

Falster Ego

Canibus

Yo Rip, come here man, lemme talk to you for a second...
What the fuck you want to talk about nigga?
Why You screaming man?
I'm The Illest! I'm the illest...
Yo Relax... put that down man
Yo don't tell me to relax I'll beat your skinny little ass
Yo What the fuck is wrong with you?
Fuck You!

You fuckin' hate me, you tried to lock me in the basement
And you still want me to protect you, it doesn't make sense
Canibitch, I supported you like a weight bench
Without me your defenceless, you betta' face it
You ain't show me love when you was at ya' apex
Gettin' paychecks, up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catchin' wreck while Noriega was catchin' 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 w/ slayin' these Jackers, that's all I been doin
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nuthin' to'em
they just mad cause when I see'em I don't run up to'em
Between me and you yo-know I'll run right thru'em

Calm Down!

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga I'm a Ripper remember
I told you not to do "Gone Till November"
But you wouldn't listen, I always had ya' best interests in mind
I wrote all ya' best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful rhymes
On the stage if you was tired I would spit'em sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let the 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...

C'mon Rip? You a lyin' ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company I co-owned it
If there's one thing I learned in showbiz, stay focused
And don't quit. Rip, why you talkin 'bout old shit?

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 leave spit stains on they brain
Like liquid chocolate spillin' all over ya' new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is a Mason, I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
I just know that both ya'll are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat I been rhymin' for ages
Rippers are dangerous, and all jackers are afraid of us
You wanna' face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

No, That's ridiculous...

Aiiight then, listen to mine...

I'll jump into costume, impromptu, just to rob you
Put the nozzle to ya' eyeball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out thru ya' nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils, make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule and smash the console
Shit on you in reverse suck you into a brown hole
Suck the power outta' ya' soul
Ya' nuthin but a coward in a cold freezer with an hour to go
Watchin' my casio stopwatch countin it slow
Like drug lords checkin to see if it's talcum or coke
I could kill you by drownin the globe
Or I could just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in ya' throat
In battles I'm a thousand and oh, 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 ya' mothers thighs divided by PIE
I'm the sickest linguistically illicit lyrical misfit in the business
And possibly in existence, what's your consensus?
Studied my own syntax statistics since '96 wit CPA certified assistants
I've made the decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I could 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 ya' 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 the manufacturers specs, you'll make a mess
Rupture the blood vessels in ya' neck fuckin' with Rip
Got millions of blueprints on zip disks
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversions kits
With 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 where that I Rip, the world that I Fixed, the world where I live

Ok 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've proved
It's just a couple rappers that 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 gazuu
When niggaz first heard of you it was like a 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 fagot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into, I don't feel like havin' this discussion with y
ou
I'm tired of fuckin' with you, niggaz in the game don't wanna' do nuthin' wi
th you
Bussin' with you, goin' one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, ya' shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I have 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 the 3rd album I been mentioning you
I got your name on my arm I'm representin' you
You're 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 won't give you the credit
Alotta' people don't wanna' admit it
But I consider it a real privilege to bear witness to ya' lyrics
And be involved with 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 or the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exobus scripts as a constant reminder not to fo
rget Bis
But I've reached a precipice, remember Rip
You can't rhyme forever there's always a ripper 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 ya' whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend, so why is you beefin'?

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