

Rip The Jacker, Carribean Connection (Layzie1999)

BIG PUN:Verse 1

Yo, wanna rumble with the Pun hah?
{*loud farting noise*} Shit on the whole industry
Yo who puff more Owls than Pun? Rhyme with more styles than Pun?
Who the only one with over a thousand guns?
Runnin up in niggaz cribs like I paid the bill
Make you squeal the combination to the safe for wealth
I lace your grill with the firestarter
Hit your wife with the sawed off, in the shower, pile drive your daughter
I'm all about the fundamentals, a gun a pencil
A piece of paper, a decent caper and someone to strafe you
My mental's compatible with the radicals
My odyssey type, qualities allow me to poli' with animals
Niggaz is canibals and the ghetto's a jungle
where you either bet all your bundles or struggle to live civil and humble
My niggaz'll rumble with any man for a Benny Fran'
Try to imagine what they can fathom for twenty grand
Niggaz'll slice you and dice you into a thousand pieces
We pound out weak shit into the ground Uptown
Up in the Boogie Down, we just wallow in jean, pile on the green
Surrounded in green like flowers in Spring
For now I'm a King, so it's more than money, all the honeys
used to call me Punny cause my fam was always hungry
But now we rollin lovely, and you feel worse, want my money
Let your steel burst, cause I'd rather see you in hell first

HOOK:

WYCLEFT: Mucho trabajo poquito dinero(Spanish 'Lots of work, little money')

PUN: I'm selling perigo

WYCLEFT: Yo what's the deally yo?

PUN: I'm Uptown making moves just like Castro

CANIBUS:Verse 2

My father is Jamaican, my mother is British
Raised to be civic, in the household we spoke Yiddish
"Watch me wet up your weed, then bust up your teeth
Make you run for your life like as I bust up the street"
You have become acquainted with my cryptic language
And my mystic manners, Rip spits bananas
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates
Into a spiritual shape and co-creates rap
The art of rhyming, I've mastered it certainly, surely
I celebrate capturing it for my taxidermy
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany
To the jungles of Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me
From the shores of Normandy, to the Turkish streets
Most MC's try to clone me lyrically
They can't battle me, so they'd rather embarrass me
By being mad at me, they create microphone heresy
I cannot lose or win, I would only like to be remembered as the dark skinned Lizard King
RIP THE JACKER, hot but cold-blooded
Many utter the name but very few love him
If I am not myself, then how would I be?
If I do not look tell me will I see?
I do what I wanna do, I have always been that way
Because I have always think that way
Into the bottomless pool of poetry I plunge
Let it be said, let it be written, let it be done