

# Canibus, Collateral Damage

(Canibus)

Yo

I try to enjoy my life/  
with paranoid nights/  
I absorb what I write/  
through the orb of light/  
stand next to the high temperature oven/  
get sucked in/  
fire brain half a dozen cerebellum muffins/  
when I start to spit you twitch/  
eyes itch, die quick like an open-mouthed formaldehyde kiss/  
now you really say you outta your mind/  
you're alive but your internal organs be outside/  
scattered across the southside/  
cause you ran out of rhymes/  
cut you down to size, fan you with the wings of a fly/  
Jadakiss wanna know why, well so do I/  
the whole worlds a big lie and I think I'm inside/  
now and again, I transform into the fountain head/  
spitting from within, now I walk with fountain pen/ the spirit of evil brawn on my lawn of dawn/  
I was calm but I still told the bitch she don't belong/  
try to fathom who wrote the song/  
try to imagine the passion it takes to grab a mic with a broken arm/  
a message to my brothers in simple and invisible ink colors/  
cause big brother got things covered/  
bless Pathom, you don't have to search for this no more/  
a piece of your core has now been completely carried on/  
whenever I spit bars 3 quarters of Special Forces pause/  
they wanna see what comes out of my jaws/  
keep searching for Colonel Kurts/  
till he put you in a world of hurt/  
one air strike leave your whole world burnt/  
apocalypse now, I dictate you copy it down/  
ancient poultry delivered from a modern day mouth/  
raid your house with a bull horn, call your name out/  
shish kabob your head from the side and pull your brains out/  
make a piggy bank skull, get change from your mouth/  
make a nice leather pouch with the remainder of your scalp/  
change it around-rewind it-drop 50 frames out/  
explain how you disappeared before the movie came out/  
the damage is collateral, I let family members on the battlefield/  
just so they can find the other half of you/  
I recruited you, my battle groups smash your troops/  
trap you in a everlasting loop/  
&quot;C&quot; to the third power, Crooked I, Chino XI/  
with Canibus, try to fathom the smell/