

Da Payout

Canibus

Yeah, Mic Club
Aiyyo 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