

Canibus, Father Author, Poor Pauper

[Intro:]

Yea, "Father Author, Poor Pauper", Yea
(More than a microphone monster)

[Canibus:]

Once a upon a midnight dreary
Being blackballed by the music industry prepared me
In the past albums were made, put on the shelf
I was never paid or given a wealth
Who can I blame but myself? No one
I followed my azimuth then transit on a path from apprentice to master
My testimony any place at the top is lonely
Ask me what I cherish mostly, no matter what I say is poetry
The way I walk, the way I talk, the way I fought
The way I won, the way I lost, the way I thought
When they tried to play me out as a man
The way it felt takin' showers in the sand with a fuel can
Wakin' up in the middle of the night
I can't breathe right, I can feel my heart beat spike
"Father Author, Poor Pauper" use to be a war monger
I promised the Lord I will not tour any longer
Pardon the The Poor Pauper with nothin' to offer from his coffin
Caughin' up a mouthful of a volcanic sulfur
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was the Martians
Since "Channel Zero" I tried to do somethin' to save you
But you threw away the jewels I gave you
When you're ready to move to the mouth it'll be too late too
That's why I pray for you
My words appear clear but true meanin' is lost
Why would an emcee like that even talk?
Clear your mind, clear your thoughts
Throw away everything you bought
And kneel before the Ark
YOU DON'T!, you knew you should but you won't
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke
I don't go to malls 'cause I don't like shoppin'
I can't buy clothes when the Manikin's are watchin'
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanation
The information is my interpretation
I sit down at the table and make it
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangements
I'm disinfatuated, you rappers are overrated
For the music you're makin', it sounds foolish and basic
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open
You were ordered to show him, than the words are spoken
Civilization is fragile, so is life there in battle
So is nature when surrounded by the unnatural
Walk through the doors of Langley Headquarters
My logo is in the floor etched in marble
Behind the rose line, morals and dogma of rhymes to climb
One of three peaks of Mount Hermon there in my lifetime
The rhymes is 3 point 1 4 5 9 2 6 5 3 5 8 9
Same morning that the Can-I-Bus album came out
I got a text from The NSA that said "They'd take me out";
Kabbalah Math was all I had
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash
Eight months passed, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash
I told them "Fuck the cash"; Just give me somethin' for the pain
My brain 'bout to bust vein
They said "You've been through enough Germaine";
I tried to sit up but can't get up
This sucks, "Father Author, Poor Pauper"; can't give up
The Biomarker lit up; the labtec took the blood that I spit up

She tried to screen it, than clean it
Hydroxide radicals I couldn't believe it
I was the Anemic Heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus
My only grievance is I never be the same again
Never beat me with a rhyme again like it was '98 again
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed; I don't know what I could say to them
So I made this mixtape for them
I hope you enjoy it even if you never bought it
This is "Father Author, Poor Pauper" last recording