

Yeah, Mic Club  
Aiiyyo we got off to a cold start, let me warm shit up  
You now listening to Can-I-Bus  
Yo why would you do that? Your view too black  
You must have smoked somethin I used to call pool hall crack  
Put a suit on you still look whack  
Somewhere givin orders from confined quarters, handcuffed to a  
fag  
Played the street too much, shoulda been in the lab  
Now you sad, mad at who you was fussin with last  
Life's a bitch ain't it? Smile, it ain't nothin to laugh  
Rose hell at show'n'tell, brought a gun to your class  
Keep the herb on the dash cause I'm servin 'em fast  
Classic lyrics for that ass, cause the purpose is cash  
Look I got a couple photos of you tryin to showboat  
Before my gunboat touch your throat, don't talk  
The microphone shark tear your bones apart  
Spread you over your background like bogus art  
Put the most in art, try to focus on the frozen dart  
Cold and dark as a cobra's heart  
I drink the absinthe raw, no chaser  
Madness follows me like investigators after Al'Qaeda  
The metaphor make a voice like Lord Vader  
If you love hip-hop, I am your saviour  
Rip your mixtape up and still take a payout  
Me and you in the booth, who you think is gon' say somethin?  
'Member ninety-eight when I rung those bells?  
I'm a chip off the old block like Uncle L  
Fuck a bootlace, I strap velcro up  
Niggaz had gun talk, so what? They still didn't show up  
Fuck around with 'Bus on the mic, they got no luck  
Other than that, I don't really know what