

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 adrenaline rushes when the enemy rush me  
Tryin to bust me cuz 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 cuz 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 withUCAVs  
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  
Copenhagen 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 it's worth  
My best piece of work is still yearning to be birthed  
Class Dismissed  
Cenoir Studies from Canibus

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