

# Canibus, Madd Science Collaboration

I sit on a throne of mastodon bones  
I hear slaves moan tryna master the poem  
Arms fold into bar codes while programs probe the unknown mold of the old  
Live in the flesh, 50 reps of 5 sets, gimme Melly Mel biceps  
I advise why test, I twist the 5-5-6, body armor inside the chest  
Scouts dismount search hideouts from the south  
I know the supply routes inside out  
Timeout, sign-in wild out, the connection died out, time to sign-out  
Thin recruits, black boots and ninja suits (shoot!)  
My shot group injure two troops, I alleyoop boots on the roof  
Crawl into mach suits count ta two and drop through  
Fit, dog shaped, chiseled from the face to my waist  
SWOL like a log in the lake upstate, custom plates  
Rotate to one that's fake long enough to run to the base  
Mask over the face escape, report to Peter Pace  
The Blackhawk ten minutes late  
Little birds hover in space, pick me up, we celebrate  
I greet'em with a brotherly embrace

My safe zone is a space dome  
USA made mold brain insulated with foam  
Asphalt frequent flyer, ex Navy Seal diver  
Strike a fire in sidewinders  
Driftin' through dividers on four tires  
Forced to retire from my roll over priors  
The snake whisperer, the ripper of your viscera  
Tongue blisterer with whisker burns (still at work?)