

# Who Owns You?

Canibus

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Yo...I thug it wit' you, I slug it wit' you  
I had niggas runnin' around like ''yeah 'Bis brung it to you''  
Nigga I'll punish you  
Catch you in the street like what's the issue  
Monkey face I'll monkey flip you  
I always wanted to dis you  
You ugly as a pit bull motherfucker I'll rip you  
This is where the Broad St. bullyin' stops  
My bars of gold bullyin' yours are not  
Truth is I never thought your metaphors were hot  
You just talk a lot a shit cuz your on the Roc'  
There's no proof in your "Truth" it was a flop  
That's why Jigga signed Cam'ron to take your spot  
You think you hot cuz you got a little bling or what not  
A typical hustler all you do is think about rocks  
With a budget like yours you should a sold more  
You probably think you were couped nigga your so wrong  
I think Jay fucked you go look at your deal  
In that black mink you look like a ape for real  
If I was blind and I couldn't tell  
I'll probably still hear it from a bitch that you ugly as hell  
For starters the Bentley ain't yours it's Shawn Carter's  
And if it ain't Shawn's its his partners  
Your just another ?convict? artist with frog lips  
On the Rocafella roster that follows orders, nigga!  
You tryin' too much you lyin' to sluts  
You too hyped up, spend some more time in the cut  
I'll turn my voice up loud so I can tell you was sup  
Rhyme for rhyme you was never ready for 'Bus  
Your quotables are anecdotal  
Your whole crew softer than tofu  
Most of y'all don't even know the "Truth"  
If you did then you knew I was a soldier too  
Doing what you already sold your souls to do  
I'm doing shows and my wrist stays frozen too  
But I own my shit who owns you?  
I should sign to the Roc'  
Battle you in the lobby or worldwide plaza make you resign on the spot  
Give me that mic' back Mack Bitch you can't spit  
I don't even know why the fuck Jigga passed you that shit  
I'll embarrass you with that shit, blast you that quick  
Wrap you in plastic and toe-tag you as a Jacker

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