

# Canibus, We Are All Well Known (KG)

(Canibus)

These lyrics are so cataclysmic  
Consecrate the spirit, time and space within it  
The hours become minutes whenever I spit it  
When I bust, I said fuck it, the Brotherhood got me covered  
Motivated by the starts and I bust a 100 Bars  
You didn't think before you walked as far away as AGCR  
You will be detained in the black list registry  
If you question me and you try to clone ,e lyrically  
Advanced step in systemic Neo-synapsis,  
Notice I spit it rapid with my cryptic language  
Until I build my Machine, Rip spit bananas  
You will become acquainted with my mystic manners  
When I rhyiming like this, these rappers are worth shit  
Rip spit from the spirit, you better be feeling this  
I don't need no help but, I turned up stoned as fuck  
The mucus dried up but, tell me this poem is luck  
Your girl Gertrude don't wanna have to hurt you dude (fuck you)  
She better do it, i promised my servitude  
If I am not myself tell me how will I see?  
If I do not look bitch, then how will i be?  
Searching for the ritual widow urgently  
Observing me perform surgery will be the streets of New Jersey, capturing taxidermy  
I put her on Cloud Nine, look at her face  
A cumulus lenticularis a capsule in space

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

'We Are All Well Known', a mountainous microphone  
An apple that came from Rome might bite and snap your bones  
I'm The Holocaust, the Colossus, now the Apocalypse  
Back from the territories of darkness with a gun heartless

(The Holocaust)

Down in the valley there are machines, they are Indians  
Because I move a stone your jaw gets swollen, unfriendly like a Mole-Man  
Dumb blotch, I never blend in, when I rhyme  
You're looking at a pirate's emblem, the ghost of Humphrey Bogart  
William Satire in an oil drab world, I run water in my eyes to cry  
My button on the side, Long John shirt from 1805  
I'm live, there is a woman she kills a rat  
She lives in a house on the hillside  
Jesse James was a desperado, he was shot in the back of his head  
A five o'clock shadow, dirty faced clown leaves you dead  
In the Gothic metropolis of the West it's Holocaustualic, I'm the best  
As far as dropping it, toxic neurologist  
Now of the Apocalypse, throw a gun  
Some kind of a man who tried to civilize the human family throughout the populace  
This is Warpath, the Green Lantern boxes out lantern jaw  
With a gun, I wander the mountain side, Starman  
One time my spine was broken in half like Batman  
The Headless Horsemen, you flap scan  
And you find yourself in a blue world and die again from a gun in my hand  
You all burst into water like a bubble  
A Hawaiian katana blade slaughters bookbinder cobbler  
Fire is an element belonging to water

(Chorus 2X)

(The Holocaust)

The Egyptian beetles eat you scandalous on a lethal ice planet  
There is a praying mantis, rap bastard shit  
Scenes of Atlantis, punch you and bust your fucking bandages  
I came from the dark city of Los Angeles  
Actually a city built under Jack Sprat, dark monarch Thundercat

Spray you for the Taylor's valor, Dracula spear, this impaler  
Red, white, blue Indian paint lightsaber

(Canibus)

You say I'm crazy I say so, Tell me something I don't know  
Something my psych profile doesn't show  
I don't have all the answers I am not in the know  
I can only see what is above and only from below  
Substratum of reality, through the thick cloud canopy  
How can it be Canibus? Answer me, bitch niggas

(The Holocaust)

Clever the man, he is a barbarian, he lives in the hillside  
He thinks he will live forever, feathers in the hood  
An aircraft bomber jacket made of leather  
From the nether world, a bullet hurled putrid  
A gun in the alternate future is my weapon that severs  
But in rhyme you could never get your varsity letter  
Nevertheless, dark side, interstellar

(The Holocaust)

The arsonist who has become a patriarch in the dark from arsenic  
To steal a book from the market, and later burn a barn down, anarchist  
The redeemer and a marksman  
You walk, 'Johnny Talk' with a gun in your back often

(Canibus)

Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, battle the hardest  
Take out Hip Hop's trash and garbage  
My lyrical is chemical radioactive residue  
I can't rest until I accomplished what I was sent to do  
My thoughts graduated to the stars, listen to the bars

(Chorus 4X)