

Canibus, Never Run

(Canibus)

Ten below, snow camo's, four commandos
Standing in the snow practicing handthrows
I put in a bulletproof straight jacket faced backwards
In positions like that space matters
Sit back and think, smoke rise from the vent
After one solid attempt I polish the end
The event horizon event, I stay behind five of the win
I keep rhyming so I can see them again
The verbal architect walk through Tibet catch ya breath
We aint started marching yet, you in the company of honor vets
I see more depth than Imhotep I see no death
That's why I aint no hero yet
Translate the text I throw scrolls you fetch
My style is not even something unknown yet
Initiate the pre-warmup, I walk up, who want what
The metaphor rush with no shortcuts
Search the boondocks for moon rocks
Channel Zero playing out my boombox, looking at the lunar clock
Rapidly map the galaxy, unlock reality
With a six point star Allen key, travel with me
The crew drink Buckaneer brew
Buck you from a distance hit you if you're near too
Snipe you with a rifle through the bright blue night view
The hawk's tooth is proof for what I might do
Who the nigga with the small wrist talking shit
Ballin' his fist, they call him Bis, why they all on his dick
I got a hiphop badge, I don't like to flash
Better talk slow homie, I don't type fast

(Canibus)

We rock forever, turn forever into eight nevers
Them niggas sell alot of records but they aint better
We hire soldiers to blow you up for high explosives
Make sure that you die unfocused
The low level hum, African kettle drums
Metal guns flash heat like the sun, rebels run
On the 3-way, CIA speed trace my prepaid
Might have enriched plutonium in three days
Speak bars like retards with pink cars
With a hand full of peach cobbler trying to
The intellectual festival rhyme incredible
Discharged on the medical the tour was terrible
Don't touch my genitals, thank you general
When you , my pen is a quill, my sense is to kill
CnD reinvent the wheel, rhyme stand at attention til I them to chill
Stand on the ledge of the hill, they kill before I tell them to kill
I wire transfer the rest of the bill
I give conjugal visits to my own lyrics
Fuck what the beat sounds like the poem fits it
Don't get it twisted Canibus is gettin jiggy with it
I'm just dumbing it down for a minute
I was deployed at 2-40 Bravo beach boy
The hotel Hanoi decoy with a deep voice
Stab a rap fiend with atrophine, then bring him back from the dream
Then interact with the team
Nuclear defense level 3, dancing with the devil and me
I put some water on the kettle for tea
Freestyle heats the coil, turn streets to soil
Bluewater and beaches boil, laying on a blanket of foil
Speecj is Royal, my saliva is like oil and I'm spoiled like Peter O'Boyle //