

Canibus, Meteor Metaphors Freestyle

(Canibus)

Born, raised, corn's what I eat when I graze
Served to me on gold trays
Sunny days, ocean waves
Always with a bird on those days
In the cantina with a canteen of green
Yeah, me and my team, they think we from Queens
Evisu jeans, white-Nike's with white wings
If the recoil springs, the snake-bite stings
Bow before what the Great Light brings
Lightning makes the sky look stripe-pinned
Cranial capacity twenty-five hundred CC
You can rap, but you can't see me
My emotions echo, I let go into the threshold
I grin, my limbs get cold
Death to any and all who disrespect Lyrical Law
That's the main mode of jaw protocol
Here's my software: load it all
Questions? Any time after 11:34 is good to call
The graveyard watch, I still believe in Hip-Hop
It's just changed so much that it's not
The sane: I ask myself, Am I still Germaine?
Let's not go through that again
The name Can-I-Bus, my music career seems stuck
But I'm the only one they can trust
Shut up, let me bus
Rhymes will engulf the Sun, which in turn, will engulf us
I called because I had to tell you
What to do when your resources fail you
Banned from the Internet, can't email you
I put it in a rhyme, the details will scare you
IQ boosters for iPod computers
My job is to preserve yours and my future
Special Ops, they fast-rope out of an Osprey
I got mustard wings the odd way
With God's grace I served Hip-Hop
And was not replaced, at least not to my face
Now I'm all alone, drinking Petrone
From a bowl shaped like Skull and Bones
Your man not home, leave a message after the tone
No call-back until you massacre a poem
I exhale weed smoke, built a dream boat in the placebo
With Captain Nemo and three hoes
Fine little fraulein, soon she'll be all mine
I'll pour wine to shorten the foreplay time
She turn to me slow like, Honey, where will we go?
I proposed it was best that she didn't know
Verbal psychoneuro, she said, I never heard of you
Your words are purposeful, I might learn a few
Special collection service track down every beat purchased
Researchers read my incomplete verses
The verses were first-string, left-wing
Second-wind, and combined created a third thing
My heartbeat ends when the Devil and God become friends
The Hip-Hop Tribunal will begin
Cry for the crisis negotiator codename: Major Omega
Crisis situation in the bodega
Gun bolt long as a trombone
The weapon itself, big as Mutombo
Them niggas was hung practical things like tactical slings
LBV retractable springs
D-rings pinch my clavicle skin
Stay in the underground base, excuse the dcor
Everybody leave your body armor at the door

I drop rhymes like rock-slides
The seismic size compromise lives, but not mine
I find time to regroup and switch suits
While they shoot from a stone proof booth with no roof
My flow is the truth, a Hip-Hop glucose boost
And everybody else know it too
Step forward, touch the speaker, activate the DNA reader
Looks like we got us a tweaker
Atomic-ganglionic chronic microphone hydroponics
With incompetent psycho-content
The lone inventor, the experimenter
Of a scientific splendor that will always be remembered //