

Canibus, Time Is Money

(Canibus)

Ayo

Hip-Hop music needs a blood transfusion
I been trying to give it to them; they don't want to use it
Sick with the ink, it's a sin to think
Canibus don't blink, he pretend to wink
Yo, anything more than what I need is called greed
That's what I used to believe
But on the eve of my funeral, my body was recoupable
My musical policy was renewable
Details, my stem-cell got that hemp-smell
With a dark-purple chemtrail, God bless Hell
Cause Denzel's stem-cell costs ten mill'
One in every ten males could get it for themselves
It's deep, see niggas' with rotten-teeth beat-boxing the beat
Barefoot, kicking rocks in the streets
Staring at the clouds, looking for leaks
When it rains, it pours, my metaphors got them looking for me
C to the A, N, I, B, U, S, in the flesh
Nigga, my breath is the treasure in my chest
I've been around the world, and came back like return-mail
Came back to cure the world's ills
Cold night's in the barracks, hot days in the desert
With every other available pressure
Yes sir, I start to zone out, nobody knows how
A baldhead for a gold-crown, no doubt
Cannonball run, no cars, all guns
I keep a big satchel of five-star rum
I don't paper-chase, I just spit the bars
The truth is, I was in debt before I was born
I don't paper-chase, I just spit the bars
The truth is, I was in debt before I was born
Time keep on slipping
I know that //