

Canibus, The Goetia(For Whom The Beat Tolls

(Intro: sample)

Necronomicon

And there is variation in the analogy of where these things have come from

They were created by these giants

They were created by watcher themselves

They can manifest

(Hook: Canibus)

Nothing to Prove', Nothing to Lose'

Can-I-Bus busting in the booth

Straight out the Goetia to eat you

This is the fire breather

'Nothing to Prove', Nothing to Lose'

Can-I-Bus and Mic Club busting in the booth

(Canibus)

Microphone check one-two, you know what it is

Can-I-Bus, still getting biz

With mics, gas molecules emit light

I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight

First I developed offence/

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 bleeding

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 into a desert

But can he turn a desert into a garden?

That's where I come in, running, straight gunning

Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch

Fuck it, double the budget

Niggas turned Hip Hop to something 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 breathing

The departed Hip Hop artist regarding the condition of the carnage

Dead farmers I already saw it

Back to the army, back to Pathari, Tari

Back to the heartbeat, offbeat on a dark street

Comfy aggressive assistive training

Haji somewhere waiting, one minute remaining

Satellites counter locating, the bloodbath begins bathing

We both believe we're fighting Satan

But we both got the same god, who accepts the same sacrifice

Blood, tears, life

Fine picks and trowels are real I was holding a weapon

When I was overpowered, there was no album

Thirty minute sessions cleaning weapons, asking myself questions

About what happened last mission

Radiation isolation, I'm an 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 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 freshly squeezed glass of 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, wasting away paying attention to space
Saying "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place
Grimoires of metaphor law make your skin crawl
'Nothing to Prove', this is lyrical law