Cenoir Studies 02

Canibus

[Canibus]Yo the artists come and go, so does the show
So does the dough, nothin lasts forever you know
It's all about the experience and what you take from it
What you learn in the process, what you make of it
Number two in the world at the top of the summit, I loved it
Shoulda packed a parachute for the plummet
Now I'm opening these clips crawlin through mud pits
With guns and hundreds of clips on Uncle Sam's budget
Hundred rifles itself, handcuff Bert Reynolds
To Jim Brown and escape with Raquel Welsh
Isn't my queen lovely? feed her rum of rays
And ice cream, shower her with diamond rings and money
23 hours a day I study
Dreamin about beautiful women I hate you gay teletubies
Dreams keep my alive you can't take em from me
The battlefield is bloody, mean, and ugly
My andrenaline rushes when the enemy rush me
Tryin to bust me 'cause I swore I'd defend my country
If I could choose between being lucky and having money
Nothing negative could ever touch me
What must be is ultimately not up to me
But I sacrifice my life for yours if you trust me
Pin my medals upon my chest
So I could left-right-left in a certain death
God's speed and God bless
In the end I hope God is impressed if I'm put to rest
I did what I came to do, no time left
Say my name out the blue 'cause I rhyme it the best
Mic club dot net see me live in the flesh
You could come and download every rhyme that I spit
You could pay homage to Rip for one dollar a clip
None of those rhymes is on the album bitch
It's a storage facility where I keep my shit
For the students in the class that wanna peep my shit
Break a bootlegger leg if he leak my shit
You don't wanna sign him bitch then eat my shit
Drink my piss, you could never compete like this
I'ma give you an example how deep I get
Technology not available for purchase

My brains collects, stores, and converts million bar verses
At a stand-off distance of a thousand feet
I illuminate the target and pound em to sleep
To within one micro-inch if you out in the street
I could close my ears and still move my mouth to the beat
Dial-up to your network and make your files delete
Count to three, listen to you browse a beat
Too late, foot already stepped in the feces
Dr. Norton's too sick to help your PCs
Virtually I make your virtual memory freeze
With a weapon of mass destruction double you MD's

I'm a TMC trouble to MCs
Destroy colonies with UCAVs
I send in no less than twenty 18s
Wipe you out before I even get to the beach
With my Trans-atmospheric space based mirrors
Can you write that out without typographical error?
Dumb fucks I'm the best ever whatever
Divide 18 by 6 you get the third letter
From the lowest earth orbit up to the heavens
I bomb y'all wit lyrics of flesh shredders and petters forever
As a spitter I'm still tougher than leather
I had to go underground to get over the pressure
Battle rap from the Renaissance multi-megawatt
Bury you beneath the bedrock on the bed of rocks
I could never get bored
I write about Hugsley vs Wibble Force, fuck writin killer chorus
Copenhaven curriculum of metaphors
Everything from Bob Marley to Tenor Saul
The System of A Down song number 14
I see aerials in the sky when I dream
The end is near I wish it would hurry up
I feel nano-bacteria burning me up
Before I explain in detail
You should examine the Mahr's mineral samples under my nails
Sometimes I wonder who's listening
The auditory Pavlovian conditioning's so sickening
My adenine, guanine, cytosine,
And thymine is really what makes my rhyme supreme
Soon as I hear the beat, bada-bing
You gotta think: a hundred bars...damn, that's a lotta ink
Eventually all of my albums'll be out of print
There'll be a clone for every style I invent
For every line I rhyme intense

For all the time I spent, every word I spit since 96
If you could input at a hundred
I could output way above it, if we in public, I double it
Put this on your study list and go study, bitch
Basically quoting Hammer you "can't touch this"
I'm too assertive and alert for what its worth
My best piece of work is still yearning to be birthed
Class Dismissed
Cenoir Studies from Canibus
[Outro]There is something mystical, but it's not RARE
and nobody should treat it as though this is something special
that writer's do... anybody--anybody born physically able in the brain
can sit down and begin to write something and discover
that there are depths in her soul or his soul that are untapped

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