

# Canibus, Innovators

(Canibus)

Yea

I'm the ghost-rider with a face like a coalminer  
On tracks, I'm more hyper than the Soul tiger  
I pick the beat up on my back, my knee's crack  
Mothafucka, I'm the sickest emcee to rap  
I spit over Boom Bap, till tooth crack  
Get a tooth-cap, for this new jack; a deuce, deuce, (tooth-cap)  
Styling, cloak and dagger enter with violence  
Savage, and silent, the world is an island  
Tectonic plates gyrate, you trapped behind gate  
With a five-eight primate  
I elevate, that's why I sell what I make  
My eyes chase light waves through time and space  
Back on some mixtape shit; it's my fate  
Y'all mothafuckas never gon' see my face  
Get me on camera, erase time of dates  
Inside the rhyme of space, the line is trace  
What the fuck can be inside a diamond case  
Besides the image of a baby coalminer's face? //