

# Canibus, Gotta Get That Doe!

Yo whattup Pakman  
(Aiyo whattup Bis, I'm waiting for the Rip Off man)  
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)  
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)  
Aight!!

(Chorus: Canibus + Pakman)  
We be the Rippers that'll bring it to Wack Shady  
After we fry you we puff a blunt and then it's gravy  
And you can keep her cause we don't care about your lady  
IIII Gotta Get That Doe!

(Canibus)  
There's only just a handful of rap critics  
That ever had a close encounter with this rap wizard  
You wack rappers can't rip it  
In other words your lyrics are too primitive  
You need to be more descriptive  
Look at the way I flipped it  
A True Hollywood Story  
I manipulated this miserable music business  
Then I caked off too by going independent  
How much you make an album? About ten cents  
I make about ten cents every sentence  
It's my third album and I'm working on my tenth Benz  
I don't brag I keep it modest, I ain't hot, I'm the hottest  
I'm not being pompous, I went through a process  
I used to be a profit, now I make profits  
You sound like garbage  
One of these days you're going to end up jobless  
Pushing a shopping cart with the same Crystal bottles  
You was drinking out of when shit was popping  
I seen an episode on VH1 documents  
They talked about your drug addiction and what was behind it  
The bottom line is how much you sold  
No one gives a fuck if you flow  
You Gotta Get That Doe  
I'm tired of niggas talking about it  
But I can't live without it  
I'm stuck if I ain't got it so what's the logic?  
Should I talk about material objects  
And get on some, How you like me now bitch?  
Wearing a shiny outfit?  
\*Nah Bis, don't do that. It's wrong!\*Yeah, I know, I know  
But no matter what I do I'mma Get That Doe!, for sho'!

(Chorus) 2x

(Pakman)  
When I get at you niggaz, ain't nothing personal I gotta  
Everything you spit, I'm predicting it's double copper  
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya  
Always got yourself up in the middle of the drama  
Fronting for nothing cuz your niggaz told me you pussy  
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies  
Fuck with Canibus and Pak and get that ass a coffin  
FUCK what you thinking faggot, we rippin niggaz open  
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper  
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater  
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker  
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later  
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shining  
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron

Everything we do is connected with getting paper  
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

(Chorus) 2x

(Canibus)

If you now where you're coming from you now where you're going  
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment  
I'm proud of my music cause it's dope and I wrote it  
True Hollywood Stories' opens in October  
Directed by none other that Canibus Ford Coppola  
There's no stopping me, my commodity is growing  
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it  
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing  
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold them  
I jump on stage and I prove I'm a showman  
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen  
I slam it when I'm done and make sure that it's broken  
The industry's sick man, I'm already knowing  
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen  
Where I come from opportunity is golden  
Platinum? I already sold it. No Shit! //

(Chorus) 2x