

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?)