

## Canibus

### "Hip-Hop Black Ops"

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[Canibus] The Nephilium Pharaoh, the three thousand year old scarecrow Hang you from your nose on a square pole The squid faced rock beast with swamp croc teeth And a two headed parrot with a desert fatigue beak Step out the depths of Hell, exhale sceptic smells Decorate my bitch breasts with bells The arthropod tentacles controlled by mental vegetables Calculated correctitude down to the decimal Spectacles of doom and gloom and sonic booms Republicans ride brooms around nuclear mushrooms You are safe from the nuclear fallout Now you will crawl out into the hands of a monster now The best emcee turned his launch codes over to me On my command you will turn the key and we'll see You know nothing of discipline, you can never go where the Ripper's been The maze in those caves are infinite [Chorus x2: Canibus] Can't stop, won't stop, Hip Hop Black Ops The aftermath aftershock is a disaster in a box With a blue and red ribbon, your writtens were uploaded to the system The satellite showed me your position [Canibus] The text is a sick rep for Rippers The leaders have discovered we the sickest and they wanna sit with us Through the computer viewer cube like peritubular Project: Blueberry Fuscia, one of the two possible futures Revolution Ripper movement you can't stop it You can't change the outcome, stop resisting stupid I write what some would call marathon songs The music industry tried to banish long bars Your story is weak, your inventory's shorter than your feet Every week I slaughter seven beats I'm the 'Beast from the East' My title can't be touched nowhere on the street I hear a lot of emcees speak They fail to recognise that it ain't about beef I took it to the streets, I took it to the stage If I believe I am not the illest I'm insane [Chorus x2: Canibus] [Canibus] The vocal spitter serial killer Heads up display with a ticker and a pitcher and picture of the Ripper Neurotransmitters hooked up to his central nervous system It feeds him the purpose and the vision Jailbreak but not out of prison Internal hard drive spinning eighty-eight lyrics per minute For global transmission, the funky technician on a mission

Strapped to a suicide written Inside my own mind  
scripting altruistic composition Musician, wisdom is  
God-given Anoint him with oil, anoint him with wine  
Anoint them both with Tesla coils if they quoin my  
rhymes I make things real, I make things that ain't,  
sound ill A very good screen writing skill My higher self  
is outside the realm where time is felt Inside Orion's  
Belt, get them

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