

Canibus, Calling all Soldiers

Another bay area mission
Canibus transmission
Once again Can-I-Bus is in
Yeah, 'Calling All Soldiers'

Wise speech sterilise beats with wide-range reach
Subsequent to the usage of such applied techniques
The Wonderful Wizard of Bars, of imagery beyond the stars
Lyrical law behind the beacon of thought
I'm like Igor with eagle claws ripping meat off
Screaming, "turn the beat off", the metaphor is a green hawk
That is barefoot with bear gut, black grizzly haircut
The barrel of the shotgun bigger than a beer mug
Drunk operate the iTouch with eyes shut
Pull a file up, try to select Can-I-Bus
In the struggle for survival brothers become rivals
Mothers become homicidal cussing at the bible
Microphone check one-two, who is this?
Universal personal trainer for lyrical fitness
At rehearsals spitting verbals, jumping over beats like hurdles
I'm here to observe you not hurt you
The greater and the lesser can only become better
By working together, you'll find this out in your first semester

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Delineating what is invading from what is escaping
Solutions for saving Hip Hop that are still in the making
As soon as I stop talking I stop producing carbon
Spitting indigenous verses for medicinal purposes
Ammonia distilled from dung fills in my lungs
I feel drunk, but that's where I get my skills from
Take water from Jordan river and share it with rippers
Metaphors and lyrics, that's what we call a business
Do or die, but I survived, who am I?
Alone in my room staring at the Moon, do I cry?
Yes I do, ain't no more tears left for you
I share the truth and do the best I can do