

# Rip The Jacker

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