Canibus, Meteor Metaphors Freestyle

(Canibus)

Born, raised, corn's what I eat when I graze

Served to me on gold trays

Sunny days, ocean waves

Always with a bird on those days

In the cantina with a canteen of green

Yeah, me and my team, they think we from Queens

Evisu jeans, white-Nike's with white wings

If the recoil springs, the snake-bite stings

Bow before what the Great Light brings

Lightning makes the sky look stripe-pinned

Cranial capacity twenty-five hundred CC

You can rap, but you can't see me

My emotions echo, I let go into the threshold

I grin, my limbs get cold

Death to any and all who disrespect Lyrical Law

That's the main mode of jaw protocol

Here's my software: load it all

Questions? Any time after 11:34 is good to call

The graveyard watch, I still believe in Hip-Hop

It's just changed so much that it's not

The sane: I ask myself, Am I still Germaine?

Let's not go through that again

The name Can-I-Bus, my music career seems stuck

But I'm the only one they can trust

Shut up, let me bus

Rhymes will engulf the Sun, which in turn, will engulf us

I called because I had to tell you

What to do when your resources fail you

Banned from the Internet, can't email you

I put it in a rhyme, the details will scare you

IQ boosters for iPod computers

My job is to preserve yours and my future

Special Ops, they fast-rope out of an Osprey

I got mustard wings the odd way

With God's grace I served Hip-Hop

And was not replaced, at least not to my face

Now I'm all alone, drinking Petrone

From a bowl shaped like Skull and Bones

Your man not home, leave a message after the tone

No call-back until you massacre a poem

I exhale weed smoke, built a dream boat in the placebo

With Captain Nemo and three hoes

Fine little fraulein, soon she'll be all mine

I'll pour wine to shorten the foreplay time

She turn to me slow like, Honey, where will we go?

I proposed it was best that she didn't know

Verbal psychoneuro, she said, I never heard of you

Your words are purposeful, I might learn a few

Special collection service track down every beat purchased

Researchers read my incomplete verses

The verses were first-string, left-wing

Second-wind, and combined created a third thing

My heartbeat ends when the Devil and God become friends

The Hip-Hop Tribunal will begin

Cry for the crisis negotiator codename: Major Omega

Crisis situation in the bodega

Gun bolt long as a trombone

The weapon itself, big as Mutombo

Them niggas was hung practical things like tactical slings

LBV retractable springs

D-rings pinch my clavicle skin

Stay in the underground base, excuse the dcor

Everybody leave your body armor at the door

I drop rhymes like rock-slides
The seismic size compromise lives, but not mine
I find time to regroup and switch suits
While they shoot from a stone proof booth with no roof
My flow is the truth, a Hip-Hop glucose boost
And everybody else know it too
Step forward, touch the speaker, activate the DNA reader
Looks like we got us a tweaker
Atomic-ganglionic chronic microphone hydroponics
With incompetent psycho-content
The lone inventor, the experimenter
Of a scientific splendor that will always be remembered //