

Canibus, Return From Mecca

(Canibus)

Come in Dagga this is Cloak, check the flow
PXO start the countdown to Ground Zero
Yo, Brother J I bust the AK
I salute you at Perai West and wait for the day
Canibus commandment, The Eagle has landed'
Those who don't understand it will be left stranded
Face down in a sandpit I wait for the riot
On a mountain lion meat diet, eat and be quiet
Five murks low tide, high surf in the dirt
I curse and burp like Wyatt Earp
We can't sleep, feel pain but can't weep
Brother J got the M3P on full sweep
Outside the wire, flat tire, fuel truck on fire
A hundred and eighty days to retire
Return From Mecca, 80k tax free
Escalade upgrade, one IED from the grave
Once a day we drink Gatorade in the shade
While Special Ed plays, I got it made
The guy who tried to shoot me looked like Gary Busey
The whole crew salute me, the news interviewed me
I write under chem lights, the same colour ten types
The pen tip strikes, the mic burst into life
I lowered the ramp, PXO climbed aboard with his man
With dried haemoglobin on his pants
Low pressure suppressants, sound like twin zessners
Defective thrust leaves you breathless
The spirit of Pac atop of Mount Ziggurat
In Iraq with his own Thug Paradise block
Hip Hop's GW Prescott battle til breath stops
In the death box, let's not
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Return from Mecca, the Ground Zero inspectors