

Stroke 9

"The Ripper Strikes Back"

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We just gon have some fun with hip hop
A lil hip hop... relax, hold on to ya seats
Oh yeah this is a Tunnel banger too
Word up, Tunnel banger baby
Hip-Hop style baby, y'all remember

By the middle of March, when the pregnancy starts
In your ladies' placenta, that means L just entered
Duck taped your little bitch ass for frontin
You poor little crackhead ass ain't hurtin nuttin
Nigga you want the fame, now you're famous overnight
Famous for getting fucked by a stick of dynamite
You're weak nigga, you bout to die up in your sleep
The overlord of rap will never meet defeat
Pain and agony, I don't touch them zones
Fucking everlasting lyrical methods is my throne
Blast ya fifty pound ass and make you float
You read it shook nigga, I wrote the book, nigga
Held down my crown for a decade and a half
Now I'm bout to give your grimy ass a blood bath
Talk about bein broke, nigga I'm rich
Cause I learned, to seperated the money from the bitch
Don't hate me cause I'm paid, hate me because
I'm everything you want to be : handsome, young, plus
legendary
Talk about Farrakhan, nigga you got to call Jesse
Jackson
For some Affirmative Action

Chorus: repeat 4X

Can-I-Bus ! Yes you can!

Don't ever open your mouth and mention my seeds
Talk about my book you bought to read
You know you watch the sitcom nigga so stop that
Mad rapper, but now you turned mad actor
Forty-nine pounds and tryin to be a monster
Run around town with the Bob Marley imposters
Ask Canibus, he ain't understandin this
Cause ninety-nine percent of his fans, don't exist

I'm goin underground and blowin your rep down
Next time, save that shit for the Lyricist's Lounge
Or a House Party, where you can battle some clown
On top of all that, I beat your homeless ass down
Heard that convicted rapist on the record too
Fresh out of jail, ass cheeks still black and blue
Tell me bout the things ear biter taught you
How to bust a nut or two? (Yeah that's butta boo)
You be decomposin, but you frozen because my title's
stolen
Steady rollin in a world that I'm controllin
Vanguard awards are for Kings who get OFF!
Clock platinum mountains, the praise of the Lord
Talkin bout my first and second and third born
Now I got a fourth, Canibus, but he cut off
From the riches of my empire, I'm like a pimp
Who thought he had to retire but found a new Canibus
to hire
You're hardcore, innocence like Heather Hunter
But definitely not with the lyrics that drop thunder
Found you in a trash can, hat black, cause you scared
to bust
Nigga in Todd we trust

Chorus

Now break it down for me !

See I, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, amateur, M,C's
in hip-hop, word up, no bullshit
Oh I ain't done yet

You soft as a newborn baby takin a nap
Make my dick hard with that bitch ass track
Where you at? Smokin in some one room flat
Suckin on Clef's dick hopin to come back
Never that, nigga my size is unlimited
Yours is prohibited, of course that's contributed
To not knowin ya limits and who you need to test
When you step into the house of the Lord and get
blessed
Get on your knees, bow down to my degrees
Young slacker, save that demo for Jack the Rapper
You gargoye, slash olive oil, pussycat
I wrapped up in aluminum foil, ready to boil
I'ma tear the skin off ya ass with ten knuckles
Rhymes was weak, they made me chuckle like a name
buckle
You call em lyrics, nigga you need to stop
You goin out --- ahh fuck it, you goin pop
I feed you a poisonous verse so don't try it

No more rhyming, you on a lyric fast diet
Call the paramedic and tell them that he pathetic
His lyrics ain't energetic you're sweet as a diabetic
Career be over next year, yeah I said it
Look over your shoulder nigga, where you headed
MUTHAFUCKA, where's a rhyme when you need it?
First rule of lyrical war, never repeat it
You said that same bullshit at House of Blues
Lit the pipe, dropped the match, and sparked the
wrong fuse
That's you, yeah nigga I'm goin at you
Stop basin', and you can be a role model too
Diss my moms, who's the real Rap Don ?
Who ruled for fifteen years and drops bombs ?
Who's got solid gold Grammy's that say Todd
while you dropped verses at niggas' proms
Faggot, you better battle number two
Cause number one, got his title locked down son
The King of all rappers that ever graced the stage
or the mic, best that ever did it I'm wicked
Write a verse and flip it, melt it down to liquid
And drown shorty, fill his lungs until I rip it
Chest busts open, heart bursts and smokin
YOU SEE THAT NIGGA SON? (Damn L, we was only
jokin)
Maneuver manipulate brainwaves transform
your thought process, when my pen gets erect
Warning, all MC's better retreat
Look at corny-bus, he can't walk down his own street
Better run and get the Fugees
Cause I EAT, EAT, EAT, MC's
Devour they titles, cause I'm an idol slash icon
And tell Wyclef, don't even turn his fuckin mic on
Sold ya nigga, thought I told ya nigga
Crossover, slam dunk, game over nigga (one more
time son)
Sold ya nigga, thought I told ya nigga
Crossover, slam dunk, game over nigga

Chorus

" Now wait for the studio audience to applaud, faggot,
hahahah "

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