

Rip Is Alive

Canibus

Oh no! He's alive!
Rip the Jacker!
Master!
Please help us!
Please please ahhhh!

I'm the real king of my kingdom
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner
Shielded behind fire walls with water doors
Down the gaseous corridor
Welcome to my world of horror
A coroner with an immortal ora
The rhyme slinging highlander ripper rip you to live longer
Get strong every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clothesline you running forward
You can't ignore Bis Mothafucker I started this
As far as artists that spit Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit
Studied by oceanographers
At the oceans bottom with rocket ship sound effects
A ripper in the flesh signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need time to think
You talk shit my personality splits
You get ripped and that's it
A (True Hollywood Story) bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone Canibus is just a Monica
Stay behind to follow up and demolish you fucks
Can-I-bus (Yeah!) now that's what I'm talking bout
Call me Mr. spit shit also known as toilet mouth
Y'all been warned about a million times
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85
When I'm writing I'm impervious to fraud
My fine arts verbal collage is worthy of the gods
When I'm 30 years old I'ma quit rhyming
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme
Nobody safe nobody say that they great
I'll put a Jacker's whole body in a crate
Trap your soul in an electromagnetic face
Put the crate on a wide-low rider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate
Realise its time for your fate