

Canibus, All Clap (Album Version)

Armadillo skin folds, lockjaw like a pit bull
On full moon, man switch to wolf
Full proof verse from Hell to Turnbridge Wells
You never seen an emcee do it this well
Everyday we battle at Saint Germaine's Chapel
But it's practical, I'll smash you and nobody laughs at you
The Ripper rip you up, drag you behind the basilica
They find drugs, lyrics and blood, I hit you up
Lonely heart, vocal throwing dart oligarch
Creates art from an upstate New York motor park
And won't get off his high horse to come talk unless it's important
And it could cause a spark, but it's dark so he stays dormant
You don't want it, you just act like it
Your style ain't flawless you just rap like it
I'm level 3-A like Curtis LeMay
The Blackhawk bird of prey with superb taste
I re-inject my blood to give me a buzz
Then I re-inject the buzz, blow out your earplugs
Scrub your eardrums, suck the air out of your lungs
You combust in a vacuum of solar flare from the Sun
I walk through a gestalt of thought to the sound of a harp
From afar playing the notes I was taught
I was caught, shackled, sold, re-bought
Global mind forced to restart, my rhymes skipped forward
The HRH of time and space
And rhymes through the bars, my lines displace
Concentrate, mitigate concrete debate
Great, how I create what you hired me to make
Extrapolate, update rap to rapid rate
Fans hate it cause I can't practice everyday
Numismatic treasure chest stashed in the attic
Spondulix in exchange for the musical magic
With two tablets placed on the cabinet, I wonder who will grab it?
If no one does, I'll have it
Both lobes connected, flow been perfected
Whatever method, select it, let's spit
Incredulous lyrics, the breath of life spreading through the spirit
Hip-Hop never knew what hit it
Stubby beard, chubby skin under the hair
I spent my wonder years carrying nothing but guns and gear
With a focused rap flow, tongue snap like a hybrid bow
My quotes end up inside your throat
Respect for Hip-Hop balance the Biosphere
But I've been there before so why go there?
I soar through the air, my clarity so clear
That my Dali Lama prayer give me cauliflower ears
I've been rhyming for years
Climbing the monastery stairs being involuntarily prepared
Spit, feed the faith, quarry bait with a mixtape
The release date will make you shit-faced
I spit till your ears break, slam on the airbrakes
Spit smears your face and restricts your airspace
Stereoscopic Aerial Objects
I seen up close but I ain't got no comment
Beneath curvaceous gable and dark thatch
You experience the art called DARK RAP //