

Canibus, Harbinger Of Light

[Intro:]

Yea, the life of the world

Let me share somethin' witchu

What does not die that'll eternally thrives the free minds

That's who you know you're alive

[Canibus:]

I was spiritual first

She cut my umbilical at the physical birth

And welcomed me to miserable Earth

Why does it hurt?

She layed me on my back under the dirt

Cover my girth with a dirty shirt

What could be worst?

She said - "God bless the dead but they got at easy"

The livin' get left behind but still can't live their life completely

Tough luck, right before I was about to give up

I passed out emotionally bankrupt

In the dead vegetation it was dark brown red like menstruation

I couldn't eat it despite the temptation

I was hungry and impatient

My hands were shakin', I stopped payment

They botched my face in operation

Nip and Tuck, livin' it up

DAMN! "Why you still spittin' 'Bus?"

"Cause you don't listen to my lyrics enough"

At night from a satellite view the city's a heart

The red and white blood cells are the lights on cars

From that distance look down and observe my lyrics

The atmospheres of organism we apparently living

Since the beginning, The Law of Three, The Law of Seven

On question, the principle of scale or heaven

Law One thru Forty Eight

Law Forty Nine is the loophole I use to escape

Buy the album; get a \$50 dollar rebate, before it's too late

2012 is the bill due date

Before that, it's 2008, I know you can't relate

Just by the confuse look on your face, you can't wait

It won't be much longer now

Solar activity is gettin' stronger now

Al Gore was the Person of the Year, maybe more

Maybe I should be for my 400 bar song

Now I'm against the wall drinkin' alcohol at Taj Mahal

Without balance I am bound to fall

To chemicals are color coded

I highly encourage you not to smoke it

It makes you more curious, don't it?

Mass the throttle; crash it into your arch-rival

Tryin' to out drive you, every mili second is vital

Repsol motorcycles, psycho, breathe nitro

Brain cells glow with a light dose

SO!, I could Tokyo Drift with no Coke to sniff

I shift from 6th to 5th, I broke the shit

The gearbox slipped, red Marlboro's for hot lips

Order drinks, fire water type, toxic shit

Now I got you in the kill box, BITCH!

On 6, 5, 4, 3, I got this, 2, 1, 0, the shot hit

The unsung hero on some Hip-Hop shit

And I dare you to tell me to not spit

I evolve from clay and statue, from statue to flesh

From flesh to dirt, from dirt to death

Beyond that whatever life is left we gotta live it 'til the end

Hip-Hop is eternal my friend, we are the life