

# Canibus, Get Retarded (Symphony Remix)

Niggas is phoney, fronting like they masters of ceremonies  
None of you suckers are even remotely close to me  
To be nice, I sacrifice things like no sleep  
I keep a library of lyrics on microfiche  
Creating concepts so deep, niggas quote me  
They rewind then interpret my rhymes to they homies  
I've advanced beyond your flows, eons ago  
It's inevitable in ninety-eight I'ma blow  
Ever since eighty-four, I've been in it to win it  
But see back then, we used to battle by spinning on the cement  
You can't even absorb the rhymes I record  
Or resolve the deep laws of the physics involved  
I travel to the end of the universe and beyond  
Parsecs, out of range from a cellular Star Tec  
From the galaxy of Andromeda; I puzzle niggas  
Like crop circles and other unexplained phenomena

(Chorus)

Nine out of ten of these rap artists is garbage  
You spineless, rhymeless, niggas is heartless  
I came to see that Hip-Hop is never tarnished  
So I, want, to