

# Canibus, Never Run (Acapella)

Ten below, snow cammo's, four commandos  
Standing in the snow practicing hand-throws  
I put him in the 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 stayed behind, five of them went, I keep rhyming so I can see them again  
The verbal architect walk to Tibet, catch your breath  
We haven't started marching yet, you're in the company of honored vets  
I see more depth than Imhotep  
I see no death, that's why I ain't no hero yet  
Translate the text, I throw scrolls, you fetch  
My style is not even something unknown yet  
Initiate the pre-warm-up, I walk up  
Who want what? The metaphor rush with no shortcuts  
Search the boondocks for moon-rocks  
Channel Zero' playing out my boom-box  
Looking at the lunar-clock  
Rapidly map the galaxy, unlock reality  
With a six-point star Allen-key  
Travel with me  
The crew drink buccaneer brew  
Buck you from a distance, hit you if you near too  
Snipe you with a rifle through the bright-blue night-view  
The hawk's tooth is proof of what I might do  
Who the nigga with the small wrists talking shit, balling his fists?  
They call him Bis, why they all on his dick?  
I got a Hip-Hop badge I don't like to flash  
Better talk slow, homie, I don't type fast

We rock forever, turn forever into eight nevers  
Them niggas sell a lot of records but they ain't better  
We hire soldiers to blow you up with high explosives  
Make sure that you die in focus  
The low-level hum of African kettle-drums  
Metal guns flash heat like the Sun, rebels run  
From the three-way CIHB trace my A  
Might have enriched plutonium in three days  
Speak bars like retards with precog  
With a handful of B  
The intellectual festival rhyme incredible  
Discharged on a medical, the tour was terrible  
Don't touch my genitals, thank you General  
C my pen is a quill, my sense is to kill  
C N D reinvent the wheel  
Rhymes stand at attention til I tell them to chill  
Stand on the ledge of the hill  
They kill who I tell them to kill  
Hot-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 ain't getting jiggy with it  
I'm just dumbing it down for a minute  
I was deployed at two-forty Bravo Beach Boy  
The hotel Hanoi decoy with a deep voice  
Stab a rap fiend with atraphine  
To bring it back from the dream, to interact with the team  
Nuclear-Defense level-three, dancing with the Devil and me  
I put some water on the kettle for tea  
Freestyle heats the coil, turn streets to soil  
Blue water at beaches boil, laying on a blanket of foil  
Speech is royal, my saliva is like oil

And I'm spoiled like E //