

Canibus, All That You Got

Song: All That You Got

Featured Artists: Canibus, Brian McKnight

Album:

(Canibus)

Yo, Yo

To all the female fans that want a backstage pass
You gotta let me caress your mammary glands, with my bare hands
The tickets will be there in advance
Waiting for you in the dressing room, with a half-a-dozen Guinness beer cans
About to go on stage, with Mr. McKnight
Kicking it to a chicken, about his height
Bragging to the girl how I rip mics
It's a quarter to twelve, and I'm going on at midnight
Shorty looking at me real bashful
Like, Canibus there's something I gotta ask you, can I please see your tattoo?
Damn, I feel the hyperitis setting in
Everybody questioning, asking if I can get them in
Time for action, the crowd starts clapping
Put the DAC in, my man Ron G scratching
Twenty-two hundred people packing in
To a venue with a twelve hundred capacity maximum
Where you at Brian?

Yo

To the, tick-tock you don't stop
Can-I-Bus will blow up your whole spot

Yo

I go from being on stage with a lion, to rocking with Brian
A storm that's hardcore but silent
I grip mics tighter than pliers with hands
Turn the club into a giant frying pan
Put a fireman into a situation with a temperature, higher than
He can probably withstand, you understand?
If you ever try to get fly, you'll get electrified, and fried
And mess around and get your mouth slapped dry
You can battle me, and possibly survive
But you could never see me, and walk away without a black eye
Word up hop, I got emcees calling the cops
And when the cops ain't trying to see, the cops call S.W.A.T.
I scar your whole squad with bullet scars
No holds barred, I'll leave the hassle to National Guard
Ready or Not, like the Fugees, crews be stepping to me
But I wipe them all out like Booty
I'm so unruly, the police won't say nothing to me
It don't matter whether they on, or off duty
I run through a line of brave-men, like X-Ray stoup skin
And kill the competition to win
What? //