

Pigeon

Cannibal Ox

Metallic wing pigeon. . .
Cannibal Ox. . .

Birds of the same feather flock together
Congested on a majestic street corner
That's a short time goal for most of 'em
Cuz most of 'em
Would rather expand their wings and hover over greater things
That's what we call inspired flight
By the pigeons that gotta eat pizza crust every night
And "Let there be light" was understood
When a mic-stand descended from up-and-above into the hood
And if my face is worth a thousand words when it's scarred
I would only hope that two of those are coco and butta
To heal the wounds of the tissue scarred that mark the death of my womb
But I've graduated, got my wings
And you've got to let go of my constructed Lego egg-o-waffle halo
Eh yo, I'm a black man with an African
Drum in my chest that beats in the opposite of the right
Let me know I got a breath left
In this frigid fragile capsule
That allows you to fly south before the winter winds trap you
I wrap my "hell I made it" wetsuit stitch
So I can swim in elevators crazy wet through piss
I'm just a pigeon with one mile left
That doggy-paddles through this bullshit ocean of death
And these rags-to-riches words will break bones
Like the assassination of two birds with one stone
That's why I don't associate with bird brains with their beaks in the air
Pelicans with wide jaws yap names for fish heads
You'll get tossed in the flames
Where some archaeologist will find your skeletal frame

Eskimo me-dal doctrine locked in oxygen shell
Words shot plated metal lung which spun kids' carrousel
Mega alarm technoloid these boys fight four arms swinging two toes very well
Terror toys jubilated mega noise when iron works
Bullet shot animated mad windows with fireworks
Shinin' summer-time hydrants
Splash passing cars, now run ghetto tyrants
These faces carry scars (mega large)
Pigeons turn penguins talk fables cellular
Detached Christ's Word
But freeze-frame gold chain swing Son of God
Iceberg gem shines on the neck of ghetto flight bird
Getting fly like word
Let it settle
I remember cats snatched off the pedal (stealin' bike days)
Doo-rags worn tight (Piranha bite waves)
Smoke cheeba through the lung Arabian camel
Fast like a cheeta now I'm knocked off my African sandal
God damn you! Ethiopian skin mechanical
Trapped in ghetto's mega-yard where mega-hard
Arms swingin' metal palms iron skin leopard
Holding evil metal eagle attach the desert
Paranoid fingertips stitched with three-fifty plus seven metal shit
Tucked behind the belt ghetto style like delicate street etiquette

Never lacked toast metal cow got milk in the gut settlin'
Cats gotta eat swallow beef horribly melanin mahogany
Black boys feed face arachnoid
Eight arms working short circuit manufactured crack melted
Slinging shot gun through the mouth of cracked helmets, black felt it
Cats who pop flows shot heavy through the nostril
Brain sizzle grab the pistol and get hostile
He caught you alone fuse blown
Unemployed screaming "That's why I robbed you!"
Tired of the Medicaid, debted by the car, Novocains filled with lemonade
"You better get a job!" mother talked, just another hawk
Humiliated, bodega food stamp transaction
Left me in corners buckled me accompanied by evil hands clappin'
Rockin' my "hell I made it" wetsuit stitch
So I can swim in elevators crazy wet through piss
I rock my simulated air tank bit
So I can leave pressures of oxygen where my mic's lit
I'm just a pigeon