

Canibus, C Section

Song: C-Section

Featured Artists:

Album: MicClub: The Curriculum

(Canibus)

This is the C-Section,
Ripping and repping the lyrical legend,
Sending ya'll to Mic-Club heaven,
This is the C-Section,
A lyrical legend,
Second to none in this profession.

(Canibus)

I spit it exquisite and rip it minute by minute, I'm in it to win it,
You fuck around with Bis and you're finished,
Lyrical menace, I'll strip enamel off of your teeth like a dentist,
With a sentence administered from the Executive Senate,
Chord progression followed by metaphorical methods,
Testing, 1-2-3-4, Testing, Testing,
Supreme supremacist, nemesis to competitors,
Predators eat intestines of anything they're interested in,
Slice you like lettuce and celery stalks severed,
Then make an emcee salad out of suckers and sell it,
For an expensive percentage with nine-tenths of the credit,
Drink Red Bull beverage to increase lyrical leverage,
I only give respect to Mic-Club members and my own mentors,
In the center of my circle where I dare you to enter,
This is art imitating life imitating art,
Imitating my brain simulating thoughts when I talk,
Idealistically I'd spit for free,
The stenography of the rhyme is what balances me, challenges me,
EA-6B prowlers, superior air power,
Fly around us with propulsion that's soundless,
Spitting rhymes out by the thousands,
Nitroglycerin tablets under the tongue calm me down a bit,
Attitude, cynicism and lassitude,
Battle you? Come on dude, I should slap you fool,
Spit what? I'll leave your lips numb,
The friction is so sick, son, your chin will disappear from attrition,
Rhythmic high intensity conflict is a given,
Especially if it's Canibus that's doing the ripping,
The snipping and clipping and the C-Section incisions,
With scissors with rubber ergonomic grips for the fingers,
Liars for hire wit a defense like Jeffrey Feiger,
And five polite thugs that work for Mic Club,
Hyped up, I tear the mic up my man,
And move forward as expeditiously as I can,
Ain't nobody in the world like Bis,
The nicest with radio telescopic devices saying tight shit,
Facially hairless and gregarious, Jamaican-American,
Lyricist turned microphone terrorist,
Airlift me off the front lines to my therapist,
So I can sit in his chair and tell him how much I care for this,
This is what they want, this is what they love,
To engage in the exchange of ideas and drugs,
While I'm in the cut satellite-tracking you rappers,
With months of food rations beneath the Catacombs of Paris,
Theories of super lattice is super savage,
Atomic attack tachometers flash when I punch the gas,
Bitch, the farther I climb the harder I rhyme,
You've got to face death and survive to feel more alive,
The quality of life is an illusion of the mind,

Superimposed lines look two-dimensional from the side,
According to the size of the C-Section applied,
If they say you're the best after I've died, don't be surprised,
I'll C-Section the sky and let my energy rise,
At the moment of truth I'll know it's definitely my time,
As my soul is squeezed through the sieve,
I'll be grateful because I lived, the only drawback is that I didn't have kids,
To C-Section my beautiful wif,
And see the resemblance of my face in hers or his,
Who knows what the future will bring,
It stresses me to think, this mic meant everything know it doesn't seem important,
Now I've got to follow orders,
Defend borders from Maine to California, Seattle to Florida,
If I could talk to the Oracle I know what I'd ask her,
I'd speak to her about my passions,
As the hour glasses turn and my life passes,
I'll just wait until I see the Master and I'll just ask Him,
Forget it, that's the future and this is the present,
A message to anyone listening to the C-Section.