

Canibus, For Whom The Beat Tolls

[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft]
"I am writing under appreciable strain
Since by tonight I should be no more"

[Casting spell]

[Canibus:]

Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours
Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours
But where?, somewhere, nowhere near
I walk where no man dares
So the world could share one man's fair
My cares are your cares
Your tears are my tears
When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers
I eavesdrop on your prayers
The industry could not stop my career
Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at?
You gotta million fans, but you're still wack
I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap
Real rap is like chemical crack
I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back
I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track
This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap
Do these magazines mention that? NO!
Does radio pay attention to that? NO!
Do they thank us for representin' that? No!
You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!
They just use us, abuse us
Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us
But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks
Now it's all up to you, but...

[Church bell sounds]