

Yo,
Canibus the continuous, deciduous lyricist
A menace to music that's mastered every style that I spit.
A fugitive against the music biz, the damage is punitive,
But the truth is that my communitive efforts got 'em pissed!
Silence is golden, a sign that my knowledge is growing.
I'm a show 'em, fuck the promotion,
These poems open door for the chosen.
In these moments of economic erosion,
The global economy's broken, cause our leaders control it.
They say we owe them but everything that we own has been stolen
.
So don't be mad at the soldiers, you follow orders too, don't you?
You never make a difference being a voter,
The are the controllers, you just a warm blooded promoter.
You're just a pea in a pod, with the need to believe in God
But God don't need guns or bombs.
You need freedom to be oppressed, knowledge for the intellect,
Positive effects what come out of our common respect.
All colors, all creeds all kinds, all breeds,
One law, one love, if we want world peace.
It all starts with being still,
But being still long enough to feel but being real enough to follow your will.