

# The Rip Off

## Canibus

{crowd chanting}

Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus

Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus [2x][Hook: 2x]

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)

Well I'm gone (Ohhhhhh!)[Verse 1]

Yo, my brain races to create these lyrical mosaics like paintings

To me record store and art galleries are merely the same thing

I feel like I'm Rembrandt and my man Van Gogh is amazin

Canibus is not some average rap patron, have patience

I went through changes, not being with the majors and all

"Til my man Louie Lombard gave me a call

and talked about some other way to cake off

I thought hmmm.. I could make more, he said "Sure"

"I could put you in about three thousand stores,

and get at least fifty thousand orders"

"Maybe more 'Bus, who knows your fanbase is emormous"

Well of course, look who I've toured with; Wyclef

I didn't sell twenty million 'cause it wasn't my time yet

I'm satisfied with the line up I rhyme with

Kool G Rap, Pharoahe Monch, and Rakim

Including future superstars I've worked with thus far

Like Free, from 106 and Park

You need to understand somethin; 'Bus is raw

Raw to the floor, raw like reservoirs,

Auger mechanical mandible jaws, split you in half

Addicted to rippin jackers, but I rip a jackass

Before we battle, there's two questions I have to ask

Are you carrying any firearms, and did you pack your bags?

Cool, 'cause I'ma make you feel real bad

And I'ma make you so mad, you'll probably spazz

I can see you tryna get me like they got Biggie

Somewhere in the city, on a pretty day when I dressed in Jiggy

And I got security with me

I'll give you a buck-fifty so quickly,

you won't even know that ya nose dripping

So much blood on the floor, you might as well be pretending

to be mudwrestling a dozen bitches PMSing

Sounds kinda tempting, doesn't it?  
Dissing me wasn't really worth it, was it?  
I'm buggin, I know a lot of y'all loved it  
and tryed to convince the public to safe bug this  
But just think, I played y'all like a bunch of puppets  
You play Russian Roulette with a musket,  
and got busted in your own nugget  
A twenty-one gun salute with no bullets and no trumpets  
While the rain pours and the storm thunders  
Your rotten carcass smells so pungent, it turns my stomach  
Attracts the buzzards, on Fox Eyewitness News coverage  
Rip the Jacker's on the loose in London,  
he slipped through US customs and flew to Dublin  
Frontin as a janitor in a school or somethin  
Workin for little or nothin, I'm warnin you DON'T TRUST HIM  
He's a complete risk to the American public  
And don't ever call the law 'cause he thinks he's above it  
Let's get one thing straight; you can't touch him,  
Outsmart him, out muscle him, or out hustle him  
You can't beat 'em - join 'em, you can't join 'em - fuck 'em  
Can-I-Bus, either ya hate him or ya love him[Hook: 2x]

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