Canibus, Salute

The war drums sound like a hundred guns fired at once For an entire month Can-I-Bus? You know you can // (4x)

Yeah.

Involuntary muscle spasm assassin busts with a passion

Listen to how Canibus reenact this

Poor rappers fall victim to the phor master

Drill your ass raw for ice core data

An earthquake machine being powered by a crystal

Scalene in hydro, no pulse signal

Lyrically wave-theory like Timothy Leary

So you don't have to understand me to hear me, you feel me?

Barely, the quickening happens in between

In the Eloheim Lord Lizard King with the Ripper conditioning

Partitioning with the Fischer King eating chicken wings

My fingertips are glistening but I'm listening

Yeah, the master observes how rappers use vernacular

To fail to capture the meaning attached to the words

Hip-Hop A, career suicide

Killer Ripper spits to the sustained pitch mixed and chopped

To add a counter point, mix a master that drops

Complex and confusing, I'm laughing because it's hot

The super duper uber music conductor producer from the future

Stuff tubas with gunpowders to improvise bazookas

Colder than killer cobras over Jehovah

Delta soldiers in blimp balloon gondolas with stealth motors

They watch over us, told me where to go

But I can only take both of us so you better soldier up-

Size, activity, location, unit

Time and equipment: What you going to do with it?

Salute, that's what they do when I rip it

I proved it, I did it, D-R Period was in the booth when I spit it

Bread and Butter, Nigga

Beyond Canibus, mother fucker

Broken Language the hustler

Starboard rudder, the Coast Guard Cutter

I'm the studio night-owl

Stress give me white eyebrows

Who the fuck I got to fight with now?

Yeah, conspicuous characters creep through America

With a killer chemical in a canister called Canibus

Crazy as crystal communicate correct signal

They call it criminal, I call it lyrical

Call the Commissioner

I'm going to crucify the Christian Caligula

Like they crucified M.C. Christopher

I cast the Canibus symbol in the crowd

If there's beef on the ground, I'm going to carve the cow

Now, smuggle contraband through the canal

I check my clip on my chamber, sharpshooter style

La Costa Nostra

Deep like Deepak Chopra

I kick your door down in loafers

.45 in the holster, A-K in the baby stroller

Babies with baking soda, my lady in the Rover

A midget with dreadlocks down to his toes

With flows I expose what nobody knows //