

Fraternity Of The Impoverished

Canibus

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Knowledge this, knowledge this

The vocalist beast, knowledge like the pope in this piece,
You think the ocean is deep? Fuck with me!
Unbelievable bars, unbeatable odds,
Unspeakable horrors at a unperceivable cost
Your unagreeable response lacks thought and human heart
This is Lyrical Law, it's what I make the music for
My prayers are simple, my forehead is layered with wrinkles
Because of all the hardships that I've been through
Symbolic Hip Hop prophet speak to your subconscious
Fringe politics got the public thinking the opposite
I'm a hypo-lyrical spontaneous alchemical
Elite neo-liberal child of the indigo
Drilling holes through the Faraday cages of your brains
Then I implant the arcane image of Saint Germaine
High lyrical exponent intelligence quotient
When I'm focused I can engage multiple opponents
But I won't if, I have no motive, "Soldier be careful, it's loaded!"
Verbose with emotions of psychosis
In case you didn't notice when I wrote it,
I'm spitting lyrics fitting in tighter spaces than outer-space roaches
A real MC don't have to do what he don't wanna do
And that includes freestyling in front of you
It's not like something gone change,
It's not like the whole world gone start praising my name - I stay in my lane
I'd rather die by living brave then live like a slave
I'd rather be broke then be fake and get paid
These layers of physicality challenge me
My soul is gold and it's the only thing that's able to balance me
My energy body has a alchemical copy that looks godly
Not fat, out of shape, and sloppy
The iller the rhymes the more that I embody
Vilified when real recognize real - I gets mines
Stand with the underdog - don't be a coward
Stop dickriding people for their money and power!
Even an American flag says 'Made in China'
The national debt says the US is a vagina
Of a black widow spider spraying blood out like a geyser
Why do we lose everything we fight for?
Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters
In the land of the lawless, sacrificed before Horus
The Inca, the Aztecs, the Mayans, were masters
A new beginning is coming - the irony is classic
The potential of life versus the potential of death
Either way you go through mad mental stress
God forbid for you, for her, or him
We ignored the gems now we gotta do it all again
We failed Hip Hop's laws and brought down shame upon our cause
Now we will fall upon our swords
The Shaman pays homage to Solomon
He orders them to send the witchdoctor in, then asked me to rhyme again
Every now and then I get retarded and spit
I would like to apologize to every artist I dissed
Everybody assumes that I wanna rhyme but I don't

Sometimes I just wanna chill and watch you flow
Mysteries of the cathedral, the dark overlords are evil
Ripped out the vocal cords of the people
I walk up to your bed side disguised with red eyes
And tell you to remember these rhymes
This is the season of Hip Hop believe it or not,
I lined it up with the planet's equinox