

Intro

Canibus

Calling all dogs, calling all dogs
Be on the look out for a big homo nigga with dimples
And I'ma let y'all know somethin', it ain't just start here
We've been preyin' on that ass since 'Jack the Ripper'
And now its time to rip it to the jacker

(ahhhhhhhhhhhh)

No rapper could rap quite like I can
You know who the fuck I am, I'm the canibus man
I had to rock to a beat like this to show you
That I'm iller then the future, the present, and the old you
I told you, wish you could take it all back don't you
Tried to smoke some canibus but canibus smoked you
Calling yourself the greatest is something you don't do
Cause after I humiliate you what will the G.O.A.T. do
You can't rap or act my main man
You goin' end up as an intern working for Def Jam
See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus
You out of luck, I crushed you the minute I got tatted up
And every lie you told just added up cause you wasn't man enough
To be fair, but I'm mad a fuck and I've had enough
Jack the ripper or I'ma rip the jacker
Rape a rapper with a classic from his own masters
You're dead

There's a rumor going around that I got dropped
200,000 albums sold at 10 dollars a pop
300,000 albums were shipped, you do the math
Thats 3 million in 3 months so kiss my ass
All these magazines tried to steamroll me to death
Guess what, the G.O.A.T. ain't platinum and neither is 'Clef
And I'm still here, inspite of all that shit them niggaz said
The skinny kid, the music industry's guinea pig
Tighter then ever, world's chief mic recka
Tougher then reverend run's muthafuckin' leatha
I'm hardcore, cum shot right in your wife's face
You soft porn, you held hands on the first date
See when you was making records like I need love
Your homie Cornell was givin' it to you up the butt
Plus I heard Simone was the high school slut

And she learned how to fuck before she knew how to cuss
Nigga you're dead

You married a slut and had kids with her to cover up your hustle
You and your man Russell made a better couple
Your probably mad as fuck, wondering where I got the information from
Your being watched even when you take a dump
Its impossible to front, you can't hide
The chairs at your label got ears and the walls got eyes
Your living one big lie the world just don't know
You take a polygraph test that shit would probably explode
The truth is mr. smith you got a fucked up attitude
God knows that I pitty your fans for backing you
Yo, this be the realest shit I ever wrote
You should change your muthafuckin' name from G.O.A.T. to G.L.O.A.T.

The Greatest Liar Of All Time that cannot rhyme
That cannot shine as long as I'm alive
Your prime ended 8 months before '99
And that microphone on your arm will always be mine
Nigga you're dead

I told you to leave it alone, but you was too stubborn
Now your in a world where the hunter becomes the hunted
Your wife is scared cause she don't want to lose a husband
And somebody keeps paging you putting 4321 in
You can't sleep at night thinking about the drama
Shit stains all up in your phat farm pijamas
Even f.u.b.u. gear looks hot until it touches you
Probably because your father undoubtedly butt-fucked you
Mama said knock who out? I'll punch that bitch in the mouth
Cause she don't know what she talking about
Ay yo, do me a favor when you see your ghostwriters
Tell them the rhymes they wrote for you should have been a lot tighter
You could have asked me, I'll write you some lines
I'll do anything for the greatest loser of all time
You still drippin' with wack juice 'cause you wack nigga
If you want the last word you can have it, I'm still iller
You're dead