

Rip The Jacker, Bring Ya'll Back (Omni3)

Canibus is notably known Globally,
My verbal sorcery somehow tries to talk to the beat,
Lyrically not ready, dress right dress, not messy
My muscle memory make me bomb squad steady, 20
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip,
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis,
The sublime chakra one through nine, through the spine
Induce the rhyme, internal fire produces the high
Recite 33 3's 33-3 times for twenty four hours
Twenty one thousand Nautical miles,
Ahead of my lifetime I write and recite rhymes,
Deja Vu in the booth is the truth, when you apply it,
Divine design, a miracle of Metallurgy,
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me, 30
From the shores of Normandy to the Turkish streets,
To the bluest oceans glowing on the Persian beach,
Nuclear Biological Chemical emergency
I purchase the beat then mix the spit with the mercury,
The DJ grabs the acetate out the crate,
Mix the dub plate, the BPMs fluctuate,
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates
into a spiritual shape and co-creates rap,
Cold callous chronic chemical imbalance,
Smoking a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice, 40
The target appears in brackets, I attack it,
Access then egress then quit this rap shit,
Commander of the symphony when man meets ministry,
Finishing my Archeogenetic Rap Facility,
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me,
By being mad at me they commit microphone heresy,
I am still the Master, as handsome as my unborn Grandson,
Rip The Jacker, call me Grandpa,
As odd as it may seem, the Microphone Fiend
Is God of the Hip Hop regime, Planet Rock Supreme, 50
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour
Electromagnetic Scalar, then something they call a Maser,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
and with strange aeons even death may die"
Meteors fall from the sky, The Mars God looks at my eyes,
Controlling my heart, controlling my mind,
O Lord, tell me what to do, tell me O Lord,
I've mastered the art of rhyming now I am so bored,
My pain, my joy, my thoughts, I've passed them on through songs,
Respond to me and I will answer to your call, 60
Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words,
Actions and Reality, that's how it has to be,
In front of me, on both sides and in back of me,
I hear them talking 'bout battling me in the whisper gallery,
The chain of command blames the unseen hand,
The Galactic Plane has a Galactic Plan,
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me,
Then suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorie come to me,
Sitting down at the mixing board comfortably,
They begin to study me, by showing me worlds I would love to see, 70
My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt,
I was transformed into a spirit with no shell,
I could move about freely, I rose, I fell,
The coldness of heaven is like the coldness of hell,