

# 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

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Time keep on slipping

I know that //