

# Rip The Jacker, Answers (Shan51)

I don't have all the answers I am not in the know,  
I can only see what is above and only from below,  
The substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy,  
How can it be Canibus? Answer me!  
I approached the podium and delivered my encomium,  
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous,  
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust,  
The mucus dried up to a pear like crust, 140  
From a very cold place called Faraday Base,  
Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait,  
Food supply low, they speak of going above ground to find mo',  
I cry out "NO...do not go!"  
Where the fuck are you going?  
400mph wind belts blowing, think for a moment,  
We got to wait it out, that's what the training's about,  
We have to survive, that's what Germaine is about,  
Arctic geography is conducive to astronomy,  
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me, 150  
The sheer size of the Academia implied by the rhymes  
Lead them to believe I was lying,  
I blasted through the limestone with water mixed with a dissolver,  
Then I signalled the remaining cave crawlers,  
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, Battle the hardest,  
Take out Hip Hop's trash and garbage,  
Tunnel boring and jacking, water main tapping,  
I sat there drafting a new drainage plan laughing,  
Tough, pliable, relatively reliable,  
The vocation of this undertaking is very viable, 160  
My lyrical is chemical radioactive residue,  
I can't rest until I accomplish what I was sent to do,  
The gross oversimplification of a Jamaican in a basement tracing over diagrams for a tape deck,  
That evolved into a spaceship, that hasn't been made yet,  
Cause I haven't been paid yet