

Merchant of Metaphors

Canibus

I need a jet stream pattern assessment, go get it
And tell me the direction that the fuel tank is headed
Scram jet packs straps attached to my back
Rocket exhaust melt skin off like wet wax
Call sign Tom Cat, master ace of aerial combat
I double-time out to the tarmac
Fog covers the launch pad
Order ATC to fall back, but maintain visual contacts
Switch to radar, innovation navigational star map
I won't need to travel beyond that
My jet contrails so long that,
It can be seen in time zones eight hours apart by NORAD
Bow waves are made when I sweep my arms back
To fast track to the lunar surface's dark patch
The darkest part of the Moon where ISS2 was parked at
Inside onyx black alien artifacts
Well guarded in the event of a chartered attack
The outpost is nothing more than a trap
The red planet approach close, I know perigee and impact
Phobos is controlled by the Dracs
Deimos is the most underrated of the pack
It decimates NEA's more than double its mass
A solar max melts polar caps
I notice that think tanks with closed minds miss unknown facts
Satellites track and match the stats, statistics start to stack
I'm a man of science, not rap
With actionable impulse to act when I can't relax
I work hard but play harder in fact
My rose garden attracts rats,
I sit back and listen to jazz and smoke hash in a mineral bath
I meditate, slightly awake, the moon rays interpermeate my physical state
I gaze into space
The light waves race and shift shape, colors escape
I concentrate on eight frequency rates
The body begins to numb as the spirit elevates
But wait, I'm interrupted by a buzzer at my front gate
Closed circuit surveillance showed me a face
How entertaining, special agents came to visit my estate
"Miss Money Penny, bring me a plate, a cup of tea, and my terry-cloth robe,
Then show them in to me, I'll wait"
He walked in with a blank face, I calmly remarked, "You're late"
He responded with a strong handshake
Miss Money Penny returned with eggs and pancakes
I offered them a seat, standing up, looked so out of place
He kindly obliged, but the other two continued to stand
Folded their hands, and gave me the nod
The silence was so profound, that even soft sound seems loud
With ambient music in the background
I slurped when I sipped my tea, it was hot
I chomped when I chewed my chow, it was not
In slow motion the silence was broken, you could hear a pin drop
He said, "You cannot save Hip Hop"
I said why not? I sold mixtapes to buy stock
I've been researching and developing a spitbox
Rap is deeply rooted in the music generation
I can prove it, but it doesn't constitute publication
I swear the Great Bear entered the Dragon's Lair

I was there in the center of St. Petersburg Square
Assigned as a silent observer, but I witnessed a murder
Took a picture of the body and a burner
Circa the time, you called me from Burma
In Port Charlotte Florida, say you were in a coastal corridor
And that's what you call help?
Eight months of Camp Kill Ya' Self couldn't rehabilitate what I felt
And now, here you are, in my backyard
Accusing me for being an outlaw for my bars?
I ain't got nothing for ya, I'll call my controller,
You call your employers, they can talk to my lawyers
He got up, and turned his back on me and said, "I'll be back homie"
I said you better bring an army
He said, "You don't want war"
I called Moneypenny on the intercom and said, "Baby, show them to the door"
To be continued, stay tuned for more
Secret dialogue from the Merchant of Metaphors..