

Canibus, Voices

(Canibus)

I hear the voices, but the vision is missing
Telling me to find a face to put my fist in, but I won't listen
My life's like the Passion of Christ
They give me lashings in the middle of town square, just for grabbing the mic
A rare species of E.M.C.E.E.
When I open my mouth, the breeze makes my teeth lean
Muscles expand, rip through jeans
People scream, God damn, I knew Canibus was supreme
Give me the mic, I'll show you what I mean
Lay my hand on the middle of your forehead to show you what I seen
You never seen the best before
You never seen the great CaniMussolini in the flesh before
Over the phone, they ask me, Where are you?
I'm in my summer house, drinking sparkling water,
Finishing my novel, this one's about a family in Kabul
That was killed when a shell from the sky had bombed the school
Waiting for the book to go to print soon
Got my man Nottz from V.A. sending me tracks to spit to
I hear voices, I hear voices //