

Canibus, Bis Vs. Rip (Original Version)

[Intro: (Bis) {RIP}]

(Yo Rip {WHAT} come here man, let me talk to you for a 'sec?)
{WHAT THE FUCK YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT NIGGA?
(Why you screamin' man?)
{I'M THE ILLEST, I'M THE ILLEST}
(Yo, relax, yo put that down) {YO, DON'T TELL ME..}
{YO, I'LL BEAT YOUR LITTLE SKINNY ASS NIGGA}
(Yo, what the fuck is wrong with you?)
{FUCK YOU!!}

[Rip:]

Yo, you fuckin' hate me; you fuckin' lock me in the basement
But you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make sense
Can-I-Bitch - I supported you like a weight bench
Without me you're defenseless you better face it
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex
Gettin' paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catchin' wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best
The industry fucked you; I'm just payin' 'em back
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em
They just mad 'cause when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

[Bis:]

Yo, calm down

[Rip:]

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga, I'm a Ripper remember?
I told you not to do "Gone Til November"
But you wouldn't listen; I always had your best interests in mind
I wrote all your best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

[Bis:]

C'mon Rip, you a lyin' ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it
If its one thing I learned in show biz
Stay focused and don't quit Rip
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip:]

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream
You should just call out names
The industry's all about game
I shit on 'em all the same
And I leave spit stains on their brain
Like liquid chocolate spillin' over their new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is amazing; I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat; I've been rhyming for ages
Rippers are dangerous, all jackers are afraid of us
You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis:]

No, that's ridiculous

[Rip:]

Aight then, listen to mine
I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you
Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils
Make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console
Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole
Suck the power out of your soul
You're nothin' but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go
Watching my Casio stop watch, countin' it slow
Like drug lords checkin' to see if it's Talcum or Coke
I can kill you by drownin' the globe
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat
In battles I'm a thousand to no, I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
No? I thought so, neither do I
It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit in the business
And probably in existence, what's your consensus?
Study my own syntax statistics since '96
With CPA certified assistance
I made a decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women
Are dope writtens, if it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive
Just practice your penmanship
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fuckin' with Rip
Got millions of blueprints on zip disk
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits
In a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this
Nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist
The world that I rip, the world that I fixed, the world where I live

[Bis:]

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you proved
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth; you got talent out the gazoo
When niggaz first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into
I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you
I'm tired of fuckin' with you
Niggaz in the game don't wanna do nothin' with you
Bussin' with you, going one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I had to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you

What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since my third album I've been mentionin' you
I got your name on my arm, I'm representin' you
You +Rip the Jacker+ I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you
What happened between L and you, forget it
People know you won the battle; they will give you the credit
A lot of people don't want to admit it
But I consider it a real privilege
To bear witness to your lyrics
And be involved in sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us
The author of the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exodus scripts
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice
Remember Rip, you can't rhyme forever
There's always somebody with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip, ain't that how you wanna keep it?
I keep your whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip:]

Ayo, stop patronizing me, you despise me
All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin' zombie
If I was a priority, you'd acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither; you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me, stop smiling at me
Give me the keys to the garage; I need to borrow the Jeep
Get the fuck out my face nigga!