

# Canibus, Father Author, Poor Pauper(For Whom

(Intro: Canibus)

Yeah, Father Author, Poor Pauper, yeah  
More than a microphone monster

(Canibus)

Once 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 the wealth, who can I blame but myself?  
No one, I followed my azimuth in 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 taking showers in the sand with a fuel can  
Waking up in the middle of the night, I can't breathe right  
I can feel my heart beat spike  
Father Author, Poor Pauper used to be a war monger  
I promised the Lord I would not tour any longer  
Pardon the Poor Pauper with nothing to offer from his coffin  
Coughing up a mouthful of volcanic sulfur  
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers  
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was a Martian  
Since Channel Zero', I tried to do something to save you  
But you threw away the jewels I gave you  
When you ready to move to the mountains it'll be too late to  
That's why I pray for you  
My words appear clear but true meaning is lost  
Why would an MC 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 that you should but you won't  
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke  
I don't go to malls because I don't like shopping  
I can't buy clothes when the mannequins are watching  
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanations  
The information is my interpretation  
I sit down at the table and make it  
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangement  
I'm dis infatuated, you rappers are overrated  
For the music you making, it sounds foolish and basic  
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open  
You are ordered to show him, then 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 at Langley headquarters  
My logo is in the floor etched in marble  
Behind the Rose Line, 'Morals and Dogma' that rhyme  
To climb one of three peaks of Mt. Hermon during my lifetime  
The rhyme 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  
Qabalah math was all I had  
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash  
Eight months pass, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash  
I told them fuck the cash  
Just give me something for the pain, my brain about to bust a 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 lab tech took the blood that I spit up  
She tried to screen it, then clean it

Hydroxyl radicals I couldn't believe it  
I was the anemic heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus  
My only grievance is I'll never be the same again  
Never be able to rhyme like it was '98 again  
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed, I don't know what I can 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's last recording