

Canibus, Ambitions

(Canibus)

Listen to Ambition, no Can-I-Kick it
No time for can kicking when the Canibus spit it
It's the bona-fide soldier
My fuel-mix rich like Oprah
She hate Hip-Hop, so what
Governor Bredesen came to visit the regiment
Two weeks after the President to give us some medicine
A black bucket of paint blacked-out much of my face
Blacked-out what I wanted to say
Write a rhyme every other day, coffee keep me up and awake
I bus' rhymes cause I want to be great
Before it's too fake and too late, before destiny meets fate
I hear ghost signals in the mixtape
Never stereotype it, it'll be a sound burial tonight
If I catch you on a karaoke mic
Clipping my whiskers, handling my goatee business
Call upon your witness, Grits and Canibus spit
Encrypted Canibus codes, flows tabulated below
Amidst spits and notes Germaine wrote
Pardon a poor pauper with nothing to offer from his coffin
Coughing up a mouthful of volcanic sulfur
Walking towards the altar
Hand-in-hand with my father-in-law's daughters
My high-value target force get pitchforked out of orbit
Pause it; rewind what I recorded
See if the eye caught it; five o'clock in the morning
Cup of joe boiling; who's pouring?
Bona-fide lyrics; who's calling? //