

Cemantics

Canibus

Aiight yo

Let's talk about the incredible rap flow

We can have a Dinner for Five with John Favreau

See it comes to me natural

One of my integral attributes, is to be lyrically tactful

I can prove who's nicer, who's not an emcee

Through falsifiable scientific hypothesis

In recent times, I find it's never been about the rhymes

The game is very politicized

Those who sympathize with they hearts and minds

Show hatred through the mouth, body language and eyes

Sometimes I say to myself, why do I even try

In spite of whatever happens, I love it until I die[Chorus]If you don't believe in the other dimensions you been
duped

They're the main ingridience in this cosmic soup

See the mouse?, grab it

Edit the edges with Avid

Is this the picture of a duck or a rabbit

You see ass and tits?, welcome to madness

Please, try to interpret the following passage

Magenetohydrodynamic mechanics

Translated into Canibus language you'll never understand it

It's on when the crowd is cheering me on

Waving they arms, like they doing Falun Gong

Firearms three quarters of a million troops strong

In a single file line, stretched out a mile long

Thermodynamics of the second law

Isolated physical systems lead toward greater disorder

Across the dry desert in the featureless sand

Water is secondary to the meaning of man

I know but I won't tell

There's more to the human race than polymers proteins and protocells

Chemical evolution, L- and D-form sudunits

That come from the love of Hip Hop and Rap music[Chorus]The scourge of the words, I attack the earth with

I bet you submerge dry and emerge wet, what you think?

Confuse my shrink with english, the publication refuses to print

My daughter likes blue, and my son likes pink

Man, give me a drink

What kind of world are we living inn? I think it stinks

Whatever life you live, it's a quick-sited quiz
If you percieve something to be real maybe it is
Force your kids to listen to Dead Prez, before they go to bed
Send them to school, put them in special Ed
Reinforce their paranoia of the feds
Make sure they grow dreads and they live on the edge
The philosiphy of the hard-knocks, pan-psychics sit on the block
And attempt to talk to rocks
In the projects where they harvest the human crop
Organic robots that bleed when they get shot
If you can survive or thrive in the Jamacan ghetto
You deserve a Congressional medal
My heart goes out to all the young bloods
The heart has reasons the mind knows not of
From the first to the twelfth month
I keep a twelfth pump in the trunk, for the day when Hell comes
Was invincible on the mic when I held one
My motto was to blaze all and spare none
I came, I saw, I conquered, now they're just an empty void
Mic Club come holla at your boy[Chorus]

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