

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 //