

Principly This

Canibus

They don't have the time to hide everything from you
They don't wanna stop you, they know you want to
If the money system change, it ain't about money
Life's a bitch and then you die, dummy

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Who ate the last fucking piece of cheesecake?
Find out who it is and kill that cheapskate
Come here, Lil' Nay Nay
You want that Beast from the East beat tape?
How about I be your DJ?
All these MC's in this NFT space
Is this some kind of MC NFT race?
Some people just want ice cream, but they so stupid (Huh)
'Cuz the ice creams made out of liquified humans
That does not dignify me
So, let's see if we can find a way to use it
And when everyone's dead, that's the proof
And I think that for the students, that's a big and a professional prudence
That you would feel honored enough to do this
Thank you

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"Canibus, I love your music"
For me, it is the rhythmic and poetic blueprint I was groomed with
There's a peer group I'm with, called The Circle
It's exclusive, we love your new shit
I can say we're somewhat students
The sentence structure for poetry and word usage
Seems best suited for anyone interested in academic improvement
Just the raw minutia of the soundscapes you paint with your music
Certainly enough to make any sane consumer lose it
The substance, the content, absurdly elusive
If we don't Google it, the meaning can very well elude us
As I pointed out earlier, we're humble students
Speaking for myself, I can't wait to see what you do in the future
I really appreciate that, Rupert, there's a caveat to it
For me, it's an inspirational booster if I feel like a loser or vocally muted
Creatively at some point, I guess we all go through it
I mean, after all, we're only human

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I just tried to tune in
To that authentic, original, frequency hip-hop we're produced with
The conditions it was produced in, it was communicative
What is your truth? What do you think?
Sometimes I write in black, sometimes blue ink
Other times, I use red for the rhymes if I feel like I'm proofing it
Just being truthful with it
If we're being honest, that's never lucrative
Let's face it, you stupid bitch
The rap game's abusive, it's punitive
You gotta take more tumeric just to keep up with the foolishness
No matter what you do with it: Lucifer has a way of undoing it
'Til we all just end up getting used to it
Everybody on some cooning shit
Doing whatever they got to do to get
Fucked with no lubricant, up against a crucifix
I'm one-hundred percent convinced that's anti-humanist
And I don't want nothing to do with it

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They don't have the time to hide everything from you
They don't wanna stop you, they know you want to
If the money system change, it was never about the money
Life is a bitch, talk to me