

MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Canibus "Intro"

Visit "Intro" on MotoLyrics.com

Rip the Jacker Lyrics

Calling all dogs, calling all dogs
Be on the look out for a big homo nigga with dimples
And I'ma let y'all know somethin', it ain't just start here
We've been preyin' on that ass since 'Jack the Ripper'
And now it's time to rip it to the jacker

(ahhhhhhhhhhhh)

[Verse 1]

No rapper could rap quite like I can You know who the fuck I am, I'm the canibus man I had to rock to a beat like this to show you That I'm iller then the future, the present, and the old you

I told you, wish you could take it all back don't you
Tried to smoke some canibus but canibus smoked you
Calling yourself the greatest is something you don't do
Cause after I humiliate you what will the G.O.A.T. do
You can't rap or act my main man
You goin' end up as an intern working for Def Jam
See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus

See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus You out of luck, I crushed you the minute I got tatted up And every lie you told just added up cause you wasn't man enough

To be fair, but I'm mad a fuck and I've had enough Jack the ripper or I'ma rip the jacker
Rape a rapper with a classic from his own masters
You're dead

[Verse 2]

There's a rumor going around that I got dropped 200,000 albums sold at 10 dollars a pop 300,000 albums were shipped, you do the math That's 3 million in 3 months so kiss my ass All these magazines tried to steamroll me to death Guess what, the G.O.A.T. ain't platinum and neither is 'Clef

And I'm still here, inspite of all that shit them niggaz said

The skinny kid, the music industry's guinea pig
Tighter then ever, world's chief mic recka
Tougher then reverend run's muthafuckin' leatha
I'm hardcore, cum shot right in your wife's face
You soft porn, you held hands on the first date
See when you was making records like I need love
Your homie Cornell was givin' it to you up the butt
Plus I heard Simone was the high school slut

And she learned how to fuck before she knew how to cuss

Nigga you're dead

[Verse 3]

You married a slut and had kids with her to cover up your hustle

You and your man Russell made a better couple Your probably mad as fuck, wondering where I got the information from

Your being watched even when you take a dump Its impossible to front, you can't hide The chairs at your label got ears and the walls got eyes Your living one big lie the world just don't know

You take a polygraph test that shit would probably explode

The truth is mr. smith you got a fucked up attitude God knows that I pitty your fans for backing you Yo, this be the realest shit I ever wrote You should change your muthafuckin' name from G.O.A.T. to G.L.O.A.T.

The Greatest Liar Of All Time that cannot rhyme
That cannot shine as long as I'm alive
Your prime ended 8 months before '99
And that microphone on your arm will always be mine
Nigga you're dead

[Verse 4]

I told you to leave it alone, but you was too stubborn Now your in a world where the hunter becomes the hunted

Your wife is scared cause she don't want to lose a husband

And somebody keeps paging you putting 4321 in You can't sleep at night thinking about the drama Shit stains all up in your phat farm pijamas Even f.u.b.u. gear looks hot until it touches you Probably because your father undoubtedly butt-fucked you

Mama said knock who out? I'll punch that bitch in the mouth

Cause she don't know what she talking about

Ay yo, do me a favor when you see your ghostwriters Tell them the rhymes they wrote for you should have been a lot tighter

You could have asked me, I'll write you some lines I'll do anything for the greatest loser of all time You still drippin' with wack juice 'cause you wack nigga If you want the last word you can have it, I'm still iller You're dead

Visit <u>Canibus</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.