

# Golden Terra of Rap

Canibus

Ready on the right, ready on the left  
Ready on the firing line...

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!  
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I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that  
Not specifically, jams in the park  
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought  
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Aiyyo DJ Premier on the boards  
Can-I-Bus, on the bars with the lyrical law  
Just listen to the rhymes, don't behave cool to be kind  
And I'm a show you how I'm nice with mine  
Forced to start from scratch, to rhyme from the heart  
When I rap, lookin forward to not lookin back  
I spit supernatural, look out for the planet-sized shrapnel  
Rip The Jacker 'bout to get at you  
Rip and, seek and destroy the motherfuckin beat mission  
The rugged rudeboy, Rasta on 'roids trippin  
Martial arts for the mind, Mandelbrot hip-hop design  
You don't understand stop tryin  
The hip hop conglomerate, we legends puttin it down  
You gotta honor it, fuck the politics!  
The B2 bomb pilot, waitin for that long silence  
Then I was diagnosed with tinnitus  
The cuneiform symbols on my uniform tell you what I've been through  
Nigga I wish it was that simple  
The master gunnery combatant blastin mixtape assassin  
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin  
Heat it up 'til the bones blacken  
My microphones double action I grab it, switch the automatic  
The savage spittin it rapid I ricochet 762 jackets  
Full medal gold plaque classics

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The phonograph fascist, let's see who can reload fastest  
You chronograph still in the past tense  
Double shot glass of absinthe, still spittin fantastic  
You a absent has-been, I'm still rappin  
The Roman gladiator clashin, chariots crashin  
Chest plate split in half with axes, blood splashin  
What you wan' speak about? Let's weed it out  
'fore I turn into something somebody gotta be about

If I feel the need for speed, do not freak out  
Armor upgrade beneath seat mount  
No seat belt, breath in, breath out, then lean out  
White phosphorus, smoke screen the whole street out  
Fire squad gotta reroute, SWAT team can't see now  
RPG launch out the tree house  
Got a casualty, tell me what the beef is about  
He don't wanna talk, let him bleed out, don't need him now  
PTSD MC, the kind you read about  
Turn the beat up Premier, this is how a beat sounds!

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