

Canibus, Father Author, Poor Pauper(For Whom

(Intro: Canibus)

Yeah, Father Author, Poor Pauper, yeah
More than a microphone monster

(Canibus)

Once upon a midnight dreary
Being blackballed by the music industry prepared me
In the past, albums were made, put on the shelf
I was never paid or given the wealth, who can I blame but myself?
No one, I followed my azimuth in transit
On a path from apprentice to master
My testimony any place at the top is lonely
Ask me what I cherish mostly, no matter what I say is poetry
The way I walk, the way I talk, the way I fought
The way I won, the way I lost, the way I thought
When they tried to play me out as a man
The way it felt taking showers in the sand with a fuel can
Waking up in the middle of the night, I can't breathe right
I can feel my heart beat spike
Father Author, Poor Pauper used to be a war monger
I promised the Lord I would not tour any longer
Pardon the Poor Pauper with nothing to offer from his coffin
Coughing up a mouthful of volcanic sulfur
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was a Martian
Since Channel Zero', I tried to do something to save you
But you threw away the jewels I gave you
When you ready to move to the mountains it'll be too late to
That's why I pray for you
My words appear clear but true meaning is lost
Why would an MC like that even talk?
Clear your mind, clear your thoughts
Throw away everything you bought and kneel before the Ark
You don't, you knew that you should but you won't
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke
I don't go to malls because I don't like shopping
I can't buy clothes when the mannequins are watching
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanations
The information is my interpretation
I sit down at the table and make it
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangement
I'm dis infatuated, you rappers are overrated
For the music you making, it sounds foolish and basic
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open
You are ordered to show him, then the words are spoken
Civilization is fragile, so is life there in battle
So is nature when surrounded by the unnatural
Walk through the doors at Langley headquarters
My logo is in the floor etched in marble
Behind the Rose Line, 'Morals and Dogma' that rhyme
To climb one of three peaks of Mt. Hermon during my lifetime
The rhyme is 3 point 1-4-5, 9-2-6-5, 3-5-8-9
Same morning that the Can-I-Bus' album came out
I got a text from the NSA that said they'd take me out
Qabalah math was all I had
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash
Eight months pass, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash
I told them fuck the cash
Just give me something for the pain, my brain about to bust a vein
They said you've been through enough Germaine
I tried to sit up, but can't get up, this sucks
Father Author, Poor Pauper can't give up
The biomarker lit up, the lab tech took the blood that I spit up
She tried to screen it, then clean it

Hydroxyl radicals I couldn't believe it
I was the anemic heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus
My only grievance is I'll never be the same again
Never be able to rhyme like it was '98 again
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed, I don't know what I can say to them
So I made this mixtape for them
I hope you enjoy it even if you never bought it
This is Father Author, Poor Pauper's last recording