

# Curriculum 101

## Canibus

Intro: Claims are being made  
That for me go far beyond the available evidence,  
And in fact in many cases are often contradictive evidence,  
And that bothers me. Forensic psychologist Samuel Dubois explains,  
"You'll probably never understand Germaine",  
Incoherent speeches, puzzles in pieces,  
The subchemical deepness, of his glandular excretions,  
Realms of Heaven and Hell,  
Glowing angelic gel, spliced with bovine leukemia cells,  
Demons in Hell, they call to me  
I scream "What can you offer me?" they reply "technosorcery"  
They tell me the meek will never inherit the world, Cause they weak,  
Standing of two 12 inch feet,  
I dream quasi-Draconian dreams when I sleep,  
Peyote leaves mixed with the blood of a priest  
In a room where the ceiling leaks of crimson grease,  
Where the living eats the dead, and the dead reek,  
Rock bottom transforms human beings to beasts,  
Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?,  
It's the optical stimuli, of watching men cry,  
I hope I have time to repent before I die,  
Bury me at the beach, if the sea is outta reach,  
Cause when I speak, what's fluid becomes concrete,  
Like a falcon up in the sky, Ten-thousand feet,  
Looking down at you bitches, looking at me,  
Phase shifting to 45 degrees,  
I'm too crooked to see, I memorize the books that I read,  
Sucking from the breasts of knowledge, constantly weaning,  
Unbelievably a genius without meaning,  
Trying to visualize what Harry Houdini was feeling,  
Hand-cuffed under water, without breathing,  
Near death, on a fatal quest for air,  
But why should anyone care, he put himself there,  
His career was based on facing his fears,  
To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs,  
He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers,  
they couldn't tell him where he was going, or how to get there,  
It's better to be prepared and fail,  
Then to be scared and unsure of yourself, and still get killed,

Don't rhyme like I used to, but I still got skills,  
More than a couple confirmed kills, under the belt,  
    Huntin emcees like huntin elk,  
Camouflaged in the dense brush for stealth, determined as Hell,  
    I don't do this for anybody, except my self,  
    stuff a muthafucka like a trophy on my shelf,  
    Fuck the promo nigga, i do this for dolo,  
    Flow from the first hour to 24 oh oh,  
    round the clock, long as I cup of cocoa,  
    But I be a no-show, If my girl cries "don't go",  
    And if she gimme blow more than two times in a row,  
I'd rather chill with her, than kill you wit' a rhyme that I wrote,  
    Count how many mics I smoked, minus the goat(II cool j diss)  
    Bus is dope, my battlin' average higher than most,  
    When I'm on the mic, I release fire from throat,  
    If you disagree, please do it quietly folks,  
    Anybody better than Bis, Must be a hoax,  
Black man? No, what about the great white hope?,(eminem diss, start)  
    What? Man you must be sniffin great white coke,  
    Don't you know that's like Gary Coleman fightin the Hulk?  
    Still not even quite that close,  
I'm great white bitin you're rubber dingy boat, 50 miles out from the coast,  
    What the fuck is the Mathers with you?  
    I'll beat you black and blue, Then I'll get a tat of you too,  
    matter fact I'll put a tatoo of me on you,  
    A 10 by 10 C-logo, neon blue,  
    The most theatrical emcee battle of all time,  
I rip jackers like you, you know the call sign,(eminem diss, finish)  
    Killa cobras, that hover over Jehova,  
    In motorized autogiros, and sycamore rotors,  
    Hydrogen proxide, gaseous vapours,  
    Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off paper,  
    In theory, for every soul that can hear me, I'ma blaze em,  
    In practical practice, my style's even greater,  
    Can't you see what I'm spittin, Can't you hear the difference,  
    Compared to me, you're energetically inefficient,  
You need ten times the enzymes, to process one of my rhymes,  
    You got to rewind every one of my lines,  
    Do you know how to paraphrase?,  
Do yo even understand what the narrator is tryin to say?,  
    The climax explodes, nobody can foreshadow my flow,  
    Figuratively the language is too dope,  
    Acedemic journals print my lyrical quotes,  
    they show parralellism in all the albums I wrote,  
    In any track, I come off strong automatically,

Whether I write in an active, or passive capacity,  
Poetry that I spit, is synonymous to a glyph,  
Written on tablets of clay mortar mix,  
Super, truly superb, analyze the words,  
It's like observing the birds, flying above the earth,  
The Eye of Horus, the miniture tauri within a great torus,  
With singularity on the chorus, I still sound enormous,  
Borderlin insanity, tryin' to break through humanity's border,  
With a new cirriculum every quarter,  
I'm the porter, of the portal, of the secret Mic Club Order,  
Baptize you wit' Jamaican white rum and water,  
If you got a hundrd bars, than I know you a warrior,  
I'll be the one that awards you, and pins the metal on you,  
Dedicate a song to you, cause now you honorable,  
You want a record deal?,  
Explain the lyrical grand unified field,so I can test your skill,  
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it,  
And write in Latin, not Spanish god-dammit,  
Step back so I can look at it, (speaking in spanish)  
Huh?, what the fuck is that whack shit?  
You're clumsy and dumb, like a hand with five thumbs,  
Welcome to MicClub, Cirriculum 101

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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