

Kaiju Karaoke

Canibus

Moses was a black man
With red hair like saffron
I heard you the first time
I chose not to respond
Prophecy is fulfilled
When Enki and Enlil are killed
And Lil Nas' X face is on the dollar bill
How you like that for a metaverse thrill?
Still ill, and I don't even need record deal
But real, you know my name, son don't chill
And now the whole world got a license to ill
When they shut down the grid
We gon' be outside doing a bid
Institutionalized, right where we live
Apologetically thank you
Put noose around neck and hang you
While two yankee doodle dudes shank you
Biologically scan you for your own safety, then ban you
'Til your own people abandon you
Now you standing outside the dollar store
For a fifty-cent whore
Bout to go on a 25 cent tour
You let that whore sit on your face?
She taste like sodium borate
And by the way, that stuff taste great!
Disclaimer; don't you try that at home and then blame us
I ain't famous and they still say my name too much
Yet on the other side of the veil
Every single comparison will fail
Cause every multiple rhyme is a spell
My poems are known unknown knowns, but it's hard to know
How much knowledge can grow from one node
In the vaccination drive-thru I sat in the seat behind you
I shoulda sat in the seat beside you
Quiescent, still present even if I go back to the essence
There's no way I forget what I remember
Sniper specific relax, hold breath, squeeze trigger
Wait for confirmation, get up, get out of there nigga
Canibus rhymes are not immediately obvious
They're supposed to be positive
So he ain't really accomplishing shit
My name is the ripper and I beg to differ
I know men who are bled from the liver
And labeled gorillas, breadwinners
Robert De Bruce, De La Soul, Posdnous
Yeah, I know it sounds like something I got from Dr. Seuss
Lyrics retooled, recommissioned and outfitted for hip hop use
You talk that shit? I talk that shit, too
Malaiky [?]
Youtube all the time
I'ma get it to help me build my shrine
Gunmetal colored, rip magnum rubbers
Tear that ass up, I ain't gotta brag or nothin'
I gotta a happy hips, yoga bitch, zombie killer tovarich
Big titty, Tesla model, S motorist
That shit will ambush your base camp
Beat you with the propane tanks

Then set fire to your cocaine plant
Hunger Games rescue package
Daisy state the mechanic in action, gun rap pull-ups
Bull Pups blast em
Cut slash and smash, laugh, tater tots and hash
I spray hair spray on your ass and pass
Cause you can't afford the seizure, or the magnesium
Everybody know that's a million-dollar premium
Their inability to reason is the reason they're not breathing
And that's what we focusing on this evening
The return of the king
With a maverick three probe on a string
And that's how he gon' know everything
He was there when global fear
Became self-aware
If you scared, bow your heads and join me in prayer
Insurrection, act and tact
You living in a trap
If you do this and don't do that
You just get whacked
Self-inflicted cyber-attack
Crypto card sitting on your lap
The gas life in tea made him take a crap
Fuck that, feathered blowdart to the back
You collapse, thermite cutting charge
Carved into the small of your back
Robotically controlled sequencing units for knocking on doors
To make sure you're home and you haven't run off
A hundred thousand Queenzflip clones
All in your borough alone
Welcome to the terror dome
Protest in silence, rhymes wait
Do not fly it
So what? I like pirates much better than pilots
I'm a giant, Ireland is my island
I'm full of surprises
So get the fuck out the way while I drive it
Life is all for 'naught
If you cannot offer your own thoughts
You will be sold without ever being bought