and merry-making  
with partners that aren't even facing, what are we chasing?  
Our ancestors asked the same thing,  
And we've gotten no closer then they've been, so I prey for the day when,  
We don't even need eyes to confirm,  
the science and the poor education we've put our faith in,  
I don't write this to perform it, nor do I say it, to record it,  
I feel that I am answering a calling  
Fantastic, rhyme mechanics, like that of a blind pianist,  
The keys are metallic, my fingers are magnets,  
The music is magic, what is this madness?  
The stanzas are rites of passage  
Your left brain habits become your baggage  
The masses become savage, roaming the streets with torn fabrics  
Creativity is less than average  
Every baby is born a bastard, so why did you have it?  
This question requires no answer, I understand it  
The " of Tranquility, that is all I seek  
Nothing is complete without every separate piece  
The " of Tranquility, that is all I seek  
Nothing is complete without every single piece

(Chorus x2: Canibus)

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