

# Canibus, Time Is Money

(Canibus)

Ayo

Hip-Hop music needs a blood transfusion  
I been trying to give it to them; they don't want to use it  
Sick with the ink, it's a sin to think  
Canibus don't blink, he pretend to wink  
Yo, anything more than what I need is called greed  
That's what I used to believe  
But on the eve of my funeral, my body was recoupable  
My musical policy was renewable  
Details, my stem-cell got that hemp-smell  
With a dark-purple chemtrail, God bless Hell  
Cause Denzel's stem-cell costs ten mill'  
One in every ten males could get it for themselves  
It's deep, see niggas' with rotten-teeth beat-boxing the beat  
Barefoot, kicking rocks in the streets  
Staring at the clouds, looking for leaks  
When it rains, it pours, my metaphors got them looking for me  
C to the A, N, I, B, U, S, in the flesh  
Nigga, my breath is the treasure in my chest  
I've been around the world, and came back like return-mail  
Came back to cure the world's ills  
Cold night's in the barracks, hot days in the desert  
With every other available pressure  
Yes sir, I start to zone out, nobody knows how  
A baldhead for a gold-crown, no doubt  
Cannonball run, no cars, all guns  
I keep a big satchel of five-star rum  
I don't paper-chase, I just spit the bars  
The truth is, I was in debt before I was born  
I don't paper-chase, I just spit the bars  
The truth is, I was in debt before I was born  
Time keep on slipping  
I know that //