

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 firewalls and water doors
Down the gaseous corridor, welcome to my world of horror!
A coroner with an immortal aura
The rhyme slang and holla at a Ripper, rip you to live longer
Get stronger every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clotheslines you running forward
You can't ignore 'Bis, motherfucker I started this!
As far as artists that spit, Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit studied by oceanographers
At the ocean's bottom, with rocketship sound effects
A Ripper in the flesh, signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need to time to think
You talk shit, my personality split, you get ripped and that's
it
A "True Hollywood Story" bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone, Canibus is just a moniker
Stay behind the follower, I'm fin' to demolish you fucks
Can-I-bust? (YEAH!) Now that's what I'm talkin '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 writin I'm impervious to fraud
My fine art's verbal collage is worthy of the Gods
When I'm 30 years old, I'ma quit rhymin
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'S SAFE, NOBODY can say that they great
I put a jacker's cold body in a crate
Trap his soul in an electromagnetic vase
Put the crate on a wide lowrider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes, then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate, realize it's time for your FATE!
HA HA HA! (HA HA, HA, HA HA HA..)