

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