Canibus, All That You Got

Song: All That You Got

Featured Artists: Canibus, Brian McKnight

Album:

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo

To all the female fans that want a backstage pass

You gotta let me caress your mammary glands, with my bare hands

The tickets will be there in advance

Waiting for you in the dressing room, with a half-a-dozen Guinness beer cans

About to go on stage, with Mr. McKnight

Kicking it to a chicken, about his height

Bragging to the girl how I rip mics

It's a quarter to twelve, and I'm going on at midnight

Shorty looking at me real bashful

Like, Canibus there's something I gotta ask you, can I please see your tattoo?

Damn, I feel the hypenitis setting in

Everybody questioning, asking if I can get them in

Time for action, the crowd starts clapping Put the DAC in, my man Ron G scratching

Twenty-two hundred people packing in

To a venue with a twelve hundred capacity maximum

Where you at Brian?

Yo

To the, tick-tock you don't stop

Can-I-Bus will blow up your whole spot

Υc

I go from being on stage with a lion, to rocking with Brian

A storm that's hardcore but silent

I grip mics tighter than pliers with hands

Turn the club into a giant frying pan

Put a fireman into a situation with a temperature, higher than

He can probably withstand, you understand?

If you ever try to get fly, you'll get electrified, and fried

And mess around and get your mouth slapped dry

You can battle me, and possibly survive

But you could never see me, and walk away without a black eye

Word up hop, I got emcees calling the cops

And when the cops ain't trying to see, the cops call S.W.A.T.

I scar your whole squad with bullet scars

No holds barred, I'll leave the hassle to National Guard

Ready or Not, like the Fugees, crews be stepping to me

But I wipe them all out like Booty

I'm so unruly, the police won't say nothing to me

It don't matter whether they on, or off duty

I run through a line of brave-men, like X-Ray stoup skin

And kill the competition to win

What? //