

# Canibus, Phuk U (Original)

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow with Bis, rock a show with Bis  
Or go toe to toe with Bis, none of y'all can coexist  
We living in an Ice Age, and it's cold as shit  
A hundred-thousand dollar price range; niggas is frozen stiff  
All I know is this, my felt tip, hotter than Hell get  
A hundred eighty six thousand miles per sec can melt flesh  
Give a nigga a tan, aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand  
While I promote that new Canibus jam  
Niggas feel it underground with stalactites hanging from the ceiling  
I'm out on tour with thirty city trips  
Every state is like bitches be bulimic for dicks  
Screaming the chorus, half unconscious, I hold my cordless  
Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest  
While the people go insane for us  
I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us  
Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I ain't paying for it  
I freestyle the whole set  
Kicking a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next  
Phuk U

(Canibus)

Fuck them extra niggas that's always around you  
Fuck niggas that talk about you and try to clown you  
Fuck niggas you run into that never did nothing for you  
Fuck niggas that's lying telling people they discovered you  
Fuck niggas that's jealous cause you nicer than them  
Don't give a fuck who you offend you got to fight til the end  
If you fuck a groupie chicken when you out on tour  
Smoke a little bit of weed with her then fuck her some more  
Tell her to bring three friends so you can fuck all four  
Menage-a-trois, what the fuck she expect, you a dog  
Almighty God blessed you with a dick and two balls  
So if you like to fuck pussy that don't mean that you wrong  
Unless you fuck it raw dog, I fuck a nappy dug out  
Bust in her mouth, kick her the fuck out  
She'll cuss me out, like //

(Canibus)

Yo, yo

Your superstar status don't mean shit to me  
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency  
Try to diss me now, how you sound?  
Yo, whoever signed you, must be running the circus cause you a clown  
You a rapper with a drug habit, hiding the truth  
Camouflaging your needle tracks with some colorful tattoos  
You was never equipped for this, never equipped to spit with Bis  
I'm swift as shit, let me point out the main differences  
You magnificent, I'm Mic-Nificent  
Yo, I'd even go out on a limb with it, say you write a little bit  
That don't make you a tight lyricist, cause you don't practice or stick with it  
Look at the sixty hour shifts I spend with this  
I never quit, I got a gift for the art  
A low maintenance cost, no physical moving parts  
In ninety-eight, niggas thought I was God  
How the fuck did that change, I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game  
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see  
If you see a hungry nigga then you looking at me  
And its aight if you don't trust me, cause I don't trust you  
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you, mother fucker, fuck you //

