

# Poet Laureate II

## Canibus

Yo, why is the Ripper so ill? //  
That would be an unpardonable breach of confidence for me to reveal //  
He said, One of these days all eyes will be on me //  
When they look up in the sky and see the neon C //  
Rhymes inscribed on a nickel disk encased in a glass with an ion beam for longevity //  
For more than ten centuries, impressions and memories //  
The first time-machine inventor will mention me //  
Canibus was a visionary indeed //  
He believed light could travel in multiples of c //  
The organic supercomputer that solved the mysteries of Klein-Kaluza with two blue metric rulers //  
Liked Cool J but thought Steven Jay Gould was cooler //  
And he never liked to propagate rumors //  
Smoked Canary Island cigars //  
Liked American luxury cars and beautiful Asian broads //  
He had a strong mind //  
He used to philosophize about rhymes while he was pruning his bonsais //  
He claimed that he had written the greatest rhyme of all time //  
But he would never take it out of his archives //  
He wrote two songs per day //  
And was constantly experimenting with his wordplay //  
In his youth he did a report on the Sloan Digital Sky Survey //  
He got a F but he deserved an A //  
I followed his career from the first day //  
It seemed the lack of support contributed to his inert ways //  
Ive seen him put in twenty-four hour workdays //  
With deferred pay, undeterred by the worst shame //  
Public humiliation was the worst pain //  
He was spinning out of control like a class five hurricane //  
He said he wouldnt want another emcee to suffer the same //  
Especially when theres nothing to gain //  
He was the illest alive but nobody would face it //  
He spit til his tongue was too torched to taste it //  
Properly funded corporations Carbon-dated his latest creations //  
To extract the information, they found it utterly amazing //  
They claimed the body of his work was the same thing as a priceless painting //  
Never mattered to him the art galleries hated him //  
Cause Thomas Kinkade called and said he would take ten //  
Complete enigmas wrapped in puzzles encrypted in language //  
With sound but without shape or signature //

Kept files in his garage on MS-DOS in a fireproof pod, we thought it was odd //  
Outside there was a shed with an Oppenheimer lock //  
He apparently kept more wax than Madame Tussaud //  
We were in total awe cause it blew our minds //  
So many rhymes that were intricately designed //  
He WAS poet laureate of his time //  
And if you dont mind Id like to share some of his rhymes //  
Alone in my room looking through the thirty-two X telescope zoom //  
Adjusting the focus of the moon //  
One should not assume the philosophy of David Hume is nothing more than a subjective conclusion //  
What is the maximum field rate application? //  
The runaway glaciation surrounding the ocean basin //  
Affects the population fluctuation on a continuous basis but thats just the basics //  
The juxtaposition of Can-I-Buss position //  
The precision of something no other has written //  
Way above and beyond what was intended //  
The unparalleled malleable enunciation of a sentence //  
You didnt go to college, obviously //  
I can tell by your ungodly unintelligible terminology //  
Your remarkable odyssey //  
The rhymes at modest speeds when the brain orders the body not to breathe //  
Your competency is not up to speed, youre not in my league //  
You couldnt possibly be hotter than me //  
Or oppositely at minus twenty-five degrees //  
Youll squeeze but the condensation makes rifle barrels freeze //  
Allow me to speak figuratively, nigga please //  
My intellectual propertys about the size of Greece //  
Your counselor advised you not to speak //  
My counselor advised me to keep rhyming until they stopped the beat //  
In the words of Joseph Heller, I learned how to write better, even though it sort of irked me //  
He said he didnt understand the process of the imagination but he felt he was at its mercy //  
Which exploits my point perfectly //  
And certainly reinforces the reason why nobodys probably ever heard of me //  
Couldnt understand what I mean by ill //  
Lest you try to translate what I print to film //  
This is the line of will, the circle of time, the cycle of eternity, the emergence of one line //  
Academic phonetics render critics tongue-tied //  
The personified dry humor of cum laude alumni //  
A wise man sees failure as progress //  
A fool divorces his knowledge and misses the logic //  
And loses his soul in the process obsessed with nonsense with a caricature that has no content //  
My style is masterful, multilateral, I could battle a fool and be naturally cruel //  
Words of scorn are a disastrous tool, from an existentialists view Im a better rapper than you //  
Grab the mic and rip your physical fabric in two, my attitude is fucked up but admirable //  
Different methods interpreted into different forms //

From entirely different perceptions and seen from different norms //  
Not just spitting a poem, theres much more involved //  
Theres much more pieces of the puzzle for you to solve //  
Forty-eight orders of mechanical laws //  
And rays of creational cause enhance the cadence of my bars //  
Maybe I am self-absorbed //  
But thats the effect, to find the cause you should ask my A&R //  
Today is what it is but only because yesterday was what it was //  
Permitting youve heard of Beelzebub //  
A tale of demons and drugs, pissy drunk in the club //  
With the DJ doing the needle rub, chances are youd never see me, son //  
Yeah, I know my names Canibus but I cant help you if you need a dub //  
I came to holler at some big booty bitches and listen to the speakers thump //  
Whered you get conceited from? Im so nice on the mic they want to beat me up //  
Its deep as fuck, I aint seen it all but Ive seen enough, really unbelievable stuff //  
Theres a lot of times when I want to speak but Im stuck //  
I should leave this rap shit alone and kick my incredible rhymes in the privacy of my own home //  
My imagination is my own, the liberty to speak freely lyrically on the microphone //  
With a pen in my hand I bring motion to the Enneagram and become Can-I-Millennium Man //  
Engrave my back with the Emperors Stamp //  
Been spitting scientific rap since the seventeenth century began //  
Trying to escape the wicked empire of Def Jam in the land where lyrics are bland and heretics hang //  
Every warrior has an ax to bury, but he has to learn to discern between enemy and adversary //  
I said to myself, Germaine, this is insane, its suicide, its controlled flight into terrain //  
I fought to regain control the plane but went up in a ball of flames //  
And got banned from the Hip-Hop Hall of Fame //  
For two bars I kept hearing in my head over and over again //  
It cost me everything //  
Im convinced now that more than the truth is at stake //  
Where people create language that pretends to communicate //  
Euphemisms are misunderstood as mistakes //  
But its a byproduct of the ghetto music we make //  
From an extroverted point of view, I think its too late //  
Hip-Hop has never been the same since eighty-eight //  
Since it became a lucrative profession theres a misconception //  
That a movement in any direction is progression //  
Even though the potency of it lessens //  
Big money industries writing checks to suppress the question //  
And nobody gives a fuck no more //  
No one goes to the bookstore ever since the confluence of Moores Law //  
But I stay in the lab like Niels Bohr, his son Aage, Edward Lorenz and Leo Szilard //  
Lyrically I took rap music and turned the knob //  
To the right full-throttle and added panache //  
Why would I argue with my own conscience over the truth //  
Thats like me telling myself, Dont tell me what to do //

Dialyses and analyses of battle emcees, sometimes I say things I myself cant believe //  
My lyrical is so skillfully elliptical, I can understand how it makes you miserable //  
You wonder why I never let you play your beats for me? //  
And why I keep my studio enshrouded in secrecy? //  
You wonder whats my infatuation with Alicia Keys? //  
Canibus, why dont you speak to me? //  
Yo, I meant it when I said no one can shine on a song that features me //  
Thats why I said it so vehemently //  
You need to replace the hate with respect, Im probably the best yet //  
Poet Laureate! //

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