## Canibus, Play At Night

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?)
-->