

Eminem

"Canibitch"

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[Intro]

(I, I wanna grow up too)

"Uncle Marshall, will you tell us a bedtime story?"

Here we go:

[Verse 1]

Now, once upon a time not long ago
There was a little rapper about to blow
But his album came, and it was not good
I think it went lead or double copper-wood
So these silly little fans, they were misled
By a nerdy internet computer hip-hop head
"Me and you, Clef, we're gonna make some cash
Grab this silver paint and just paint my ass"
Hey mister, would you care to bear witness to
The ass-whippin I'm about to administer
To this ass-kissin little vaginal blister?
Stanibus: little Marshall Mathers' sister
And in this corner, we have the "Mr
Not-Havin'-It," it's the Mad, sinister
Dr. Evil, with his bag of tricks for
This little antagonistic faggot
Dick-sucking ex-LL Cool J fan from Windsor
I'm 'bout to murder little Kenny-Fag-Kaniff-sta
You bastard, I ain't wanna have to diss ya
Canibus, where the fuck you at? I miss ya!

[Hook]

Canibitch, oh, Canibitch
Wherefore art thou, Canibitch?
Please tell me what happened with
That style that you were rappin' with

Canibitch, oh, Canibitch
Are you from Los Angeles

New York, or just a janitor
From Canada? Oh, Canibitch

[Verse 2]

Now, at first, I ain't really understand this shit
Picture me, for a second, and imagine it:
Chillin' in the Bat Mansion relaxin'
When all a sudden some bullshit comes across the scanners, it's
Canibitch, on some 'Stan Lives' shit
It creeped me out at first; man, this is sick
But me, bein' just as sick, this conflict
Gets my dick harder than arithmetic
And I know how you jealous ones envy
I shoulda knew better from the first few letters you sent me
The first two letters, you were tellin' me shit like
You respect me, like any other regular MC
The third letter, you asked how come I ain't return
None of the messages at Shady Records you left me?
The fourth letter: "Slim you're really startin' to upset me"
The fifth letter told me you were comin' to get me
The sixth letter, there's a bomb threat on our building
This crazy motherfucker's really tryin' to kill me
So I went back and read the first few letters that said
Some shit about a message you left
Oh shit! That's not a E, that's an A!
This dude wants to leave me a 'massage,' he's gay!
Right away, I'm on the phone with Dr. Dre:
"We got a bogey," "Marshall, I'm on the way"

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

So, in two seconds flat, Dre's at my crib
Only thing is, we both know where this kid lives
And neither one of us have Canadian citizenship
"Shit. Oh Dre, wait a minute, that's it!
All we gotta do is use a bit of turbo-boost
We can fly over the border!" "Let's Go!" [whoosh]
[So we're off to Toronto and we're gainin' speed impact, grunt]
"What was that? Oh, Jermaine Dupri
Fuck it," Keep goin', no time to waste
"Wait, back up. Hit him one more time, in case
"Okay," Fuck, now he's draggin' under the car
Oh well, Only thirty more thousand miles!"

Meanwhile, me and Dre are tryin' to conversate
Just tryin' to find a reason for the constant hate
And tryin' to figure out what happened to 'Germaine Propane'
"He couldn't have fell off that hard." Ain't no way!
What happened to the way you was rappin' when you was scandalous?
That Canibus turned into a television evangelist!
Plus, he raps with his regular voice [four impacts]
"What was that?" "Pet Shop Boys."
So, we pull up to the bridge where he last was spotted
His corpse was still movin', but his ass was rotted
And he kinda smelled a little like Courtney Love
I figured if I stick him with a fork, he's done
So I stabbed him twice. Kept jabbin', Christ!
He won't die! This guy's like a battered wife!
He's like Kim: he keeps comin' back for more
But he won't fight back. I cracked his jaw
Hold up! 'Bis, quit foldin' up!
Punch me in the chest, make my shoulders touch
Do something! At least one punch line!
Come on! Till the meter reads Nine! Nine! Nine-
Ty nine percent of my fans are blond!
'Bis, come on, answer me, man, respond!
Tell me 'bout the sun, rain, moon and stars!
Intergalactical metaphors from Mars!
Raw to the floor, raw like "Reservoir Dogs"!
Bite another line from Redman's song!
Suddenly, the stub of a dead man's arm
From a midget Reaches out from under the car
It's J.D.! This motherfucker won't die, neither!
Dre starts sprayin' him with cans of ether
We swamped the bitch in it; stomped the bitch again
"Compton!" "Detroit, bitch, talk some shit again!"
Stomp him!" "Switch feet!" "Stomp him!" "Switch again!"
"Dre, all right, he's dead, dog, quit kickin' him!"
I think Stanibus jumped off the bridge again!" ("Ahh!")
"Damn," "He disappeared, yo, he's gone, he did it again!"

[Hook]

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