

Canibus, I Gotcha'

(feat. DMP)

[Intro]

I gotcha!

Uh-huh, huh! You thought I didn't see ya now didn't ya? Uh

Uh-huh, huh! You tried to sneak by me now didn't ya? Hehehe

Uh-huh, huh! Now gimme what'cha promised me

GIVE IT HERE, C'MON!

[Canibus]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, uh, you know it's all terrific

Know it's... yo

[Open/Close]

I just wanna see you pump yo' fists

I don't wanna hear y'all talk no shit

I just wanna get on stage and show the gift

Show the gift...

[Chorus One]

I'm the type of nigga that'll click-click ride wit'cha

The type of nigga that'll smoke that lah wit'cha

The type of nigga that'll bust that nine at'cha

Spit that line at'cha, hit that fi-i-yah

[Canibus]

Yo, ayyo whattup, God? No love? Odd

You can't sell crack on the block no more

Cause I pulled up, parked, rolled up, sparked

Dogs barked, OH SHIT! NARC's

I Jackie Chan up the wall and sit in the dark

Or go runnin for a jog while I spit in the park

My jigsaw still hard, the metaphors remain sharp

Give you sharp pains through your brain up your slang box

Me and you in the sandbox, with our hands locked

Get the same shit your man with the broken hand got

I bang glock, I been hot

Cocked back Mai Ling from Bangkok {??}

Mind grow, but the fat-ass can sit up front

Your broad that look like trash can sit in the trunk

I'ma fuck 'til I break off chunks

Break off a big chunk of skunk and take off with a blunt

Hit the studio, sometimes I work all day

Still change my voicebox oil every 3K

Step to the stage, throw a sign to the DJ

Everybody screamin out - do what the weed say!

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]

The type of nigga that'll set up shop wit'cha

The type of nigga that'll pace the block wit'cha

The type of nigga that'll pass the block to ya

Stash the rock for ya, nigga I gotcha

[DMP]

(This is!) The ghetto-ass shit for you baby

The hood love it, so I gotta give it to 'em daily

I'm on the block, like Olajuwon and Ewing

I'm a pimp bitch, by the way, how ya momma doin'?

Like Rakim Allah, I'm a "Microphone Fiend"

The fuckin "Last Dragon" like Leroy Green

That Mausberg kicks, rearrange your spleen

Now you on part of the Handicapped, Olympic Team
I got a, deadly disease without a vaccine
It's called {"Get the fuck outta my face before I let this Eagle scream!"}
You runnin game, all I'm sayin is where your fuckin team?
This that dope, somebody [??] and let the lyrics fiend
I'm livin dreams from a stroke of the pen to get the cream
You garbage, I turn the channel when you come on the screen
Flow so pure, cause I'm fuckin with raw
Suited up, booted up, and I'm ready for war
Yo 'Bis, let's get it live, grab the tec-9, what else?

[Canibus]

The glock 9, and the double-axle forty-five
Bend your mental from the beginning to the end
It's connected to the beginning like infinity symbols
I keep it simple, don't wanna offend you
Cause niggaz don't understand what they ain't in to
(Misunderstandin, is still a form of understandin)
But y'all niggaz don't hear me though

[Chorus One + Chorus Two]

[Open/Close]