

Canibus, Boxcutta' Bladerunna'

(18 second car chase intro to start)

(Canibus)

Record industries most wanted: Rip the Jacker
Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers
One of which went on to be a successful actor
Here's the reenactment: He called me at my man's crib
The phone probably rang two times then I answered
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me
He told me that DEF JAM wanted to ban me
And told me Tracy Waples wanted to bang me
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me
Canibus hates the media and the magazines
They add so much credibility to elaborate schemes
Internet chat rooms with live feeds
Of a rapper being eaten alive by live bees
Sound barriers like the Lockheed
Even with knock knees I run across rough terrain at mach speed
That's a rhyme from like 9-3
As vivid in the mind as pictures with six hundred DPI's to a sheet
If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep
Solid as concrete, this is real Hip-Hop for the streets
I never leave any witnesses, it's ridiculous
They served me court papers in the studio I did this in
Missing from society because they lied to me
They didn't want to accept my doctrine of society
I studied with hundreds of scientists and science teams
In various Ivy leagues, they respect my esteem
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme
Give me a person, place or thing, I'll create the time and scene
Somewhere in Afghanistan USA survival teams
Keep an eye on their surroundings in the jihad regime
A total riot scene
Back and forth they encrypt fiber-optic beams
On my album out next spring
You mother fucking right nigga, I'm about that cream
I promised myself I wouldn't shoot it without that scene
It doesn't look right like Cash Money without that bling
Siblings, I mean, we all got the same last name
Germaine Williams that's my name
Say it again, Germaine Williams, damn
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus-man
And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan
Get it through your head and don't ask me again
Box Cutta' Blade Runna' nigga rap til you sweat
Have you ever read the book called, The Catcher in the Rye?
It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy
Canibus is coming for y'all Round the Outside, Round the Outside, Round the Outside'
A lot of y'all shine but y'all can't rhyme
And it's about time that I put y'all in line
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side
Flows that abide, quite bold for the times
No need to hide, your friends are associates of mine
Don't be a stranger, come over some time
I got coke if you do lines, you'll get a Rover to drive
If you hear the engine knocking just pull over to the side
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time
Halloween, True Hollywood Stories release date
We should have a Who Wants to Battle Canibus' sweepstakes
And limit it to three states, New York City home of the greats
Philly and out west, piece of cake
Old school rappers I wouldn't be around without
Ain't got shit to say but keep putting albums out

Don't let what I said get you upset
Box Cutta' Blade Runna' nigga, rap til you sweat! //