

Pigeon (Instrumental)

Cannibal Ox

Metallic wing pigeon
Cannibal Ox
Birds of the same feather flock together, congested on
A majestic street corner, that's a short time goal for most of 'em
'Cuz most of 'em would rather expand their wings
And hover over greater things that's what we call inspired
Flight by the pigeons that gotta eat pizza crust every night
And 'Let there be light' was understood, when a mic-stand
Descended from up-and-above into the hood and if my face
Is worth a thousand words when it's scarred, I would only hope that two of those are coco and butter to heal the
wounds
Of the tissue scarred to mark the death of my womb
But I've graduated, got my wings and you've got to let go of
My constructed Lego egg-o-waffle halo
Eh yo, I'm a black man with an African drum in my chest
That beats on the opposite of the right let me know I got a breath left
In this frigid fragile capsule, that allows you to fly South before
The winter winds trap you I wrap my 'Hell I made it' wet suit stitch So I can swim in elevators crazy wet
through piss
I'm just a pigeon with one mile left that doggy-paddles
Through this bullshit ocean of death and these rags-to-riches
Words will break bones like the assassination of two birds
With one stone that's why I don't associate with bird brains
With their beaks in the air pelicans with wide jaws yap names
For fish heads you'll get tossed in the flames
Where some ornithologist will find your skeletal frame One two three four Eskimo me-dal doctrine locked in
oxygen shell words shot
Plated metal lung which spun kids' carousel, mega alarm
Technoloid these boys fight four arms swinging two toes very well
Terror toys jubilated mega noise when iron works, bullet shot
Animated mad windows with fireworks, shinin' summer time hydrants
Splash passing cars, now run ghetto tyrants these faces carry scars
(Mega large)
Pigeons turn penguins talk fables cellular detached Christ's Word
But freeze-frame gold chain swing Son of God iceberg gem shines On the neck of ghetto flight bird getting fly
like word let it settle
I remember cats snatched off the pedal
(Stealin' bike days)
Doorags worn tight
(Piranha bite ways)

Smoke cheeba through the lung Arabian camel fast like a cheetah
Now I'm knocked off my African sandal God damn you
Ethiopian skin mechanical trapped in ghetto's mega-yard
Where mega-hard arms swingin' metal palms iron skin leopard
Holding evil metal eagle attach the desert,
paranoid fingertips
Stitched with three-fifty plus seven metal shit
Tucked behind the belt ghetto style like delicate street etiquette
Never lacked toast metal cow got milk in the gut settlin'
Cats gotta eat swallow beef horribly melanin mahogany
Black boys feed face arachnoid, eight arms working short circuit
Manufactured crack melted slinging shot guns through the mouth
Of cracked helmets, black felt it, cats who pop flows shot heavy
Through the nostril, brain sizzle grab the pistol and get hostile
He caught you alone fuse blown unemployed
screaming
"That's why I robbed you", tired of the Medicaid, deaded by the car
Novocain filled with lemonade, "You better get a job" mother talked
Just another hawk he nearly aided bodega food stamp transaction
Left me in corners buckled me accompanied by evil hands clappin'
Rockin' my 'Hell I made it' wet suit stitch, so I can swim in elevators
Crazy wet through piss I rock my simulated air tank bit
So I can leave pressures of oxygen where my mic's lit, I'm just a pigeon

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