

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]