

# Canibus "Phuk U"

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Phuk..U (4x)

Ok

Phuk..U (4x)

(Verse 1)

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow wit Bis

Rock a show wit bis

Or go toe to toe wit Bis

None of yall can co-exist

We livin in an Ice Age and it's cold as shit

100,000 dollar price range, niggas is frozen stiff

All I know is this

My felt tip hotter than hell get

186 thousand miles per sec can melt flesh

Give a nigga a tan

Aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand

While I promote that new Canibus jam

Niggas feel it underground wit stalactites hangin from  
the ceiling

I'm out on tour wit 30 city trips

Every state it's like bitches be bulimic for dicks

Screamin the chorus

Half unconscious

I hold my cordless

Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest

While the people go insane for us

I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us

Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I aint  
payin for it

I freestyle the whole set

Kickin a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next

Fuck you!

Chorus 1 - Phuk.. U.. (2x) Ok

Phuk.. U.. (4x) Ok

(Verse 2)

-Fuck- them extra niggas that's always around you

-Fuck- niggas that talk about you and try to clown you

-Fuck- niggas you run into that never did nuttin' for you

-Fuck- niggas that's lyin tellin people they discovered

you  
-Ok, Fuck- niggas that're jealous cause you nicer than  
them  
Don't give a -fuck- who you offend you gotta fight till  
the end  
If you -fuck- a groupie chicken when you out on tour  
Smoke a little bit of weed wit her then -fuck- her some  
more  
Tell her to bring three friends so you can -fuck- all four  
Menage-a-trois, what the -fuck- she expect you a dog  
Almighty god blessed you wit a dick and two balls  
So if you like to -fuck- pussy that don't mean that you  
wrong  
Unless you -fuck- it raw dog  
I -fuck- a nappy dug out  
Bust in her mouth  
Kick her the -fuck- out  
She'll cuss me out, like...

(Repeat chorus 1)

(Verse 3)

Yo, yo  
Ya superstar status don't mean shit to me  
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency  
Try to dis me now  
How you sound?  
Yo, whoever signed you must be runnin the circus  
'cause you a clown  
You a rapper wit a drug habit, hidin the truth  
Camoflaugin ya needle tracks wit some colorful tattoos  
You was never equipped for this  
Never equipped to spit wit Bis  
I'm swift as shit  
Let me point out the main differences  
You magnificent  
I'm mic-nificent  
Yo, i'd even go out on a limb wit it  
Say you write a little bit  
That don't make you a tight lyricist  
Cause you don't practice or stick with it  
Look at the 60 hour shifts I spend wit this  
I never quit, I got a gift for the art  
A low maintenance cost  
No physical movin parts  
In '98, niggas thought I was God  
How the fuck did that change  
I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game  
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see  
If you see a hungry nigga then you lookin at me  
And it's aight if you don't trust me

Cause I don't trust you  
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you  
Motherfucker, Fuck you

Chorus 2 - Ok, Phuk.. U.. (4x)  
Ok, Phuk.. U.. (4x) Ok..

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