

Canibus, Real Shit

The C' of Tranquility, what will it really be,
What does the future hold, what do you really see?
I see a revolution in the industry
That will ignite the rebirth of MCs lyrically,
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What does the future hold, what can you really see?
I see the partition of God's religion
Become united by our bars and our common visions,
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What does the future hold, yo FUCK THE HOOK!

(Canibus)

These rhymes resemble knots being tied to time lines,
Becomes a nonlinear noose that will snap your mind,
FIRST! sever your spine, SECOND normal M configurations
Are dismembered and disconnected, very unpleasant,
My third effort employs absurd ethics,
kangaroo execution court is in session after dawn, but, before breakfast,
Expert effective mass burial method so well measured
It's impressive and intensive, not to mention expensive,
Extensive templates taken from all global nano-industrial sectors,
No wonder I'm so aggressive at Tetris,
'Pardon me', but I must beckon your attention for no more than several seconds
With the minor hypocritical questions,
Let's say, I had to make an exception,
Where I complied to exhume a body for postmortem autopsy inspection,
I request the best yes-men,
That promptly recovered the radio frequency identification pin,
Then, trigger the transponder located under the skin
Of the deceased until it showed me a grin,
If that went over your head (HUH) then I'll be more than pleased to show you again,
But I must rescind, I have pressing matters to attend,
It's my wife's birthday & I can't be late for delivery
On her customized marble grey bidet, good day!
What the fuck did he just say?! SEE!! Why can't I bust my way?
Since 98' you could trust my name,
I've adapted and adjusted my aim accordingly,
The leap years are boring to me, I speed up quarterly,
The Golden Era of rap will always be apart of me,
The future talks to me, because the present is ignoring me,
My destiny is calling me, the armory of God is guarding me,
But all you can see is holographic artistry,
This is were the road forks, my rhymes leave you lost,
Under a blue moon, ice crystals, fog, and snow fall,
Been a long time, spittin long rhymes, but I never left you,
Always came back bustin rhymes that were special!
Back then I wanted to impress you by addressing the truth,
Nowadays, I'm just confessing in the booth,
The music is layered not computer generated,
A human made it to satisfy unusual cravings,
The mystic in a room with crystal walls & floors,
Looking into a crystal quartz orb, reciting lyrical law,
That cause warm feeling sensations precipitating from the finger tips,
To the arms, to the lips, to the jaws
To a Gold Tongue that spits to the tone of the drum,
With the oxygen that flows down the throat to the lungs,
Till every color of my Chakra glows brighter than the Sun,
You and I become WE, WE become ONE!
And the Clarity of C' ingularity has begun,
Between ZEROPOINT ZERO & ZERO POINT ONE!
Combinatrix, anything of this persuasion is considered ageless,
Beyond the Matrix!
Beyond time displacement of space and spaceships in oasis,
Beyond the reach of human contemplation,

