Canibus, Vitruvian Canman

[Canibus]

Yo, even when I rhyme slow My lyrics move at a high rate of speed cause they comin down slow My pantheon stands beyond songs, beyond the norm I've managed to draw the sihlouette of God Connect the dots with stars 'til my C forms in the shape of a deep sea prawn, go to the store Grab the CD without tongs or gloves on And see if it don't barbecue your palms and arms Ambience have a seance in the garden of Eve I'm a God, a gardener, a guardian of trees Banana clips and the spliff is all I'ma need I'ma inhale and exhale as long as I breathe Turn the mic on, I'ma torment the beat Tear the club down with a warning to leave Snit snow in the sauna, up to my knees Conduct business with broads that fuck for the queen Givin angels anal through halos Cause the skinny nigga in the seude gold say so I'm a pimp with a payroll, tryin to get paid Worldwide, I'm thinkin 'bout hirin some gays I pace back and forth like a lion in a cage Goin out in a blaze, call the fire brigade This is Canibus nigga, fuck what you heard about the name Niggaz know the steez, I tear mics out the frame Who wanna be famous, who's the brainless ignoramus Tryin to go against my steel stainless, I train for this How the fuck you gon' be grimy? Your guns is tiny Kill me you gotta deal with a batallion behind me In the center of the circle I stand as the Virtuvian Man I'm the illest, truly I am I unzip my own flesh and step out my skin Let you observe my inner being, it's a beautiful thing The intensity in the eyes, the reflection in the rhymes Microscopes couldn't find the depths of my design Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick Sometimes I rhyme so long, the listeners guit This the template real MC's should abide by Let me wipe the mucus out the side of your mind's eye Singlehandedly carried the torch for ten years With a trojan horse techingue, that modern man feared And I never lost a battle motherfucker don't front Maybe on the 32nd day of the 13th month, CHUMP!