

Canibus, George Bush The Button

George Bush The Button

Produced by Reefa (the one who produced The Game's One Blood)

(Canibus)

I've got more rhymes than I do time
The lines look like star maps designed by the Dogon tribe
buck teeth chief soothsayer, King Kamehameha
Rhyme slayer, my face war painted in five layers
Laugh now, die later, cry your creator won't save you
Camo makeup means the minds made up
Prepare for the impact, brace for the boom
Every grid square is consumed by bombs from an air balloon
I George Bush the button
Fuckin murder eleven out of a Dirty Dozen and I'm still hunting
These rap niggas kissing ass with Lizards
I can't wait to give you the business
I typewriter tap triggers
Snap bitches like paparazzi snap pictures
Attack the whole hit list for half your listeners
I don't give a fuck what the public wanna buy
That bullshit attract flies, I sanitize
Conceptualised wise sideways eight rhymes
Since the time Kane flattop rule in 89
So come get some little bum
You got a lot of money, I got a lot of you know what
Fuck the cake, I'ma ration these crumbs
When the time comes I won't even take blood
I got out the Matrix when I was unplugged
The Oracle said, It will be what it was
I walk upright but I'm savage and uptight
And this fucked up life is the reason I crush mics
Goals and desires are old and expired
Everything I owned was bankrolled in the fire
DMC knowledge, give Marco Polo the guidance
The saying goes, No man is an island

(Chrous x2: Jay-Z Threat' samples)

Y'all wish I was fronting, I George Bush the button
Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it
Y'all wish I was fronting, I George Bush the button
Your boy got the goods y'all don't want nothing of it --& Jay-Z

(Canibus)

My solar empire surrounded by a dire of fire
Meet THC, my rhymes get you higher
Punctuation piranha pariah voice ill like a force field
Looking for Poseidon's pile of dead divers
Popped up, 33 miners, inhabitable environment
From Silence that come, violence
In an unbenounced time when you close your eyelids
To become pilots but remember No man is an island
My squad leader upfront I'm right behind him
He said the eye on the dollar bill tried to blind him
Charge your bolt and get ready for the assault New York
I Am Legend', one man and his horse
Le Droit and Enochian occults get on the radio and won't talk
They won't freestyle either, no support
My thoughts communicate back to base, crystal quartz
I'm the boss, fuck you all and put Polo on the horn

Chorus x2