Through my music, magic, and inconvulated interaction,
Rip The Jacker shows you the future in fragments,
Through MADNESS my view is expanded,
Request passage permission is granted,
I'll introduce you to the language of dragons,
To held balance near impossible trances in the labyrinth
Of the enchanted where air quality is unbearably rancid,
From evil spirits, temperatures frigid,
I cross wooden bridges over Methane rivers, it sounds crazy, but listen,
Concise lyrics strike down from the heavens,
A titan like Mike Tyson, beast master with a Tiger & Pigeon,
A four finger ring with a eyeball in it for vision,
Cuz I ain't scared of no 9 foot 11 winged lizards!
I'm known as the Ripper, my soul was delivered to a wizard
For spiritual slave labor in a prison,
My life is my sentence, so I live it,
But I studied the physics & understand it, so it's only a visit,
I look at myself in the mirror, I see a stereoisomer image,
I know it's cryptic, but you like what I'm spittin',
M-M-M-M-Master in the Art of Rhyming, yield so many surprises,
I've found Excessive Ferric Iron in my Perinatal Sinus,
Remote viewing the globe, what I'm shown runs my blood cold,
My occipital lobe might explode!
The Godzilla Zillah God, enscripter encryptor,
I drink the Elixir of knowledge like it was a liquor!
I ain't a rapper, I'm a Ripper Slasher, Supreme Dream Catcher,
Brother Frater who'd rather attend to other matters,
Like mastering words, spell cast a curse you haven't heard,
Incense I burn, smells like a bag of herb!
I walk among the living hidden but spittin', they bid me good riddance,
Cuz nobody knows what I've written!
Zecharia Sitchin in Hell's Kitchen, heavy liftin',
Mixing vocals, switchin' with no mittens, my women keep BITCHIN!
Bitches drug experimenting, bed wetting, & blood letting,
White witches, Black Magic, rough wedding, with a fuck ending!
I ain't into fashion, think I got jokes?
Keep laughin', we'll have the ceremony in a cabin,
Rappin' my only compassion that outlasted everything I ever had in life,
And it still respects the Master,
During the brides reception, the "Tree of Life" supplied me the weapons,
Inside the Zodiac, divided in sections,
I categorized 5 elements inscribing the lettering,
Baphomet's unintelligible intelligence is benevolent!!
The initiate magician, not ready but willing,
To perform molecular fission with emotions & feelings,
I stand before the Rabbi with cat-eyes, HE LOOKED HIGH!
I don't mind, the muthafucka look crazy all the time,
He asked me for the wedding band, I gave him the bride's severed hand,
Punishment for touching another man,
I'm just a poor shoe cobbler, from Guadalajara,
Who came in contact with scholars that studied Kabbalah,
I do not wish to be a martyr & follow the footsteps of my father,
I want to live the live of an honest farmer',
We all became somber as I placed the animal on the altar,
Started the fire, rinsed my hands with some water,
Look into my eyes I hypnotize my bride as I walk towards her,
The congregation wouldn't take they eyes off her!
I hear moans and weeping coupled with soft but labored breathing ,
I pinch myself, AM I DREAMING?
Invisible people speaking, we've met, but I don't remember meeting,
I don't remember these traditional teachings,
I know I'm reaching into unallowed boundaries, but the rhymes are increasing,
My mind is breaching, I find it pleasing!
Inside the theater of Bar War, unlimited seating,
the kills still fresh, the cadavers, still bleeding!

The war drum pounds like the wings of a owl beating,
Right before it snares its prey & it begins feasting,
How nice of you to join me this evening,
To see the symphony for its surface complexity out of deep simplicity,
You see, I achieve tranquility with obscure metaphors,
Entering doors not placed between walls, but in the floor,
Midnight strolls through groves of roses, sharing moments,
With whatever hostess is closest, before the Solstice approaches,
The fire burns!! BUT IT BURNS SMOKELESS!!
Ogres on flying locus screaming BUENOS NOCHES!!
The final battles with vrill, the war cry's build,
Run em over on the battlefield with chariot wheels,
My shield is composed of meteorite stone
My sword is honed from Red Dragons rib bones
Rippin' and spittin' basic complex combinatrix,
For the agents, tryna hack into my Matrix!
5 out of 10 cases are found with their heads hacked off,
In several places, hanging from metal braces,
Long ago, the Ghost of Plato befriended me,
With a amulet intended to anchor my memories,
Tabula Smaragdina, glow greener than any known reefer,
Harness the ether, talk to your leaders,
The seekers of beautiful bars, recording the position of the stars,
Undermining these immutable laws,
Correlating, DNA crossed-fading, what's the point in waiting,
We're all aging, it's yours for the taking,
A black hole in the making, nothing but a wound gaping
From a womb where there's no escaping,
Only life-forms racing before and after mating,
And merry-making with partners that aren't even facing, WHAT R WE CHASING??
Our ancestors asked the same thing,
And we've gotten no closer then they've been, so I prey for the day when..
We don't even need eyes to confirm,
the Science and the poor education we've put our faith in
I don't write this to perform it, NOR, do I say it, to record it,
I feel that, I am answering, a CALLING!!
Fantastic, rhyme mechanic, like that of a blind pianist,
The keys are metallic, my fingers are magnets,
The music is magic, WHAT IS THIS MADNESS!
The stanzas are Rites of passage,
Your left brain habits become your baggage,
The masses, become savage, roamin' the streets with torn fabrics,
Creativity is less than average,
Every baby is born a bastard, so why did you have it?
This question requires no answer or understanding!!
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Nothing is complete without every separate piece,
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