

Canibus

"Box Cutta' Bladerunna'"

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[18 second car chase intro to start]

[Canibus]

Record industry's most wanted, Rip the Jacker
Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers
One of which went on to be a successful actor
Here's the reenactment, he called me at my mansion
But the phone probably rang two times, then I
answered
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me
He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me
And told me Tracy Wabels{?} wanted to bang me
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of
me
Canibus hates the media and the magazines
They add so much credibility to elaborate schemes
Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper
Bein eaten alive by live bees
Sound barriers like the Lockheed, even with knock
knees
I run across rough terrain at mach speed
That's a rhyme from like 9-3, it's vivid in the mind
as pictures with six hundred DPI's to a sheet
If I'm high when I speak, the knowledge is deep, solid
as concrete
This is real hip-hop for the streets
I never leave any witnesses, it's ridiculous
They serve me court papers at the studio I did this in
Missin from society, because they lied to me
They didn't want to accept my doctrine of society
I've studied with hundreds of scientists and science
teams
In various Ivy Leagues, they respect my esteem
Whattayou want me to rap about? Go 'head, try a
theme
Give me a person place or thing, I'll create the time and
scene
Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A. survival teams
Keep an eye on their surroundings in the jihad regime
A total riot scene, back and forth
they encrypt fiber optic beams on my album out next

spring
You motherfuckin right nigga, I'm about that cream
I promised myself I wouldn't shoot it without that scene
It doesn't look right like Cash Money without that bling
Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name
Jermaine, Williams, that's my name
Say it again, Jermaine Williams, dang!
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus man
And occasionally Rip the Jacker, but never Stan
Get it through your head and don't ask me again
Box cutta', bladerunna', nigga rap 'til you sweat
Have you ever read a book called "The Catcher in the
Rye"
It so happens I'm lookin for a copy I can buy
Canibus is comin for y'all 'round the outside
'Round the outside, 'round the outside
A lot of y'all shine, but y'all can't rhyme
And it's about time that I put y'all in line
Twist your mind, with twisted rhymes
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side
Flows that abide are quite bold for the times
No need to hide, your friends are associates of mine
Don't be a stranger, come over some time
I got coke if you do lines, you get a robe at the drive
If you hear the engine knockin just pull over to the side
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time
Halloween, "True Hollywood Stories" release date
We should have a "Who Wants to Battle Canibus"
sweepstakes
And limit it to three states, New York City, home of the
greats
Philly and out West, piece of cake
Old school rappers I wouldn't be around without
ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out
Don't let what I said, get you upset
Box cutta', bladerunna', nigga rap 'til you sweat

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