

Canibus, The Goetia

(Ergonomical)

[Sample:]

"And this variation of analogy of working that comes from
On this idea that they were created on the Earth
These giants were created by the natural themselves
They can manifest."

[Chorus:]

Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus - bussin' in the booth
Straight out +The Goetia+ to eat ya
This is the fire breather
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus and Mic Club - bussin' in the booth

[Canibus:]

Microphone check one-two, you know what it is
Can-I-Bus, still gettin' biz
Rip mics, gas molecules emit light
I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight
First, I developed the fence
Then negotiate disarmament from the other side of the fence
Hence, the tetrahedron is a prison for a four-headed demon
I weaken, every time I see him
Fight for my freedom, under the fig tree bleedin'
I create Hip-Hop but don't need it
I turn my back on rap like God turned his back on Eden
To return like Cat Stevens
For those who believe it, I live it, I breathe it
I smash mics to pieces, that's the secret
I cannot fail, I rock bells
On the Ho Chi Minh trail to the song of the nightingale
Any artist can turn a garden to a desert
But can he turn a desert to a garden?
That's where I come in, runnin', straight gunnin'
Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch
Fuck it, double the budget
Niggaz turned Hip-Hop to somethin' it wasn't
Made it hard to love it
So I come back to conquer with a monster mantra
My spiritual father is Swami Vivekananda
Rhymes promote freedom, stabilize the region
Think for yourselves, it's just like breathin'
The departed Hip-Hop artist regardin' the condition of the carnage
Dead farmers I already saw it
Back to the army, back to pituitary
Back to the heartbeat, off-beat on a dark street
Comfy, aggressive assistive trainin'
Hajji somewhere waitin', one minute remainin'
Satellites counter locatin', the bloodbath begins bathin'
We both believe we're fightin' Satan
'Cause we both got the same God, who accepts the same sacrifice
Blood, tears, life, fine picks and trowels are real
I was holdin' a weapon when I was overpowered, there was no album
Thirty-minute sessions cleanin' weapons askin' myself questions
About what happened last mission, Radiation isolation
I'ma asshole but I'm patient for a nurse with nice shaped tits
I'm a poet, my house is a palace
A small cavernous passage, darker than the Catacombs of Paris
Chateau de Canibus, Saint Germaine sadomasochist
I don't use chains to trap a bitch
Don't get distracted, repeat your rap's schematic
Over and over until it's automatic

My body is a machine, machines need fuel
Two gastro-nasal tubes, feed me smoothie food
The recluse clearly produced the abstract schematic
You can use over a glass of fresh-squeezed pear juice
Right side paralyzed above the waist
Below the waist the left side paralyzed, this a unique case
It's a challenge to rhyme great, lost weight
Lost sense of smell and taste, wastin' away payin' attention to space
Sayin' "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place
Grimoires and metaphor law, make your skin crawl
Nothin' to prove, this is lyrical law