

## Canibus "Behind Enemy Rhymes"

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When the curriculum storms, modern rap history is  
reborn on CD code in the form of a poem,

Anyone that's studied Canibus past, knows he  
has the answers to questions ya' probably not  
advanced enough to ask,  
Super-advanced faculty math, chairman of curriculum  
class, 85 percentile never pass,  
10 percentile smile and 5 don't even laugh, when the  
chalk's in my hand and I'm drawing up graphs,  
I present the contingency plan to the top brass, They  
probably think I'm on speed I'm talking so fast,  
The body of the rhyme is smooth like Body and Bath,  
the summary is more explosive than a meth lab blast,  
My symmetrical shockwaves shatter glass, as my U2-  
35 rhyme hits critical mass,  
Apocalypse now lyrical wrath blows everything off the  
map from green grass to African Baobabs,  
Spike wit' electromag till aircrafts crash, CDC in the  
streets passing out gas masks,  
Gorgeous women thank me for the oxygen tanks  
(baby), the chevrons on my arm will tell you my rank,  
Maybe I'll become another casualty in the field, they'll  
engrave my tombstone wit' Damascus Steel,  
The best beats in the world couldn't rival my  
skill, it's like pouring a cup of water on a million  
beached whales,  
Grand eloquence of an unprecedented scale, close ya'  
eyes and feel the rhymes cause I'm better in brail,  
The Francis Bacon basics - I should reiterate this, "We  
rise to great heights by winding staircases."  
Lines spiral in a French-curved design, when the  
curriculum storms behind enemy rhymes

(Chorus 2x)

WHEN THE CURRICULUM STORMS!  
THIS IS LYRICAL LAW!  
COMPUTER PROGRAMMED BARS!  
COME OUTTA' DIGITAL JAWS!  
THIS IS THE TOUGHEST COURSE IN HIP HOP SO  
FAR!

BEHIND ENEMY RHYMES  
WHEN THE CURRICULUM STORMS

Written addendum, curriculum attention deficit  
disorder magician flippin 'em, wit' serotonin reuptake  
inhibitors that inhibit them from seeing the vision when  
They spit against Bis and them they must wanna' get  
dissed again,  
I'm sicker than ya' six sense inhale breaths thru louvers  
in my chest bigger than wind tunnel vents,  
Please believe the ammo is live, a fusillade of rhymes  
fly thru ya' ride and gulfstream fuselage,  
Blistering speeds fools the eyes wit' fast rhymes, set  
world records for N<sup>¼</sup>rburgring's fastest lap times,  
Get checkered flags for 48 tracks of rhymes, 100 times  
wit' vocal signature too complex to sign,  
Human by design, a mental monster of the mind,  
rhetoric vs. reality the reason I rhyme,  
Internally inclined to shine the principles of plentitude I  
spit at you, injure you if you step out of line,  
A transcendental intellectual, a marvel to the medical  
professionals that claim they have more tests to do  
Before they understand what I'm equipped to do,  
visual psycho-analytical living proof that I'll rip you,  
I'll rip the roof off like cyclones do, when the curriculum  
storms I'll rip microphones too,  
A molecular miracle in the physical my lyrical has  
always been sumthin' different for you to listen to,  
Difficult but legible forever memorable enough to  
remain in the membrane of ya' mental pool,  
I'll train ya' brain muscles and take you to school, hard  
rocks become gentle jewels, these are the rules,  
When you in a Mic Club mood you never get booted,  
aptitude and attitude are ya' battlin' tools,  
Stay calm and spit those bars, if you find yourself  
behind enemy rhymes you gotta' weather the storm

(Chorus 2x)

WHEN THE CURRICULUM STORMS...  
THIS IS LYRICAL LAW...  
COMPUTER PROGRAMMED BARS...  
COME OUTTA' DIGITAL JAWS...  
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BEHIND ENEMY RHYMES...  
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