

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][Verse 2]Yeah yeah, I seen you at Ruby Tuesday's
With a toupee, talkin on ya two-way -- you look gay
Nigga I don't give a fuck about the games you play
I gnaw on ya bones 'til my teeth turn blue-gray
Or turn yellow like I ain't brushed in a few days
And the blood starts to taste like red toothpaste
Nigga this ain't communion and that ain't Kool-Aid
Delicacies the FDA won't approve in the states
Like a little witch's brew in your vanilla latte
Or perhaps Filet of Dog in a Malaysian cafe
If I was a cook I would probably take a half day
Clock out and never come back, you keep the back pay
That's some metaphorical shit, all you have A
Is that why all you weirdos all attracted to me?
Look at yourself, why you even listen to me?
Listen to yourself, your constantly dissin me
Well listen to this bitch, get off my D
If you don't think that I'm the illest, that's cool I don't agree
I proved myself, time and time again
Grippin mics like Heinekens, who want me to rhyme again?
You could never expire the fire within
Killin me with a gun is easy, try a pen
For the use it was intended

I don't like to be the one to start the drama nigga,
but I know how to end it
Kill yourself I'll take the credit - get it?
You see that way, things couldn't work out more pleasant

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