

# The Rip Off

Canibus

Can-I-bus, Can-I-bus, Can-I-bus  
Can-I-bus, Can-I-bus, Can-I-bus (2x)

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Well I'm gone (Ohhhhhh!)  
(2x)

Yo, my brain races to create these lyrical mosaics like paintings  
To me record store and art galleries are merely the same thing  
I feel like I'm Rembrandt and my man Van Gogh is amazin  
Canibus is not some average rap patron, have patience  
I went through changes, not being with the majors and all  
'Til my man Louie Lombard gave me a call  
and talked about some other way to cake off  
I thought hmmm.. I could make more, he said "Sure"  
"I could put you in about three thousand stores,  
and get at least fifty thousand orders"  
"Maybe more 'Bus, who knows your fanbase is emormous"  
Well of course, look who I've toured with; Wyclef  
I didn't sell twenty million cuz it wasn't my time yet  
I'm satisfied with the line up I rhyme with  
Kool G Rap, Pharoahe Monch, and Rakim  
Including future superstars I've worked with thus far  
Like Free, from 106 and Park  
You need to understand somethin; 'Bus is raw  
Raw to the floor, raw like reservoirs,  
Auger mechanical mandible jaws, split you in half  
Addicted to rippin jackers, but I rip a jackass  
Before we battle, there's two questions I have to ask  
Are you carrying any firearms, and did you pack your bags?  
Cool, cuz I'ma make you feel real bad  
And I'ma make you so mad, you'll probably spazz  
I can see you tryna get me like they got Biggie  
Somewhere in the city, on a pretty day when I dressed in Jiggy  
And I got security with me  
I'll give you a buck-fifty so quickly,  
you won't even know that ya nose dripping  
So much blood on the floor, you might as well be pretending  
to be mudwrestling a dozen bitches PMSing  
Sounds kinda tempting, doesn't it?  
Dissing me wasn't really worth it, was it?  
I'm buggin, I know a lot of y'all loved it  
and tryed to convince the public to safe bug this  
But just think, I played y'all like a bunch of puppets  
You play Russian Roulette with a musket,  
and got busted in your own nugget  
A twenty-one gun salute with no bullets and no trumpets  
While the rain pours and the storm thunders  
Your rotten carcass smells so pungent, it turns my stomach  
Attracts the buzzards, on Fox Eyewitness News coverage  
Rip the Jacker's on the loose in London,  
he slipped through US customs and flew to Dublin  
Frontin as a janitor in a school or somethin  
Workin for little or nothin, I'm warnin you DON'T TRUST HIM  
He's a complete risk to the American public

And don't ever call the law cuz he thinks he's above it  
Let's get one thing straight; you can't touch him,  
Outsmart him, out muscle him, or out hustle him  
You can't beat 'em - join 'em, you can't join 'em - fuck 'em  
Can-I-Bus, either ya hate him or ya love him

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Well I'm gone (Ohhhhhh!)  
(2x)

Yeah yeah, I seen you at Ruby Tuesday's  
With a toupee, talkin on ya two-way -- you look gay  
Nigga I don't give a fuck about the games you play  
I gnaw on ya bones 'til my teeth turn blue-gray  
Or turn yellow like I ain't brushed in a few days  
And the blood starts to taste like red toothpaste  
Nigga this ain't communion and that ain't Kool-Aid  
Delicacies the FDA won't approve in the states  
Like a little witch's brew in your vanilla latte  
Or perhaps Filet of Dog in a Malaysian cafe  
If I was a cook I would probably take a half day  
Clock out and never come back, you keep the back pay  
That's some metaphorical shit, all you have A  
Is that why all you weirdos all attracted to me?  
Look at yourself, why you even listen to me?  
Listen to yourself, your constantly dissin me  
Well listen to this bitch, get off my D  
If you don't think that I'm the illest, that's cool I don't agree  
I proved myself, time and time again  
Grippin mics like Heinekens, who want me to rhyme again?  
You could never expire the fire within  
Killin me with a gun is easy, try a pen  
For the use it was intended  
I don't like to be the one to start the drama nigga,  
but I know how to end it  
Kill yourself I'll take the credit - get it?  
You see that way, things couldn't work out more pleasant