

Canibus, Innovators

(Canibus)

Yea

I'm the ghost-rider with a face like a coalminer

On tracks, I'm more hyper than the Soul tiger

I pick the beat up on my back, my knee's crack

Mothafucka, I'm the sickest emcee to rap

I spit over Boom Bap, till tooth crack

Get a tooth-cap, for this new jack; a deuce, deuce, (tooth-cap)

Styling, cloak and dagger enter with violence

Savage, and silent, the world is an island

Tectonic plates gyrate, you trapped behind gate

With a five-eight primate

I elevate, that's why I sell what I make

My eyes chase light waves through time and space

Back on some mixtape shit; it's my fate

Y'all mothafuckas never gon' see my face

Get me on camera, erase time of dates

Inside the rhyme of space, the line is trace

What the fuck can be inside a diamond case

Besides the image of a baby coalminer's face? //