

Canibus, Get Retarded (Symphony Remix)

Niggas is phoney, fronting like they masters of ceremonies
None of you suckers are even remotely close to me
To be nice, I sacrifice things like no sleep
I keep a library of lyrics on microfiche
Creating concepts so deep, niggas quote me
They rewind then interpret my rhymes to they homies
I've advanced beyond your flows, eons ago
It's inevitable in ninety-eight I'ma blow
Ever since eighty-four, I've been in it to win it
But see back then, we used to battle by spinning on the cement
You can't even absorb the rhymes I record
Or resolve the deep laws of the physics involved
I travel to the end of the universe and beyond
Parsecs, out of range from a cellular Star Tec
From the galaxy of Andromeda; I puzzle niggas
Like crop circles and other unexplained phenomena

(Chorus)

Nine out of ten of these rap artists is garbage
You spineless, rhymeless, niggas is heartless
I came to see that Hip-Hop is never tarnished
So I, want, to