

# I Gotcha'

Canibus

I gotcha!  
Uh-huh, huh! You thought I didn't see ya now didn't ya? Uh  
Uh-huh, huh! You tried to sneak by me now didn't ya? Hehehe  
Uh-huh, huh! Now gimme what'cha promised me  
GIVE IT HERE, C'MON!

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, uh, you know it's all terrific  
Know it's... yo

I just wanna see you pump yo' fists  
I don't wanna hear y'all talk no shit  
I just wanna get on stage and show the gift  
Show the gift...

I'm the type of nigga that'll click-click ride wit'cha  
The type of nigga that'll smoke that lah wit'cha  
The type of nigga that'll bust that nine at'cha  
Spit that line at'cha, hit that fi-i-yah

Yo, aiyyo whattup, God? No love? Odd  
You can't sell crack on the block no more  
Cause I pulled up, parked, rolled up, sparked  
Dogs barked, OH SHIT! NARC's  
I Jackie Chan up the wall and sit in the dark  
Or go runnin for a jog while I spit in the park  
My jigsaw still hard, the metaphors remain sharp  
Give you sharp pains through your brain up your slang box  
Me and you in the sandbox, with our hands locked  
Get the same shit your man with the broken hand got  
I bang glock, I been hot  
Cocked back Mai Ling from Bangkok {??}  
Mind grow, but the fat-ass can sit up front  
Your broad that look like trash can sit in the trunk  
I'ma fuck 'til I break off chunks  
Break off a big chunk of skunk and take off with a blunt  
Hit the studio, sometimes I work all day  
Still change my voicebox oil every 3K  
Step to the stage, throw a sign to the DJ  
Everybody screamin out - do what the weed say!

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Spit that line at'cha, hit that fi-i-yah

The type of nigga that'll set up shop wit'cha  
The type of nigga that'll pace the block wit'cha  
The type of nigga that'll pass the block to ya  
Stash the rock for ya, nigga I gotcha

(This is!) The ghetto-ass shit for you baby  
The hood love it, so I gotta give it to 'em daily  
I'm on the block, like Olajuwon and Ewing  
I'm a pimp bitch, by the way, how ya momma doin?  
Like Rakim Allah, I'm a Microphone Fiend  
The fuckin Last Dragon like Leroy Green

That Mausberg kicks, rearrange your spleen  
Now you on part of the Handicapped, Olympic Team  
I got a, deadly disease without a vaccine  
It's called {Get the fuck outta my face before I let this Eagle scream!}  
You runnin game, all I'm sayin is where your fuckin team?  
This that dope, somebody {??} and let the lyrics fiend  
I'm livin dreams from a stroke of the pen to get the cream  
You garbage, I turn the channel when you come on the screen  
Flow so pure, cause I'm fuckin with raw  
Suited up, booted up, and I'm ready for war  
Yo 'Bis, let's get it live, grab the tec-9, what else?

The glock 9, and the double-axle forty-five  
Bend your mental from the beginning to the end  
It's connected to the beginning like infinity symbols  
I keep it simple, don't wanna offend you  
Cause niggaz don't understand what they ain't in to  
(Misunderstandin, is still a form of understandin)  
But y'all niggaz don't hear me though

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