

# The Fusion Centre

Canibus

I isolate a regime that works twice the pace of your team  
These Jedi mind tricks are no dream

Kill code receive you do not need to know what you need  
You will be uplinked to the feed

The entrance to the cave is guarded by a statue of Saint Jermaine  
Holding an oil lamp with a purple flame

Shuffling down a dark corridor chasing the voice of the orator  
The light brightens more and more

Your muscles tight and sore you fall to waist height then crawl  
As you are forced to recite bars from Ars Notoria

What is the origin metaphoric euphoria lobotomize the audience rap music  
Recruited those who refuse it will be uprooted then electrocuted

Then executed flesh is fluid physically it's a stretch to do it  
You wake up cold wet and wounded playing my music

The strong believe in me the weak try to weaken me  
They are not allowed to speak to me that easily

The fans get neglected can't get they favorite record  
They only get to hear what's selected not requested

They are wasting your time just think about that  
The reason you won't think is the reason I won't rap

Wisely worded speech frame and technique and thermal heat  
Bridges the verbal to the beat providing earth for your feet

I rip granite the universe shaped like this planet  
Nobody understand it when my spit is mismanaged

Virtuoso Vivaldi Aliester Crowley with a baldy flow  
Flawlessly cathedral halls applaud me

Red 3 delta they call me in the red army armory talking softly walking  
Calmly the officer saw me cursing at the bastard commy pass the salami

Rhyming offbeat they poured me caffeine not coffee

You'll never hear nothing as evil  
As this I carry desert eagles into the cathedral and lick

My people are sick your people unbelievably bitch  
In Mogadishu counting money inconceivably rich

A feverish pitch I'll hit you so you bleed where you piss  
I feel sorry for any rapper think he equal to 'Bis

I see thru the mist I see you faggots weak in the wrist  
I ain't rapping no more Pazienza speak with the fists

I see the abyss but I ain't going there no more

I'm too old so I ain't licking in the air no more

Ayo 'bis who these motherfuckers that's thinking it's war  
In '88 the only white boy spitting it raw

I kicked in the door I spoke on metaphysics in awe  
But they was too stupid to understand the vision involved

I wish that we all had platinum that could christen the wall  
But I'm a ride for you regardless if its business involved