

Canibus, Da Pycut

[Canibus]

Yeah, Mic Club

Aiyyo we got off to a cold start, let me warm shit up

You now listening to Can-I-Bus

Yo why would you do that? Your view too black

You must have smoked somethin I used to call pool hall crack

Put a suit on you still look whack

Somewhere givin orders from confined quarters, handcuffed to a fag

Played the street too much, shoulda been in the lab

Now you sad, mad at who you was fussin with last

Life's a bitch ain't it? Smile, it ain't nothin to laugh

Rose hell at show'n'tell, brought a gun to your class

Keep the herb on the dash cause I'm servin 'em fast

Classic lyrics for that ass, cause the purpose is cash

Look I got a couple photos of you tryin to showboat

Before my gunboat touch your throat, don't talk

The microphone shark tear your bones apart

Spread you over your background like bogus art

Put the most in art, try to focus on the frozen dart

Cold and dark as a cobra's heart

I drink the absinthe raw, no chaser

Madness follows me like investigators after Al'Qaeda

The metaphor make a voice like Lord Vader

If you love hip-hop, I am your saviour

Rip your mixtape up and still take a paycut

Me and you in the booth, who you think is gon' say somethin?

'Member ninety-eight when I rung those bells?

I'm a chip off the old block like Uncle L

Fuck a bootlace, I strap velcro up

Niggaz had gun talk, so what? They still didn't show up

Fuck around with 'Bus on the mic, they got no luck

Other than that, I don't really know what