

# 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 //