

Dead By Design

Canibus

[Professor Griff:]

Canibus

Throwing melanated molotov cocktails
Engineer directly out of Full Sail
Ripping the jacker, ain't nobody nastier
Spitting and grabbing facts and data to enhance ya
Canibus the lyrical adjective killer

[Canibus:]

My Melatonin Magik is enhanced by the melatonin tablets
Come take a walk with Canibus
Ardipithecus Ramidus, what the fuck is Melatonin Magik Bis?
I still ain't understanding this shit
Okay, my brain is a microchip
My two balls with a cane is a macro-dick, I rap so sick
I created swine PLOO out of an infinite mix
You tried to diss but can't even spit, you just stand there and wish
With your hand on your hips, man you a bitch
Who the fuck is you to criticize a lyrical king
You see, that's my problem, I spit a thousand bars y'all was silent
I ain't heard nothing about it
I had to give you three years to recognize
And then I realized, can't nobody even fuck with my rhymes
The Internet is an early telepathic building set
My lyrics are international nuclear missile threats
The blogosphere is where you vent frustration and discontent
But children don't understand the concept of consequence
So yes, it's immature to express disrespect
But no I will not accept what the media says
They are the reason we are being mislead
There are forces above them that feed off our stress, suffering and debt
I am Dead by Design, 'cause nobody tells me what to rhyme
I make up my own fucking mind
There are more of us than them
But at the same time they are gods and we are just mortal men
Thirteen levels above 33, let me say it again
They are gods and we are just mortal men
I cannot imagine their power
They put a black family in the White House just so they can take away ours

You tryna to plan a great escape? You're a coward
 They gon' make us march into a gas chamber make us think we're taking a shower
 Mommas and babies is crying
 The children of Zion belong to Skynet, nobody knows who's behind it
 So if you don't care, fine then, I don't care either
 But I ain't spineless like you, I'm a true believer
 In the metaphysical ether, you listening to the lyrical reaper
 The spiritual teacher, empirical speaker
 After this album they gon' call me a leader
 But I'm not, Killuminati just gon' murder me like Pac
 Blood sacrifice or not, I don't even wanna be alive
 If it's like that, then fuck Tiamat
 You can laugh at my appearance
 Well fuck you for standing there staring, fuck everything on this planet
 Including the evil spirits, notwithstanding the aliens
 Acting like they don't hear us, there's no need to fear us
 Just come down and help us, I love James Brown more than I love Elvis
 But that don't mean I'm selfish
 Soft but hard on the outside like shellfish
 Crispy, crunchy, black crawling out of Hell's pit
 You scream for hardcore, I felt it
 But what you gon' do when they kill me on some Eminem and L shit?
 You won't do a motherfucking thing
 'Cause let me tell you why, you a coward and you don't know shit
 'Cause if my Brothers stand next to me, the energy expands collectively
 The world was never ready for me
 And they ain't ready for their own freedom neither, they perish from the heater
 The fire breathers crawl out of their cage to eat 'em
 Like thin crust pizza, Cthulhu creatures with rough features
 Jeepers creepers, good luck with Jesus
 How many meters? Reload and squeeze it
 I run up in the Vatican with demons, just to get even
 That's where the biggest demon is
 It's no secret, but nobody else sees it, so they won't believe it
 But that's when I calm back down, the key word is back down
 I got possessed by my own raps, wow
 Knock knock, who's home? The black Dan Brown
 I didn't mean what I said, please don't kill me now
 My ghostwriter's not around, plus it was just a freestyle
 But at least I got better beats now
 Meanwhile, motherfuckers still mad, I feel bad
 I'd apologize but you acting like a real fag
 What the fuck I'm supposed to feel like?
 Twelve years later I still don't get acknowledged for shit that I write
 But I don't want to talk to you now

It'd be a motherfucking miracle if you even see me walking around
They still ask me about 'Second Round' even now
[Interviewers voice] Canibus can you tell us of what happened again? - Look at this fucking clown
Can't get over it, they ask me a loaded question
And act like I'm the one that's promoted it, hang up on 'em
You a cyborg unit with no soul to it
Stupid surrogate, twelve years later I'm on some other shit
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships

[Professor Griff:]
After this album they gon' call me a leader but I'm not
The Illuminati just gon' kill me just like they did Pac
Blood sacrifice or not
It's Professor Griff the ex-minister
Signing out

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