

## Falster Ego

Canibus

Yo Rip, come here man, lemme talk to you for a second...  
What the fuck you want to talk about nigga?  
Why You screaming man?  
I'm The Illest! I'm the illest...  
Yo Relax... put that down man  
Yo don't tell me to relax I'll beat your skinny little ass  
Yo What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Fuck You!

You fuckin' hate me, you tried to lock me in the basement  
And you still want me to protect you, it doesn't make sense  
Canibitch, I supported you like a weight bench  
Without me your defenceless, you betta' face it  
You ain't show me love when you was at ya' apex  
Gettin' paychecks, up at the radio with DMX and Flex  
Catchin' wreck while Noriega was catchin' his breath  
I had to keep the situation in check  
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best  
The industry fucked you I'm just payin'em back  
What's the matter w/ slayin' these Jackers, that's all I been doin  
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nuthin' to'em  
they just mad cause when I see'em I don't run up to'em  
Between me and you yo-know I'll run right thru'em

Calm Down!

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga I'm a Ripper remember  
I told you not to do "Gone Till November"  
But you wouldn't listen, I always had ya' best interests in mind  
I wrote all ya' best lyrical lines  
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful rhymes  
On the stage if you was tired I would spit'em sometimes  
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes  
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let the shit ride  
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis  
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis...

C'mon Rip? You a lyin' ass bitch and you know it  
Group Home was part my company I co-owned it  
If there's one thing I learned in showbiz, stay focused  
And don't quit. Rip, why you talkin 'bout old shit?

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain, don't you understand?  
fuck the mainstream, you should just call out names  
The industry's all about game...  
I shit on 'em all the same and leave spit stains on they brain  
Like liquid chocolate spillin' all over ya' new white trainers  
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan  
Canibus is a Mason, I don't know what the fuck Germaine is  
I just know that both ya'll are trying my patience  
I don't give a fuck about a beat I been rhymin' for ages  
Rippers are dangerous, and all jackers are afraid of us  
You wanna' face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

No, That's ridiculous...

Aiiight then, listen to mine...

I'll jump into costume, impromptu, just to rob you  
Put the nozzle to ya' eyeball and tell you what not to do  
Rip your tonsils out thru ya' nostrils  
Bury you next to shark fossils, make it impossible to find you  
Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to  
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules  
Lock you in a time capsule and smash the console  
Shit on you in reverse suck you into a brown hole  
Suck the power outta' ya' soul  
Ya' nuthin but a coward in a cold freezer with an hour to go  
Watchin' my casio stopwatch countin it slow  
Like drug lords checkin to see if it's talcum or coke  
I could kill you by drownin the globe  
Or I could just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in ya' throat  
In battles I'm a thousand and oh, I silenced the Pope  
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?  
No? I thought so... Neither do I  
It's a dick between ya' mothers thighs divided by PIE  
I'm the sickest linguistically illicit lyrical misfit in the business  
And possibly in existence, what's your consensus?  
Studied my own syntax statistics since '96 wit CPA certified assistants  
I've made the decision that my standards are above precision  
The only thing I could honestly say I love more than women are dope writtens  
If it ain't dope then don't spit it  
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive just practice ya' penmanship  
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit  
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left  
According to the manufacturers specs, you'll make a mess  
Rupture the blood vessels in ya' neck fuckin' with Rip  
Got millions of blueprints on zip disks  
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversions kits  
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip  
You never experienced work like this, nigga welcome to the serpentine world  
where I twist  
The world where that I Rip, the world that I Fixed, the world where I live

Ok Rip, you made your point, I can't out rap you  
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too  
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos  
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you've proved  
It's just a couple rappers that don't want it to happen for you  
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do  
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you  
Nobody knows the truth you got talent out the gazuu  
When niggaz first heard of you it was like a Man On The Moon  
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too  
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you?  
What happens if the rumors about being a fagot are true?  
Look what it's runnin' into, I don't feel like havin' this discussion with y  
ou  
I'm tired of fuckin' with you, niggaz in the game don't wanna' do nuthin' wi  
th you  
Bussin' with you, goin' one on one with who?  
They wanna get rid of you, ya' shit is too lyrical  
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I have to protect you  
I wouldn't disrespect you, as another intellectual  
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you  
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?  
Ever since the 3rd album I been mentioning you  
I got your name on my arm I'm representin' you  
You're Rip The Jacker - I would never question you  
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga'  
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you

What happened between L and you - Forget it!  
People know you won the battle they won't give you the credit  
Alotta' people don't wanna' admit it  
But I consider it a real privilege to bear witness to ya' lyrics  
And be involved with sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted  
I just need you to chill for a second, so I can send a positive message  
Like Tupac before he left us, the author or the work ethic Genesis  
Has inspired me to write the Exobus scripts as a constant reminder not to fo  
rget Bis  
But I've reached a precipice, remember Rip  
You can't rhyme forever there's always a ripper with better shit  
I keep you out the public eye for a reason  
You're a commodity Rip ain't that how you wanna' keep it?  
I keep ya' whereabouts secret  
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend, so why is you beefin'?

Ayo Stop patronizing me, you despise me  
All you wanna' do is steal rhymes from me  
you constantly keep me behind wall of concrete  
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie  
If I was priority you would acknowledge me  
You ain't shit neither you ain't got no college degree  
You can't rhyme without me, stop smilin at me  
Gimmie the keys to the garage I need to borrow the Jeep...  
Get the fuck out my face nigga!