

Canibus, Curriculum 101

[Intro: movie sample]

Claims are being made

That for me go far beyond the available evidence

In fact in many cases are contradicted by the evidence

And that bothers me

[Canibus]

Forensic psychologists, Samuel with the brides

Explains you probably never understand Jermaine

Incoherent speeches, puzzles and pieces

The sub-chemical deepness, suck his clan 'til they screeches

Realms of heaven and hell

Flowing angelic gell strikes with voron leukaemia cells

Demons in hell, they call to me, I scream "what can you offer me?"

They reply "tecnosaucery";

They tell me the meek will never inherit the world

Cuz they weak standin' on two 12 inch feet

I dream Quashee Canonian dreams when I sleep

Peyote leads to snakes with a blood of a priest

In the room where the ceiling leaks and crimps in grease

Where the living eats the dead and the dead reek

Rockbottom transforms human beings to beast

Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?

It's the optical stimuli of watching men cry

I hope I've got time to repent before I die

Battle me at the beach if the sea is out of reach

Cuz when I speak what's fluid becomes concrete

Like a falcon up in the sky, 10 thousand feet

Lookin' down at you bitches lookin' at me

Fame shift into 45 degrees, I'm too crooked to see

I memorise the books that I read

Suckin' from the breast of knowledge, constantly weaning

Unforseeingly a genius without meaning

Try to visualise what happy Houdini was feeling

Handcuffed under water without breathing

Near death on a fatal quest for air

But why should anyone care? He put himself there

His career was based on facing the stares

To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs

He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers

They couldn't tell him where he was goin' or how to get there

It's better to be prepared and fail than be scared

and unsure of yourself and still get killed

Don't rhyme like I used but I've still got skills

More than a couple confirmed kills under the belt

Huntin' MCs like huntin' Elk

Camouflaged in the dense bust of stealth determined his health

I don't do this to anybody except myself

Stuck with motherfuckers like the trophy on my shelf

Fuck the promo, nigga I do this for dolo

Flow from the first album, the 24-0-0

Round the clock launce, I got a cup of coco

When I be a no show with my girl fives don't go

And she give me blow more than 2 times on the row

And I'd rather chill with her than kill you with a rhyme that I wrote

Count how many mics that I smoke minus the gold

Bust dope, my battlin' average higher than most

When I'm on the mic I release fire from throat

If you disagree please do it quietly folks

Anybody better than Bis must be a hoax

Black man NO, what about the great white ho?

What? Man you must be sniffin' the great white coke

Don't you that's like Gary Comb, I'm fightin' a hulk

Still not even quite that close

A great mic fight in ya rubber dingi boat 50 miles out from the coast
What the fuck is the maddness with you
I beat you black and blue, then I give the tablet the true
Better yet I put a tattoo of me on you
A 10 by 10 ceelo go neon blue
The most theatrical MC battle of all time
I rip jackers like you, you know my call sign
Kill a cobra, stick hooker over behovin'
Motorise auto gyros with sycamore rotors
Hydrogen peroxide, gaseous vapors
Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off paper
In theory, for every soul that can hear me I'ma blaze them
In practical practice my style's even greater
Can't you see what I'm spittin'? Can't you here the difference?
Compared to me you're energetically inefficient
You need ten times the enzymes to process one of my rhymes
You got to rewind every one of my lines
Do you know how to paraphrase?
Do you even understand what the narrator's tryna say?
The climax explodes, nobody can force out of my flow
Figurably the language is too dope
Academic journals print my lyrical quotes
They show parallelism in all the albums I wrote
On any track I come off strong automatically
Whether I write interactive or pass the capacity
Poetry that I spit is autonomous to cliff
written on tablets of clay mortar mix, superb
Truly superb, analyse the words
It's like I'm jerkin ya birds fly above the earth
The Eye of Horus, the miniature tour ride within the giant tourist
With singularity on the chorus I still sound enourmous
Borderline, insanity tryna break you through humanities border
With a new curriculum every quarter
I'm the pawn of the pawner with the secret mic world order
Baptise you with Jamaican White Rum and water
If you got a hundred bars then I know you a warrior
I'll be the one that award ya, pinch the medal on you
Dedicate a song to you, cuz not in autoble
You want a record deal
Explain the lyrical grande unified field so I can test ya skill
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it and write it in latin
Not spanish god dammit, step back so I can look at it
"da dad dad ada dada", ah what the fuck is that wack shit?
Crumpsy and dumb like a hand with five thumbs
Work for the Mic Club, Curriculum 101