

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 //